Heel prints that you leave every day

You walk from your home to train or trolley
From train to office
You take many steps around your office
You walk out to luncheon and back
and later attend a business meeting
You do an errand for your wife
and then go home
In the evening you attend a theatre or a dance

—and by long odds the best aid you have in maintaining a serene disposition is in the wearing of—

CAT'S PAW CUSHION RUBBER HEELS

Millions wear them in preference to other kinds, because the Foster Friction Plug, set where the wear comes, prevents slipping and makes the heel last longer. There are no holes to track mud and dirt—cost no more than the ordinary kind.

50c—black, white or tan. For Men, Women and Children.

Foster Rubber Co.
105 Federal St., Boston, Mass.

Originators and Patentees of the Foster Friction Plug which prevents slipping.

McCLURE'S

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *President*
HOLLAND S. DUELL, *Vice-President*
ARTHUR S. MOORE, *Secretary*
HORACE W. PAINE, *Treasurer*

Contents for October

The Diamond Mine . . **Willa Sibert Cather** 7
Another of McClure's big little novels—complete in this number
Illustrations by Gardner Soper

Taxicabs [*Poem*] . . . . . **Harry Kemp** 10
Sketches by F. J. Casavant

Oh, You Robber! . . . . **Jerome Beatty** 12
An umpire's love story
Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

Movies of the Future 14
A review and a prophecy

Red Fox Furs . . . . **John Taintor Foote** 16
A German war story with an American background
Illustrations by Will Grefé

The Woman Speaks [*Poem*]
Corinne Roosevelt Robinson 18

"We'll Dally 'Round the Flag, Boys!"
Porter Emerson Browne 19
Illustrations by Peter Newell

Putting the Motor on the Counter **James H. Collins** 21

The Lifted Veil [*Serial*] . . . . **Basil King** 22
By the author of "The Inner Shrine"

The Gun-Runners . **B. M. Bower and Buck Connor** 25
A story of smuggling arms across the Mexican Border
Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

The Vice of Advice . . . . **Carolyn Wells** 27

Outside the Law *As told to* **Anna Steese Richardson** 28
Illustrations by Walter Tittle

How to Live Long and Love Long **Cleveland Moffett** 30
The second of an important new series

The Straight Road 32
The great anonymous serial
Painting by C. E. Chambers

Riding on Bubbles . . **Waldemar Kaempffert** 60

Questions and Comments on Pure Food **Lewis B. Allyn** 74

Investing Three Thousand Dollars **Albert W. Atwood** 76

An Ideal [*Poem*] . . . . . **Berton Braley** 83

Our Own, Our Native Speech . . **Hugh Mearns** 87

Cover Design by Neysa McMein

Published Monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter at New York, New York. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationer's Hall, London. Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Publications, Incorporated, New York, Fourth Avenue and Twentieth Street, New York. All dramatic, moving picture, and other reproduction rights reserved. Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions $1.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union $2.00 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired. The Editor assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts, but he will use all due care while they are in his hands.

The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York

WIN $350 WITH A SHEAFFER PEN

THIS IS THE PEN THAT PERFORMS WHILE OTHERS PROMISE

The SHEAFFER PEN is far the most practical and *always reliable* fountain pen. It does not leak. It always gives an even, steady flow of ink. It does not blot. It is ink-tight (carry it anywhere, anyhow!) It fills itself instantly by means of the *lever* self-filling device. There is nothing to lock nor forget to lock. Your favorite steel pen duplicated in the Sheaffer. *Try the Pen and Test Your Skill in This Contest.* We want to give the public striking proof of

THE MERITS OF SHEAFFER'S SELF FILLING PEN

For this purpose, we offer $350.00 to the man, woman or child (expert engravers and draughtsmen excepted) who writes this sentence: "The SHEAFFER Fountain Pen Has the Merits of All and the Faults of None" the greatest number of times upon a contest card.

There are but two conditions to be observed by competitors for this $350.00 prize. First, the sentence must be written with a SHEAFFER pen or a pen manufactured by the Sheaffer Pen Company. Second, the writing must be legible and done on a contest card furnished by a SHEAFFER dealer. In case of a tie between contestants the full prize will be paid to each and the winning card or cards will be published. Get a contest card and rules governing the competition. Contest closes December twenty-first.

SOLD BY GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN CO.
FORT MADISON, IOWA

Our No 2 $2.50 With Clip $2.75

McCLURE'S School Directory

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES IN WASHINGTON, D. C., CANADA, ILLINOIS, MARYLAND, MASSACHUSETTS, MICHIGAN, NEW JERSEY, NEW YORK, OHIO AND PENNSYLVANIA

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE offers a special school service free of charge to its readers. The purpose of this service is to assist you in the selection of a school or college. Read all the announcements in this directory. If you have difficulty in finding the school which just meets your requirements, write to the School Service Department, McClure's Magazine, McClure Building, New York City, giving location and purpose of the school required, whether for boy or girl, previous education and the sum you are planning to spend. McClure's School Service Department will see that you receive the information you desire.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, Washington, Dept. C.

Lucia Gale-Barber School of Rhythm and Correlated Arts.

Home and Day School. Special and Regular Courses. Original School of Rhythmic Training. Music. Fine and Industrial Arts. Languages. Expression. Teachers' Course in Rhythm. Highest endorsement. Catalog. Address MARY GALE-DAVIS, Pd.M., Principal.

PHYSICAL DIRECTOR PLAYGROUND WORKER

This new, interesting and dignified profession pays well from the start. Men and women prepared in two years at

American College of Physical Education

and step into good paying positions in public schools, colleges, playgrounds, etc. Strong faculty, thorough course, accredited school, excellent playground department, expenses low, co-educational. Fall term begins Sept. 13. Book of Athletic Views and Catalog Free. Dept. 49, American College of Physical Education, 4200 Grand Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL EDUCATION

2 year Normal Course prepares young women for Physical Directors, Playground Supervisors, Dancing Teachers and Swimming Instructors. Strong Faculty. Broad Cultural Course. Well supervised dormitory. Our graduates may be found in responsible positions in schools and colleges all over the country. Graduates of accredited high schools admitted without examinations.

Fall term opens September 25th. Registration days September 21-22-23, 1916

For catalog address MRS. ROBERT L. PARSONS, Director Box 25, 430 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago Ill.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 3830 Rhodes Ave.

Chicago Hospital College of Medicine

Become a Physician. Day and Evening accredited courses with Hospital training. Unexcelled facilities and equipment. (Work your way through.)

COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Minimum entrance requirements, fifteen units from an accredited high school or academy. Full course of instruction leading up to the degree of D.D.S. The College occupies an entire building, 100 x 100 feet, six stories high, directly opposite Cook County Hospital. Last year to matriculate for three year course. Course of instruction extended to four years in 1917. Infirmary unexcelled in point of equipment and operating facilities. For detailed information address Box 80, **The Dean, COLLEGE OF DENTISTRY UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS, 1838 W. Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.**

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 117 N. Elizabeth St., Box 19.

Jenner Medical College

(Accredited.) Study Medicine at Night. Offers an excellent training to young men and women in medicine and pharmacy. Opportunities to earn expenses while in attendance. First class laboratory and clinical facilities. Methods approved by quarter-of-century results. Special Preparatory Department in all high-school subjects will prepare those lacking full entrance requirements. 24th annual session begins Sept. 18th, 1916. For free catalog address JOHN D. MacKELLAR, M.D.

Learn a Paying Profession

that assures you a good income and position for life. For twenty-two years we have successfully taught

PHOTOGRAPHY

Photo-Engraving and Three Color Work

Our graduates earn $20 to $50 a week. We assist them to secure these positions. Learn how you can become successful. Terms easy — living inexpensive. Write for catalogue—NOW.

ILLINOIS COLLEGE of PHOTOGRAPHY

945 Wabash Avenue, Effingham, Illinois

The College of Medicine of the University of Illinois

Minimum admission requirements to the Freshman year, fifteen units of work from an accredited High School and in addition two years in a recognized university or college, involving at least one year in college physics, biology, chemistry, and six college hours in French or German.

For course of medical study, four years are required. Eligible students will receive the degree of B. S. at the completion of the sophomore year.

Well equipped laboratories and good hospital facilities.

Excellent location in the heart of Chicago's great medical center. Collegiate year begins September 28th, 1916.

For full information concerning course of study, fees, etc., address Secretary, box 16.

College of Medicine of the University of Illinois
Congress and Honore Streets Chicago, Illinois

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 616-22 So. Michigan Blvd., Box 27.

Pestalozzi-Froebel Training School

Kindergarten Training. A Kindergarten Normal School. Overlooking Lake Michigan. 21st year begins Sept. 19. Diploma Course 2 yrs. Primary Courses. Playground Dept. University Lecturers. Accredited. Write REGISTRAR.

ILLINOIS, Chicago, 4710 Woodlawn Ave.

Starrett School for Girls

Seventh and eighth Grammar Grades, Academic and College Preparatory. Co-operative with the University of Chicago; accredited by the North Central Association, also to Vassar, Smith and Wellesley Colleges for over 25 years. Modern Languages, Expression, Physical Culture, Gymnastic Dancing and Domestic Science included in curriculum without extra charge. Exceptional advantages in Music and Art. School occupies a spacious home in the University district, in one of the finest residence sections of Chicago. Address REGISTRAR.

The University of Chicago HOME STUDY

In addition to resident work, offers also instruction by correspondence.

For detailed information address U. of C. (Div. B) Chicago, Ill.

25th Year

Mitchell Tower

MASSACHUSETTS, Boston, 559 Boylston St. (Copley Sq.)

Chauncy Hall School

Established 1828. Prepares boys exclusively for Massachusetts Institute of Technology and other scientific schools. Every teacher a specialist.
FRANKLIN T. KURT, Principal

Mount Ida School

Year Book on Request

FOR GIRLS

6 miles from Boston

All studies except English elective

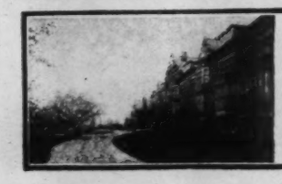
Preparatory; finishing school. Advanced Elective Courses for high school graduates. College Certificate. A fully equipped school. Piano, Voice, Violin, Pipe Organ, with noted men. Domestic Science, New Gymnasium with swimming pool. New building. Exceptional opportunities, with a delightful home life.

66 Summit Street

NEWTON, MASS.

NEW JERSEY, Orange

Miss Beard's School for Girls A country school, 13 miles from New York. College preparatory, special courses. Music, Art; Domestic Arts and Science. Supervised physical work. Separate department for younger girls. Catalog. MISS LUCIE C. BEARD.



St. Andrew's College

FOR BOYS

Toronto UPPER AND LOWER SCHOOLS **Canada**

Careful Oversight. Thorough Instruction.
Large Playing Fields. Excellent Situation.
REV D. BRUCE MACDONALD, M.A., LL.D., Headmaster

Calendar sent on application.

Educate Your Child in Your Own Home

The mother is the natural teacher of her children. She knows their peculiarities, their temperaments, their weaknesses, but untrained as a teacher, the time comes when she feels her inability alone to proceed further with their education and reluctantly gives them up to be taught with other children. Now, there has grown up in the City of Baltimore, in connection with a great private day school, a Home Instruction Department the high object and purpose of which is the education of children from 4 to 12 years of age, entirely in their own homes and yet according to the best modern methods and under the guidance and supervision of educational experts who are specialists in elementary education. The school was established 1897, and now has pupils in every state of the Union and 22 foreign countries. One mother writes: "The system seems almost magical in results." Another calls it "A real God-send."

Booklet outlining plan will be sent on request.

Address Calvert School, Inc., V.M. HILLYER, A. B. (Harvard), Headmaster, 8 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

DETROIT CONSERVATORY of MUSIC

Established 1874 Francis L. York, M., A. Pres.

Finest Conservatory in the West

Offers courses in Piano, Voice, Violin, Organ, Theory, Public School Music and Drawing, Oral Interpretation, etc. Work based on best modern and educational principles. Numerous Lectures, Concerts and Recitals throughout the year. Students' Orchestra. Branch Studios. Excellent Dormitory Accommodations. Teachers' certificates, diplomas and degrees conferred. Many free advantages. We own our own building located in center of most cultural environment. Forty-third season begins Sept. 11 1916.

For detailed information address

James H. Bell, Sec., Box 9, 1013 Woodward Ave. Detroit, Mich.

NEW YORK, Ithaca, Box 116.

Cascadilla School for Boys A Fitting School for Cornell.

Able faculty of specialists. Extensive up-to-date equipment. Athletic field, Recreation building and boat house. Gymnasium; rowing shells. Terms $675 to $775. Send for Catalogue. W. D. Funkhouser, A. M., Principal.

Institute of Musical Art of the City of New York

FRANK DAMROSCH, Director
Session Opens October 16
Entrance Examinations, October 2 to 12

Serious students of music will be interested in the unusual opportunities offered by this endowed school.

The courses combine all the advantages of European training.

For catalog address

The Secretary
Box 650, 120 Claremont Ave., New York City

THE LADY JANE GREY SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

36th year. Certificate admits to Vassar, Smith, Wellesley, Mount Holyoke. General Course. Special Courses for High School graduates. Music and Domestic Science. Exceptional Home life.

THE MISSES HYDE, ELLA VIRGINIA JONES, A.B.
Principals

NEW YORK, Binghamton

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS

Franklin H. Sargent, President

33rd Year

Detailed catalog from the Secretary Room 146, Carnegie Hall, New York

Connected with CHARLES FROHMAN'S Empire Theatre and Companies

Mount Pleasant Academy

Founded 1814. Oldest Military School in the country except West Point. Separate school for young boys. Summer camp in the Berkshires under Mr. Brusie's personal charge. Mount Pleasant believes in a school which so trains its boys that, whatever danger threatens, they will be able and eager, honestly and efficiently, to contribute their share toward the protection of their country, their families and their property. To this end there is hard study at Mount Pleasant, but there is also persistent physical training and much life in the open. There are all sorts of athletic sports, rifle practice, shelter-tent drill. Practice marches with all the experiences of camp life. All work and play are thorough. Our certificate admits to West Point without examination. For History of our Centennial Celebration and other literature, address

THE PRINCIPAL, P. O. Box 507
Ossining-on-Hudson, New York

A Thoro Education at a Minimum Expense

"Most Popular School in Ohio"

12 Departments: Preparatory, College, Normal, Commerce, Engineering, Law, Pharmacy, Music, Oratory, Agriculture, Fine Arts, Military. Enter any time. No Matriculation or Registration fees. Expense one-third to one-half less than at other first-class schools. 1800 students from 27 States and 12 foreign countries. Write for Bulletin of information.

Ohio Northern University Ada, Ohio

PENNSYLVANIA, Bellefonte.

Bellefonte Academy "The School in the Mountains." 111th year. For 100 young men, 15 and upwards. Individual attention. 4 buildings. No hazing. Hunting, fishing, swimming pool, gymnasium, athletics. For catalog address JAMES M. HUGHES, A. M., Headmaster.

PENNSYLVANIA, South Bethlehem, Box 233.

Bishopthorpe Manor A select school for girls. College Preparatory and Finishing Courses. Two years' Advanced Course for High School graduates. Music, Art, Domestic Science, Domestic Art, Expression, and Arts and Crafts. Physical Culture. Address CLAUDE N. WYANT, Principal.

TENNESSEE, Murfreesboro, 608 Main Street.

Tennessee College for Young Women

In foothills of Cumberland Mts. Unexcelled for health. Complete preparatory and college courses. Music, Art, Languages, Pedagogy. Delightful social life and home influences. For catalog address GEO. J. BURNETT, Pres.

The Right School for your boy or girl

¶ There is a school which is particularly fitted to develop the best in your son or daughter, and the School Service Department of McClure's Magazine can help you find that school.

¶ Tell us in your letter of inquiry where you prefer the school to be located, the sum you have set aside to cover expenses, the previous training your child has had, and any other information you care to give us. These facts will be carefully considered and kept in mind when recommending schools to you.

¶ We do not ask or accept any fee for this service. Address

SCHOOL SERVICE DEPARTMENT
McClure's Magazine, McClure Bldg., New York

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Prepare your baby's food according to the

Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification

Billie J. Thomas
Albany, Ga.

Whitney E. Leland
Gainesville, Fla.

May O'Brien
Roxbury, Mass.

William D. Rogers
Los Angeles, Calif.

McClure's October Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Eskay's Food
Mellin's Food (Page 5)

Baking Powders
Royal Baking Powder

Beverages
Walter Baker & Co.
Blooker's Cocoa
Horlick's Malted Milk
Postum

Candies and Confections
Luden's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Smith Brothers Cough Drops (Page 70)
Sterling Gum
Whitman's Chocolates (Page 66)

Cereals
Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts (Page 39)
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 50)
Shredded Wheat (Page 40)

Crackers and Biscuits
National Biscuit Company

Fish Products
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes
Frank E. Davis Fish Co. (Page 85)

Fruits
Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products
Beech-nut Packing Company
Heinz 57 Varieties (Page 43)
Swift & Co.

Soups
Campbell Varieties (Page 33)

Sugar
Crystal Domino Sugar

Tonics
Malt-Nutrine
Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
Vinol
Sanatogen

Toilet Preparations
Baldpate Hair Tonic
Chas. Baez Azurea Face Powder
California Citrus Cream
Carmen Powder (Page 65)
Colgate's Products (4th Cover)
Cuticura Soap (Page 83)
Depree Chemical Co.
Fairy Soap (Page 73)
Florence Mfg. Co.
Hinds, A. S.
Ivory Soap (Page 6)
F. F. Ingram's Milkweed Cream
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 74)
I. W. Lyon & Son
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products (Page 65)
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Newskin Company (Page 65)
"Nujol" (Page 55)
Oakland Chemical Co.
Packer's Tar Soap
Palmolive Products
Pears' Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste
Pompeian Night Cream
Resinol Soap
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes
J. B. Williams' Products
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous
Pompeian Olive Oil

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

The Westfield Pure Food Book, compiled by Prof. Allyn as chemist for the Westfield Board of Health, will give you a complete list of products that have been analyzed and certified as safe, pure and wholesome—over fifteen hundred of them. By special arrangement with the Westfield Authorities we offer you this book at its cost to us.

It contains 72 pages and is bound in stiff covers—size 9¼ x 5¼. It gives you advice on the food values of various foods as well.

Fill out attached coupon and mail to-day with 25c in stamps or silver. The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Your grocer can furnish you many of the certified brands under any classification. *Send for it to-day.*

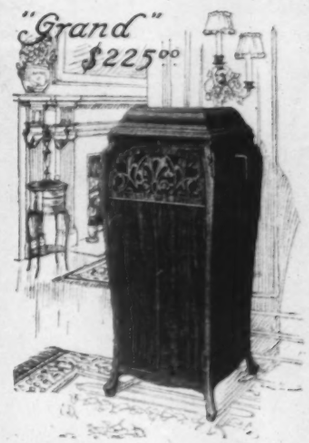
Pure Food Department, McClure Publications, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City (McC)

Enclosed find 25c for which you will please send a copy of The Westfield Pure Food Book to

Name _____ State _____

Street _____ My grocer is _____

P. O. _____ Address _____



When you hear it you know it's best!

THERE is no doubt in your mind as to whether you should own a phonograph. The question is, "Which instrument shall we buy?"

The only jury which heard and tested the various phonographs at the Panama-Pacific Exposition awarded the highest score for tone quality to the Sonora.

This jury was composed of professional musicians.

But it does not take years of musical training to appreciate the superiority of the Sonora.

Hear it.

You'll realize that it represents a remarkable advance in the art of sound reproduction, and is *incomparably good.*

THE INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY
Sonora
CLEAR AS A BELL

WHEN you see this trademark you can know that it stands for the very finest of materials, the most expert workmanship, the most advanced designs, and the most improved methods and inventions—all combined to produce the instrument which *you* want.

The Sonora plays *all disk* records. It's designed for this—no makeshifts are necessary. Its tone is superbly mellow, full and resonant, with a beautiful naturalness that is unique. The metallic, reedy, mechanical sounds formerly characteristic of phonographs are eliminated in the Sonora.

For the pleasure of the whole family, for the entertainment of visitors and friends, the phonograph is a necessity.

At its price each Sonora model is the highest class talking machine in the world.

Write today for handsome new illustrated catalog.

TEN SUPERB MODELS

$45, $60, $75, $100, $150, $175, $190, $225, $350, $1000

Write for the new catalog M12 today. A postal will do very well.

SONORA PHONOGRAPH CORPORATION
GEORGE E. BRIGHTSON, President
Main Offices and Salesrooms, 57 Reade Street, New York
There should be a Sonora dealer in your town. If not, write us.

COPYRIGHT 1916 BY THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI

THE present scarcity of dye stuffs and the possible inferiority of those in use make it more necessary than ever that colored goods be washed with Ivory Soap.

It is a simple matter to set colors so that water will not make them run but there is no way to make even the best of them stand the action of ordinary soap. The free alkali and other harsh materials in the average laundry soap are certain to fade colors sooner or later. Now it is more likely to be sooner than later.

The only safe way is to use Ivory Soap from the start. It contains no ingredient that can affect colors even gradually. It is so mild and pure that it can do nothing but cleanse, and that very gently.

Make sure that water will not injure a fabric and you can be certain that Ivory Soap will not.

IVORY SOAP . . . . .

IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Factories at Ivorydale, Ohio; Port Ivory, New York; Kansas City, Kansas; Hamilton, Canada

Volume XLVII
Number 6

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

OCTOBER
1916

Cressida sat down with Bouchalka upon the window seat, the book open between them, though neither of them looked at it again

The Diamond Mine

Another of McClure's Big Little Novels—Complete in This Number

by

Willa Sibert Cather

Illustrations by Gardner Soper

Miss Cather

I FIRST became aware that Cressida Garnet was on board when I saw young men with cameras going up to the boat deck. In that exposed spot she was good-naturedly posing for them, amid fluttering lavender scarfs, wearing a most unseaworthy hat, her broad, vigorous face wreathed in smiles. She was too much an American not to believe in publicity. All advertising was good. If it was good for breakfast foods, it was good for prime donne—especially for a prima donna who would never be any younger and who had just announced her intention of marrying a fourth time.

Only a few days before, when I was lunching with some friends at Sherry's, I had seen Jerome Brown come in with several younger men, looking so pleased and prosperous that I exclaimed upon it.

"His affairs," someone explained, "are looking up. He's going to marry Cressida Garnet. That woman's a diamond mine."

If there was ever a man who needed a diamond mine at hand, immediately convenient, it was Jerome Brown. I was an old friend of Cressida Garnet, and I had been away from New York. Therefore, I had not seen Cressida for a year, and I paused on the gangplank to note how very like herself she still was, and with what undiminished zeal she went about even the most trifling things that pertained to her profession. From that distance I could recognize her "carrying" smile, and even what, in Columbus, we used to call "the Garnet look."

At the foot of the stairway leading up to the boat deck stood two of the factors in Cressida's destiny. One of them was her sister, Miss Julia; a woman of fifty with a relaxed, mournful face, an aging skin that browned slowly, like meerschaum, and the unmistakable "look" by which one knew a Garnet. Beside her, pointedly ignoring her, smoking a cigarette while he ran over the passenger-list with supercilious almond eyes, stood a youth in a pink shirt and a green plush hat, holding a French bulldog on the leash. This was Horace, Cressida's only son. He, at any rate, had not the Garnet look. He was rich and ruddy, indolent and insolent, with soft oval cheeks and the blooming complexion of eighteen. He seemed like a ripe fruit grown out of a rich soil; "oriental," his mother called his peculiar lusciousness. He and his aunt were waiting, in constrained immobility, for Cressida to descend and reanimate them—will them to do or to be something. Forward, by the rail, I saw

Copyright, 1916, by The McClure Publications, Inc. All rights reserved.

the stooped, eager back for which I was unconsciously looking: Miletus Poppas, the Greek Jew, Cressida's accompanist and shadow. We were all there, I thought with a smile, except Jerome Brown.

The first member of Cressida's party with whom I had speech was Mr. Poppas. When we were two hours out I came upon him in the act of dropping overboard a steamer cushion made of American flags. Cressida never sailed, I think, that one of these vivid comforts of travel did not reach her at the dock. Poppas recognized me just as the striped object left his hand. He was standing with his arm still extended over the rail, his fingers contemptuously sprung back.

"Lest we forgedt!" he said with a shrug. "Does Madame Cressida know that we are to have the pleasure of your company for this voyage?"

He spoke deliberate, grammatical English — he despised the American rendering of the language — but there was an indescribably foreign quality in his voice, a something muted. Poppas stood before me in a short, tightly buttoned gray coat and cap, exactly the color of his grayish skin and hair and waxed moustache; a monocle on a very wide black ribbon dangled over his chest. As to his age, I could not offer a conjecture. In the twelve years I had known his thin lupine face behind Cressida's shoulder, it had not changed. I was used to his cold, supercilious manner, to his alarming, deep-set eyes — very close together, in color a yellowish green, and always gleaming with something like defeated fury.

I asked him if Cressida had engagements in London.

"Quite so: The Manchester Festival, some concerts at Queen's Hall, and the Opera at Covent Garden; a rather special production of the operas of Mozart. That she can still do quite well — which is not at all, of course, what we might have expected, and which only goes to show that our Madame Cressida is now, as always, a charming exception to rules." Poppas's tone about his client was consistently patronizing, and he was always trying to draw one into a conspiracy of two, based on a mutual understanding of her shortcomings.

I approached him on the one subject I could think of which was more personal than his usefulness to Cressida, and asked him whether he still suffered from facial neuralgia as much as he had done in former years, and whether he was therefore dreading London, where the climate used to be so bad for him.

"And is still," he caught me up. "And is still! For me to go to London is martyrdom, *chère Madame*. I think I have told you about my favorite city in the middle of Asia, *la sainte Asie*, as I love to call it, where the rainfall is absolutely nil, and you are protected on every side by hundreds of metres of warm, dry sand. I was there when I was a child once, and it is still my intention to retire there when I have finished with all this. I would be there now, n-ow-ow," his voice rose querulously, "if Madame Cressida did not imagine that she needs me, and her fancies, you know — " he flourished his hands, "one gives in to them. In humoring her caprices you and I have already played some together."

We were approaching Cressida's deck chairs, ranged under the open windows of her stateroom. She was already recumbent, protected by lavender scarfs and wearing purple orchids — doubtless from Jerome Brown. At her left, Horace had settled down to a French novel, and Julia Garnet, at her right, was complainingly regarding the gray horizon. On seeing me, Cressida struggled under her fur-lined robes and got to her feet, which was more than Horace or Miss Julia managed to do. Miss Julia, as I could have foretold, was not pleased. All the Garnets had an awkward manner with me. Whether it was that I reminded them of things they wished to forget, or whether they thought I esteemed Cressida too highly and the rest of them too lightly, I do not know; but my appearance upon their scene always put them greatly on their dignity. Cressida took my arm and walked me off toward the stern.

"Do you know, Carrie, I half wondered whether I shouldn't find you here, or in London, because you always turn up at critical moments in my life." She pressed my arm confidentially, and I felt that she was once more wrought up to a new purpose, was once more encouraged about living. I told her that I had heard some rumor of her engagement.

"It's quite true, and it's all that it should be," she reassured me. "I'll tell you about it later, and you'll see that it's a real solution. They are against me, of course, all except Horace. He has been such a comfort."

Horace's support, such as it was, could always be had in exchange for his mother's signature, I suspected. The pale May day had turned bleak and chilly, and we sat down by an open hatchway which emitted warm air from somewhere below. At this close range I studied Cressida's face, and felt her unabated vitality.

"You have been in Columbus lately?" she was saying. "No, you needn't tell me about it," with a sigh. "Why is it, Caroline, that there is so little of my life I would be willing to live over again? Yet I've really not a bad conscience. It may mean that I still belong to the future more than to the past, do you think?"

My assent was not warm enough to fix her attention, and she went on thoughtfully: "Of course, it was a bleak country and a bleak period, but I've sometimes wondered whether the bleakness may not have been in me, too; for it has certainly followed me. But there, that is no way to talk." She drew herself up from a momentary attitude of dejection. "Sea air always lets me down at first. That's why it's so good for me in the end."

"I think Julia always lets you down, too," I said bluntly. "But perhaps that depression works out in the same way."

The deck steward approached us with a blue envelope. "A wireless for you, Madame Garnet."

Cressida put out her hand with impatience. "It's from Jerome Brown," she said with some confusion, as she folded the paper small and tucked it between the buttons of her close-fitting gown. "Something he forgot to tell me. How long shall you be in London? Good; I want you to meet him. We shall probably be married there as soon as my engagements are over." She rose. "Now I must write some letters. Keep two places at your table, so that I can slip away from my party and dine with you sometimes."

I walked with her toward her chair, in which Mr. Poppas was now reclining. He indicated his readiness to rise, but she shook her head and entered the door of her deck suite. As she passed him, his eye went over her with assurance until it rested upon the folded bit of blue paper in her corsage. He must have seen the original rectangle in the steward's hand; having found it again, he dropped back between Horace and Miss Julia, whom I think he disliked no more than he did the rest of the world.

The three of them lay staring at the swell which was steadily growing heavier. Both men had covered themselves with rugs, after dutifully bundling up Miss Julia. As I walked back and forth on the deck, I was struck by their various degrees of inexpressiveness. Opaque brown eyes, almond-shaped and only half open; wolfish green eyes, close-set and always doing something, with a crooked gleam boring in this direction or in that; watery gray eyes, like the thick edges of broken skylight glass: I would have given a great deal to know what was going on behind them.

These three were sitting there in a row because they were all woven into the pattern of one large and rather splendid life. Each had a bond, and each had a grievance. If they could have their will, what would they do with the generous, credulous creature who nourished them. I wondered. How deep a humiliation would each egotism exact? They would scarcely have harmed her in fortune or in person (though I think Miss Julia looked forward to the day when Cressida would "break" and could be mourned over), but the fire at which she warmed herself, the little secret hope, the illusion, ridiculous or sublime, which kept her going — that they would have stamped out on the instant, with the whole Garnet pack behind them to make it sure. All, except, perhaps, Miletus Poppas. He was a vulture of the vulture race, and he had the beak of one. But I always felt that if ever he had her thus at his mercy — if ever he came upon the softness that was hidden under so much hardness, the warm credulity under a life so dated and scheduled and "reported" and generally exposed — he would hold his hand and spare.

The weather grew steadily rougher, and Miss Julia at last plucked Poppas by the sleeve and indicated that she wished to be released from her wrappings. When she disappeared there seemed to be every reason to hope that she might be off the scene for a while. As Cressida said, if she had not brought Julia she would have had to bring Georgia, or some other Garnet.

Miss Julia was dampening enough, but Miss Georgia was aggressive and more intrusive. She was out to prove to all the world, and more especially to Ohio, that all the Garnets were as like Cressida as two peas. Both sisters were club-women, social-service workers, and directors in musical societies, and they were continually traveling up and down the Middle West to preside at meetings or to deliver addresses. They reminded one of two somber, bumping electrics, rolling about with no visible means of motion, always running out of power and lying beached in some inconvenient spot until they received a check or a suggestion from Cressy. I was only too well acquainted with the strained, anxious expression that the sight of their handwriting brought to Cressida's face when she ran over her morning mail at breakfast. She usually put their letters by to read "when she was feeling up to it." Sometimes these family unburdenings lay about unread for several days.

The truth was that all the Garnets, and particularly her two sisters, were consumed by an habitual, bilious, unenterprising envy of Cressy. They never forgot that, no matter what she did for them or how far she dragged them about the world with her, she would never take one of them to live with her in her Tenth Street house in New York. They thought that was the thing they most wanted. But what they wanted, in the last analysis, was to *be* Cressida. For twenty years she had been plunged in struggle; fighting for her life at first, then for a beginning, for growth, and at last for eminence and perfection. During those twenty years the Garnets had been comfortable and indolent and vastly

She was too much of an American not to believe in publicity

self-satisfied; and now they expected Cressida to make them equal sharers in the rewards, spiritual as well as material, of her struggle. They coveted the qualities which had made her success, as well as the benefits which came from it.

"Sometimes," I have heard Cressida say, looking up from a bunch of those sloppily written letters, "sometimes I get discouraged."

For several days the rough weather kept Miss Julia cloistered in Cressida 's deck suite with the maid, Luisa, who confided to me that the Signorina Garnet was difficult. After dinner I usually found Cressida unencumbered, as Horace was always in the card-room and Mr. Poppas either nursed his facial neuralgia or went through the exercise of making himself interesting to some one of the young women on board.

One evening, the third night out, when the sea was comparatively quiet and the sky was full of broken black clouds, silvered by the moon at their ragged edges, Cressida talked to me about Jerome Brown. I had known each of her former husbands. The first one, Charley Wilton, Horace's father, was my cousin. He was organist in a church in Columbus, and Cressida married him when she was nineteen. He died of tuberculosis two years after Horace was born. Cressida nursed him through a long illness and made the living besides. Her courage during the three years of her first marriage was fine enough to foreshadow her future to any discerning eye, and it had made me feel that she deserved any number of chances at marital happiness. Her motives, in the case of Jérome Brown, seemed to me more vague and less convincing than those which she had explained to me on former occasions.

"It's nothing hasty," she assured me. "It's been coming on for several years. He has never urged me, but he was always there — someone to count on. Even when I used to meet him at the Whitings', while I was still singing at the Metropolitan, I always felt that he was different from the others; that if I were in straits of any kind, I could call on him. You can't know what that feeling means to me, Carrie. I've never had anyone to lean on," she said with a short laugh. Then she went on, quite seriously: "Somehow, my relations with people always become business relations in the end. I've had to try too hard for people who wouldn't try at all."

"Which," I put in firmly, "has done them no good, and has robbed the people who really cared about you."

"By making me grubby, you mean?"

"By making you anxious and distracted, so much of the time; empty."

She nodded mournfully. "Yes, I know. You used to warn me. Well, there's not one of my brothers and sisters who does not feel that I carried off the family success, just as I might have carried off the family silver, if there'd been any. They take the view that there were just so many prizes in the bag; I reached in and took them, so there were none left for the others. At my age, that's a dismal truth to waken up to." Cressida reached for my hand and held it a moment, as if she needed courage to face the facts in her case. "When one remembers one's first success; how one hoped to go home like a Christmas tree full of presents — How much one learned in a life-time! That year when Horace was a baby and Charley was dying, and I was touring the West with the Williams band, it was my feelings about my own people that made me go on at all. Why I didn't drop myself in one of those dirty rivers, or turn on the gas in one of those dirty hotel rooms, I don't know to this day. It was the same afterward in Germany. A young woman must live for human people. Horace wasn't enough. I might have had lovers, of course. I suppose you will say it would have been better if I had. Well," Cressida gathered herself up. "Once I got out from under it all. And perhaps, in a milder way, such a release can come again. You were the first person I told when I ran away with Charley, and for a long while you were the only one who knew about Blasius Bouchalka. That time, at least, I shook the Garnets. That time I was all there!"

"Yes," I echoed her, "that time you were all there. It's the greatest possible satisfaction to remember it."

"But even that," she sighed, "was nothing but lawyers and accounts in the end — and a hurt. A hurt that has lasted. I wonder what is the matter with me?"

The matter with Cressida was, that more than any woman I have ever known, she appealed to the acquisitive instinct in men; but this was not easily said, even in the brutal frankness of a long friendship.

We would probably have gone further into the Bouchalka episode, had not Horace appeared and nervously asked us if we did not wish to take a turn before we went inside. I pleaded indolence, but Cressida rose and disappeared with him. Later I came upon them, standing at the stern above the huddled steerage deck, which was by this time bathed in moonlight, under an almost clear sky. Down there on the silver floor, little hillocks were scattered about under quilts and shawls; family units, presumably — male, female, and young. Here and there a black shawl sat alone, nodding. They crouched submissively under the moonlight as if it were a spell. Everything was so still that I could hear snatches of the low talk between my friends. Cressida's voice was deep and entreating. She was remonstrating with Horace about his losses at bridge, begging him to keep away from the card-room.

"But what else is there to do on a trip like this, my Lady?" he expostulated, tossing his spark of a cigarette-end overboard.

"Oh, Horace," she murmured, "how can you be so? If I were your age, and a boy, with someone to back me ——"

Horace drew his shoulders together and buttoned his top-coat. "Oh, I've not your energy, Mother dear! We make no secret of that. I am as I am. I didn't ask to be born into this charming world."

To this gallant speech Cressida made no answer. She stood with her hand on the rail and her head bent forward, as if she had lost herself in thought. The ends of her scarf, lifted by the breeze, fluttered upward, almost transparent in the argent light. Presently she turned away — as if she had been alone and were leaving only the night sea behind her — and walked slowly forward; a strong, solitary figure on the white deck, the smoke-like scarf twisting and climbing and falling back upon itself in the light over her head. She reached the door of her stateroom and disappeared.

He looked up long enough to give her a smile of utter adoration

MY first recollections of Cressida Garnet have to do with the Columbus Public Schools; a little girl with sunny brown hair and eager bright eyes, looking anxiously at the teacher and reciting the names and dates of the Presidents. Her family came from North Carolina, and they had that to feel superior about before they had Cressy. The Garnet "look," indeed, though based upon a strong family resemblance, was nothing more than the restless, preoccupied expression of an inflamed sense of importance. The father was a Democrat, in the sense that other men were doctors or lawyers. He scratched up some sort of poor living for his family behind office windows inscribed with the words "Real Estate. Insurance. Investments." The Garnet children were all in school then, scattered along from the first grade to the ninth. They were restrained, uncomfortable children, not frankly boastful, but insinuating, and somehow forever demanding special consideration and holding grudges against teachers and classmates who did not show it to them — all but Cressida, who was naturally as sunny and open as a May morning, and who was only proud because she was so much ashamed.

It was no wonder that Cressy ran away with young Charley Wilton, who hadn't a shabby thing about him except his health. He was her first music-teacher, the choir-master of the church in which she sang. Charley was very handsome; the "romantic" son of an old, impoverished family. He had refused to go into a good business with his uncles and had gone abroad to study music when that was an extravagant and picturesque thing for an Ohio boy to do. His letters home were handed round among the members of his own family and of other families equally conservative. Indeed, Charley and what his mother called "his music" were the romantic expression of a considerable group of people. Nobody was properly married in our part of Columbus unless Charley Wilton played the wedding march. The old ladies of the First Church used to say that he "hovered over the keys like a spirit." At nineteen Cressida was beautiful enough to turn a much harder head than the pale, ethereal one Charley Wilton bent above the organ. That the chapter which began so gracefully ran on into such a stretch of grim, hard prose, was simply Cressida's relentless bad luck. In her undertakings, in whatever she could lay hold of with her

two hands, she was successful; but whatever happened to her was almost sure to be bad. She lived, more than most of us, "for others," and what she seemed to promote among her beneficiaries was indolence and envy and discord—even dishonesty and turpitude.

Her sisters were fond of saying — at club luncheons — that Cressida had remained "untouched by the breath of scandal," which was not strictly true. There were captious people who objected to her long and close association with Miletus Poppas. Her husband, Ransome McChord, the foreign representative of the great McChord Harvester Company, whom she married in Germany, had so persistently objected to Poppas that she was eventually forced to choose between them.

While her actual self was the least changed, the least modified by experience that it would be possible to imagine, there had been, professionally, two Cressida Garnets: the big handsome girl, already a "popular favorite" of the concert stage, who took to Germany the raw material of a great voice; and the accomplished artist who came back. The singer that returned was largely the work of Miletus Poppas. Cressida had at least known what she needed, hunted for it, found it, and held fast to it. After experimenting with a score of teachers and accompanists, she settled down to work her problem out with Poppas. Other coaches came and went — she was always trying new ones — but Poppas survived them all.

Poppas was, in his way, quite as incomplete as his pupil. He possessed a great many valuable things for which there is no market; intuitions, discrimination, imagination, a whole twilight world of intentions and shadowy beginnings which were dark to Cressida.

Poppas was indispensable to her. He was like a book in which she had written down more about herself than she could possibly remember. He was the one person who knew her absolutely and who saw into the bottom of her grief. An artist's saddest secrets are the flaws in his artistry. Poppas knew all the simple things that were so desperately hard for her, all the difficult things in which she could count on herself. He knew where she was sound and where she was mended.

But if Poppas was necessary to her career, she was his career. By the time Cressida left the Metropolitan Opera Company, Poppas was a rich man. He had always received a retaining fee and a percentage of her salary, — and he was a man of simple habits. Her liberality with Poppas was one of the weapons that Horace and the Garnets used against Cressida, and it was a point in the argument by which they justified to themselves their rapacity. Whatever they didn't get, they told themselves, Poppas would. What they got, therefore, they were only saving from Poppas. The Greek ached a good deal at the general pillage, and Cressida's conciliatory methods with her family made him sarcastic and spiteful. But he had to make terms, somehow, with the Garnets and Horace, and with the husband, if there happened to be one. As he was the only one among them who understood the sources of her fortune — and they knew it — he was able, when it came to a general set-to, to proclaim sanctuary for the goose that laid the golden eggs.

That Poppas had caused the break between Cressida and McChord was another stick her sisters held over her. They pretended to understand perfectly, and were always explaining what they solemnly termed her "separation;" but they let Cressida know that it cast a shadow over her family and took a good deal of living down.

A beautiful soundness of body, a seemingly exhaustless vitality, and a certain "squareness" of character as well as of mind, gave Cressida Garnet earning powers that were exceptional even in her lavishly rewarded profession. Managers chose her over the heads of singers much more gifted, because she was so sane, so conscientious, and above all, because she was so sure. Her efficiency was like a beacon to lightly anchored men, and in the intervals between her marriages she had as many suitors as Penelope. Whatever else they saw in her at first, her competency so impressed and delighted them that they gradually lost sight of everything else, and her sterling character was a net from which she could never escape. Once, as she said, she very nearly did escape. With Blasius Bouchalka she became almost another woman, but not quite. Her "principles," or his lack of them, drove the two apart in the end.

It was of Bouchalka that we talked upon that last voyage I ever made with Cressida Garnet, and not of Jerome Brown. She remembered the Bohemian kindly, and since it was the passage in her life to which she most often reverted, it is the one I shall relate here.

LATE one afternoon in the winter of 189—, Cressida and I were walking in Central Park after the first heavy storm of the year. The atmosphere was misty and silvery; around the horizon the buildings and trees looked very soft and slight, like pale violet water colors on a silver ground. The carriage arrived at five, but Cressida sent the driver home to the Tenth Street house with the message that she would dine uptown, and that Horace and Mr. Poppas were not to wait for her. As the horses trotted away we turned up the Mall.

"I won't go indoors this evening for anyone," Cressida declared. "Not while the sky is like that. Now we will go back to the laurel wood. They are so black, over the snow, that I could cry for joy. I don't know when I've felt so care-free as I feel tonight. Country winter, country stars — they always make me think of Charley Wilton."

She was singing twice a week, sometimes oftener, at the Metropolitan that season, quite at the flood-tide of her powers, and so enmeshed in operatic routine that to be walking in the park at an unaccustomed hour, unattended by one of the men of her entourage, seemed adventurous. As we strolled along the little paths among the snow banks and the bronze laurel bushes, she kept going back to my poor young cousin, dead so long.

"Things happen out of season. That's the worst of living. It was untimely for both of us; and yet," she sighed softly, "since he had to die, I'm not sorry. There was one beautifully happy year, though we were so poor, and it gave him — something! It would have been too hard if he'd had to miss everything. Yes," she went on, "I always feel very tenderly about Charley I believe I'd do the same thing right over again, even knowing all that had to come after."

We walked until the procession of carriages on the driveway, getting people home to dinner, grew thin. Then we went slowly toward the Seventh Avenue gate, still talking of Charley Wilton. We decided to dine at a place not far away, where the only access from the street was a narrow door, like a hole in the wall, between a tobacconist's and a flower-shop. Cressida deluded herself into believing that her incognito was more successful in such nondescript places. She was wearing a long sable coat, and a deep fur hat, hung with red cherries, which she had brought from Russia. Her walk had given her a fine color, and she looked so much a personage that no disguise could have been wholly effective.

The dining-rooms, frescoed with conventional Italian scenes, were built round a court. The orchestra was playing as we entered and selected our table — something from the latest Puccini opera. It was not a bad orchestra, and we were no sooner seated than the first violin began to speak; to assert itself, as if it were suddenly done with mediocrity.

"We have been recognized," Cressida said complacently. "What a good tone he has! Quite unusual. What does he look like?" She sat with her back to the musicians.

The violinist was standing, directing his men with his head and with the beak of his violin. He was a tall, gaunt young man, big-boned and rugged, in skin-tight clothes. His high forehead had a kind of luminous pallor, and his hair was jet black and somewhat stringy. His manner was excited and dramatic. At the end of the number he acknowledged the applause, and Cressida looked at him graciously over her shoulder. He swept her with a brilliant glance and bowed again.

"He looks as if he were poor, or in trouble," Cressida said. "This is a hard winter for musicians."

The violinist rummaged among some music piled on a chair, turning over the sheets with flurried rapidity, as if he were searching for a lost article of which he was in desperate need. Presently he placed some sheets upon the piano and began vehemently to explain something to the pianist. He bent over him, suggesting rhythms with his shoulders and running his bony fingers up and down the pages. When he stepped back to his place I noticed that the other players sat at ease, without raising their instruments.

"He is going to try something unusual," I commented. "Looks as if it might be manuscript."

It was something, at all events, that neither of us had heard before, though it was very much in the manner of the later Russian composers who were just beginning to be heard in New York. The young man made a brilliant dash of it, despite a lagging, scrambling accompaniment by the conservative pianist. This time we both applauded him vigorously, and again, as he bowed, he swept us with his eye.

The usual repertory of restaurant music followed, varied by a charming bit from Massenet's "Manon," then little known in this country. After we paid our check, Cressida took out one of her visiting-cards and wrote across the top of it: "*We thank you for the unusual music and the pleasure your playing has given us.*" She folded the card in the middle, and asked the waiter to give it to the director of the orchestra. Pausing at the door, while the porter dashed out to call a cab, we saw, in the wall mirror, a pair of wild black eyes following us quite despairingly from behind the palms at the other end of the room.

A week later I came upon some curious-looking manuscript songs on the piano in Cressida's music-room. The text was in some Slavic tongue, with a French translation written underneath. Both the handwriting and the musical script were done in a manner experienced, even distinguished. I was looking at them when Cressida came in.

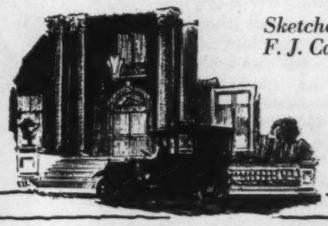
"Oh, yes!" she exclaimed. "I meant to ask you to try them over, Caroline. Poppas thinks they are very interesting. They are from that young violinist, you remember — the one we noticed in the restaurant that evening. He sent them with such a nice letter. His name is Blasius Bouchalka (Bou-kalka), a Bohemian." [*Continued on page 66*]

TAXICABS.

by Harry Kemp.

THE Taxis stand in black, sequestered rows
Waiting for glaring theatres to close;
Then, down the rain-wet beauty of the night,
One after one they launch in level flight,
And pour in long, interminable lines
Through Broadway's streaming miles of lights and signs.
So day and night unceasing they proceed,
Brimming the streets with quick, black streams of speed.
They burst on through the ocean-sounding rain
Whose pelting jewels all leap up again
Along the asphalt's long, gray, level floor
(A flowing tide of stars with curbs for shore),
While miles of sidewalk seemed to be inlaid
With slabs of porphyry and cloudy jade;
They pant ahead beneath the blazing sun,
Scurry up byways, under arches run,
Drift through the green-spread parks, incessant; fly —
Like flocks of wild geese going down the sky —
Far up Fifth Avenue. They nose their way
Past clumsy motor-truck and car and dray;
Before hotels they group in huddled bands
Like timid travelers from foreign lands. . . .

And sometimes one waits, alien and alone,
By a great house of monumental stone.

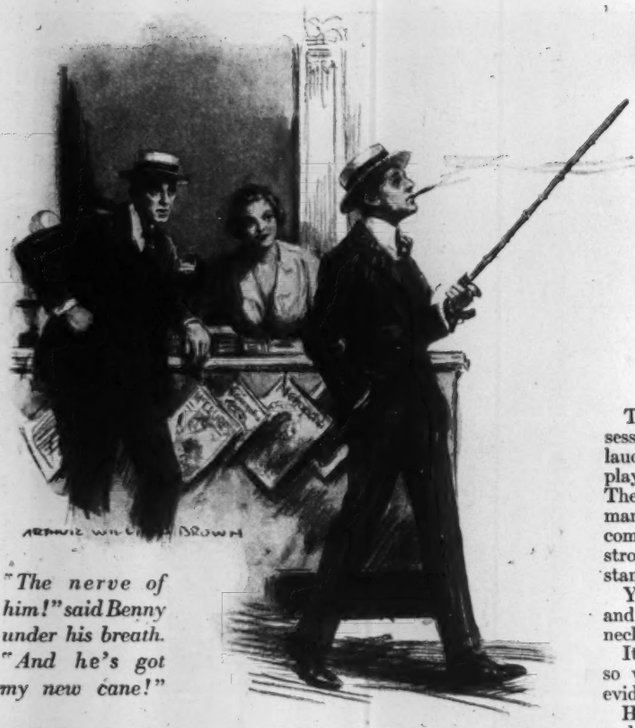


Sketches by F. J. Casavant

At the end of the number the violinist acknowledged the applause, and Cressida looked at him graciously over her shoulder. He swept her with a brilliant glance and bowed again

Oh, You Robber!

by Jerome Beatty



"The nerve of him!" said Benny under his breath. "And he's got my new cane!"

Mr. Beatty

BENNY KRUEGER was forced to admit defeat. He couldn't figure it out.

Here was Tim Patterson grinning; grinning from the good ear to the cauliflowered one, for — so far as Benny could figure — utterly no reason under the sun. The youngest and yet the sourest-souled umpire in either league, noted as the possessor of the countenance of a senile pointer dog suffering from chronic indigestion, was smiling like a widow of fifty-five who had just been asked to go buggy-riding with the president of the First National bank.

Tim was arriving in New York from Boston. The casual observer might consider this fact to be a contributory cause.

But Tim was a National League baseball umpire. Benny was his partner. For a National League umpire a transfer from Boston to New York puts one in much the same position as the man who sat upon a tack and leaped up and bumped his head against a nail in a rafter.

George Stallings manages the Boston Braves while John J. McGraw bosses the New York Giants. To umpires, each is as pleasant as boils. When McGraw at the Polo Grounds tells an umpire what he thinks of him, windows as far away as Forty-second street have been known to rattle for several minutes from the explosion. When Stallings suggests that an arbiter consult an oculist, sailing vessels bound for Boston frequently are blown out of their courses.

Tim and Benny had just finished a session at Braves Field, incurring with laudable impartiality the hatred of all players with whom they came in contact. They were in bad standing, too, with many fans — with whom they had not come in contact, owing entirely to the strong wire netting that separates the stands from the playing-field.

Yet Tim Patterson gurgled with glee and flaunted shamelessly a new red necktie.

It was Autumn. But the weather was so warm that straw hats were still in evidence.

Here, on a September morning, Tim and Benny were rolling into the Grand Central station to take charge of a series between those natural enemies, the Cubs and the Giants. On the morrow there were to be two games, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. Irritated by early rising, the two clubs would be no harder to handle than a pack of sharks.

Tim Patterson was chuckling to himself. To Benny this strange spirit of exultation seemed in particularly bad taste. Benny had considered from all angles the approaching assignment at the Polo Grounds and he was low in mind.

"What's the idea?" he asked over and over again. There had been no adequate answer. Just as the train was plunging into the tunnel that leads to the Grand Central station, however, Tim unburdened himself. Following the great American custom, all the passengers in the car, except the two umpires, were crowding towards the doors, although the station was five minutes away.

No one was near, but Tim took no chances. He whispered to Benny, "I'm goina get married!"

"For the love of blue blotters!" gasped Benny.

"My brother, out in Denver, has bought a bowling-alley and he's goina give me a half interest to run it for him."

"And who's the girl?"

"Nettie." There was pride in his voice.

"Nettie!" Benny spoke the word with reverence, as one would in mentioning Ty Cobb. "Great stuff, Tim. I never woulda guessed it. I suppose umpires do get married," he mused. "I've thought of it myself, sometimes. But I never had nerve enough. How'd ya ever do it?"

Tim's tanned face was beaming.

"I fixed it up with Nettie last May and she said it would be all right with her if I got outa baseball and settled down," he explained. "Bought her a ring! And, Benny,"— he hesitated —"Benny, she kissed me, Nettie did! Can you imagine it? Nettie kissing me?"

Benny admitted he sure couldn't imagine it.

They boarded a subway train that would take them uptown to their hotel and sat silently side by side.

Benny was again plunged in gloom. Even the idea of Tim married could not take his mind off the impending tragedy of a morning game on the next day.

"They'll ruin us," he grumbled. "They'll be after us harder than those history guys went after Lonnydus and the pass. By the way," he said, feeling suddenly inspired, "what game was that pass to that Lonnydus held?"

Tim burst out in almost uncontrollable laughter, so astonishing several self-conscious subway passengers that they hurriedly felt of their ties and looked at their feet, fearing that they were the objects of mirth.

"I guess," said Tim, "it was a fight ticket."

Benny gave him a dark look and resumed his air of sadness.

They left the subway at Seventy-second Street and made their way to the Hotel Republic, haven of rest for umpires. No baseball players ever stay at the Republic.

Leaning against the desk was a dapper young man. He wore green spats, a checkered suit and the band around his Panama matched his purple cravat.

Freddie Haskell, the clerk, welcomed the umpires. He also waved a hand at the dapper young man.

"You're a swell umpire," snarled Heinie. "Scared of McGraw, I guess. Afraid he'll get your job!"

"Mr. Patterson and Mr. Krueger, meet Mr. Miller," said the clerk. "He's our new house detective."

Mr. Miller scowled as he shook hands with Mr. Patterson and Mr. Krueger.

"I wish you wouldn't tell everybody I'm a detective," he complained. "What is the use of being a detective if I'm labeled?"

Haskell laughed depreciatingly. "You're just hired to catch the tango bandits and to see that no ladies lose their jewels in the tea-room. Benny and Tim never will get in your way."

Tim, with ill-assumed indifference, picked up the mail the clerk had tossed out for him, and strolled over toward the cigar counter.

"Huh!" grunted Benny.

"Umm!" said the clerk, with a rising inflection.

The detective watched Tim through half-closed eyes.

Tim approached the girl at the cigar counter, a trim, wholesome-looking girl with sparkling big eyes.

"Hello, Nettie!" he said timidly.

Nettie O'Malley carefully replaced in the case a box of two-for-a-quarter cigars and closed the slide.

"Hello," she said, indifferently. "What are you doing here?"

Several hours later the thought came to Tim that at this point he should have remarked airily, "I'm on my way to Cuba to sell fur coats." But he was no

Tim was utterly crushed. Gone was the spirit that made him known as the bravest umpire in baseball

An Umpire's Love Story

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

Mr. Brown

"Tim," Nettie said slowly, with a sad shake of her head, "I guess it is all off"

master of hotel-lobby persiflage. He was an umpire, not a traveling salesman for a cloak-and-suit house.

"Didn't you get my postal?" he inquired.

"I guess so," answered Nettie. "But I didn't read it. It looked like all the rest you send me. Picture of a hotel."

"But I had a message on this."

"You always write a message —'Wish you were here. This is where I'm stopping.' You've sent me enough pictures of the Palmer house and the Planters to make a five-reel film."

Tim's smile was gone. He swallowed hard. He could think of nothing to say. That was the trouble with Tim; he was still a lumbering country boy and his heart was so big it dominated his brain.

"I told you I was coming," he explained, finally. "And that — and that I was going to Denver — to run that bowling-alley."

"Tim," Nettie said slowly, with a sad shake of her head, "I guess it's all off."

She pointed to his hand that held several letters.

"It's in there," she said. "The ring and a letter. I left them at the desk for you. I'm sorry, really I am, Tim. I like you a lot, but I ——"

She turned quickly. Her voice wavered and she began straightening out a pile of cigarette-boxes that were already in perfect alignment.

Tim stood looking vaguely at the letters in his hand. Benny approached and laid a gentle hand on Tim's shoulder.

"Come on, Tim," he said; and they went up to their room.

Uttering no word, Benny hurried into the bathroom and began washing his face noisily. Tim dropped into a chair, his chin on his chest, and slowly tore open Nettie's letter. A ring, set with a small diamond, dropped to the floor and Tim, like a man in a stupor, picked it up and shoved it into the watch pocket of his trousers.

Benny was polishing his shoes with a towel when Tim called to him.

"Look," Tim said. Benny took the letter. It was written in a scrawly hand.

DEAR TIM: Youre all right. Tim, I dont want to talk to you. Im enclosing your ring here. Lets call it off. I cant tell you how much it hurts to tell you. Your all right. Good luck. NETTIE

Benny handed back the letter.

"It's that new house detective," he said. "Wagstaff told me. He's no good — one of those Broadway guys that changes his shirt every day. She's no good either. You're lucky to find it out."

This narrative must stick to facts. Tim did not leap upon Benny and throttle him. Tim was out of his element. Had a ball player questioned one of Tim's decisions there would have been trouble. But this was Tim's girl. He wasn't used to talking about girls.

He only shook his head. "You're wrong, Benny," he said reproachfully. "She's a fine girl. Is she going to marry this detective?"

"Dunno. Wagstaff says Miller's been takin' her to all the ball games."

"Why, she don't care anything about baseball. She's told me so lots of times. I never could get her to go out."

"Nevertheless she's a nut on the Giants now. The tango hound has got her crazy. She's believin' all she's been readin' in the papers about how the umpires are framin' up on Stallings and McGraw. She thinks we're all crooks. Wagstaff told me about it. Because you're an umpire you amount to about as much in her life as his bat does in Rube Marquard's."

Tim looked up and blinked his eyes.

"Is it as bad as that?" he asked Benny helplessly.

Benny nodded. "You're battin' double-O-nothin' with her. She makes me sick. This guy has pumped her so full of baseball that she'd throw down Charley Chaplin himself for Gyp the Blood if Gyp had a season pass for two to the Polo Grounds. But don't quit yet. All I know is what I heard from Wagstaff. Hotel clerks don't know everything. I'm goin' down and see Nettie myself."

Tim was utterly crushed. Gone was the spirit that had made him known all over the circuit as the bravest umpire in baseball. Crumpled up in his chair he was the antithesis of the man who a month before, single-handed, had driven back into the stands a mob of two hundred Cincinnati fanatics, armed with cushions and pop bottles. Absent was his debonair manner of the diamond, missing was his gift of biting satire that had shriveled many a baseball foe.

He picked up a newspaper that Benny had left. It gave him no comfort. On the sporting page was a long statement from Stallings, telegraphed from Boston, intimating that if Krueger and Patterson were not born crooks they were born imbeciles.

"Crooks!" That was what Benny had said Nettie called all umpires. He turned the page. Here was news of motor-car bandits. The police were hot on the trail of a gang of hotel robbers. A "clubman" had been slugged in Central Park.

Many times he had been called a crook but never before had he quite grasped the meaning of the word. Nettie thought he was a crook, a man like those the police were after. And really he was only a baseball umpire, a very unpopular adjunct to a most popular sport, receiving three hundred and fifty dollars a month for taking abuse of his sincerest efforts. No matter what he did on the diamond somebody always thought he was wrong and made a noise about it. Only the dumb, it seemed, ever thought he was right.

As he pondered Tim gained courage. The injustice of Nettie's judgment of umpires made him swear, leap to his feet and pace the room. He forced a laugh and took off his red necktie and donned his usual black one. He surveyed himself in the mirror, grunted in disapproval and decided to give the red another play. He would show Nettie that he didn't care, after all. Perhaps his action was influenced to a small degree by a dim recollection that somewhere he had heard that the way to make a girl want you was to pay no attention to her.

DOWNSTAIRS Benny was doing a Miles Standish.

He found Nettie O'Malley in a sombre mood.

"Tim's all shot to pieces," he said, coming directly to the point at issue. "What's the big idea?"

"Mister Krueger," she affirmed, "I don't know. Tim's always been a good friend of mine, and goodness knows I'd no more hurt his feelings than I'd cheer when Matty was taken out of the box."

She paused.

"Well?" said Benny, "Come on. *But* ——"

"I don't know just why, but I don't like Tim the way I thought I did. He's—I can't tell you. You wouldn't understand."

"Listen, young lady. I'll tell you. I don't understand, don't I? You and Tim used to be little pals. Until a month or so ago he was plenty good enough for you. You liked him and you used to sit around and tell him about the folks back home and argue about the best way to set a hen and how to cure hams and the grip. Tim's just plain folks from a town nobody ever heard of in Nebraska and you used to be the same sort. Now you've got filled full of this Broadway stuff and you think because Tim is no ornament in a ballroom and because he don't know the headwaiter at the Plaza and don't insist on muffins with his tea he's not your kind. Am I right or not? Yes!"

"No," Nettie answered sharply. "Since you must know, I don't like umpires."

"But Tim's one of the best in baseball!"

"The better they are the worse I like them. And I have an idea that you're the best in the world."

"You're a hot one," Benny sneered. "You led Tim on, let him fix up everything to go out to Denver and run that bowling-alley and then kicked him out. I suppose you're proud of your work. Do you know that Tim's upstairs in his room now, flat on the bed cryin'? That's what you've done. The gamest umpire in the business, and you've taken all the heart out of him. Knocked him cold. Made a sobbing baby out of him. Proud of your work, I guess."

[*Continued on page 70*]

The corridors were beginning to fill with half-dressed, excited guests

Holbrook Blinn, distinguished actor, stage director, producer, theatre manager, presiding genius of the Holbrook Blinn Theatre — star of the second McClure picture, "Pride"

Photograph by Sarony

Charlotte Walker, beloved heroine of "The Warrens of Virginia," Belasco graduate, former Lasky-Paramount film star — now under the management of McClure's

Ann Murdock, Frohman star, famous stage beauty, favorite comedienne on the Paramount, Metro and V. L. S. E. programs — first star engaged by McClure's

Shirley Mason, talented ingénue in McClure Pictures, younger sister of Viola Dana, not yet sixteen years old and thirteen years on the stage

Movies of

A Review and

FROM a chaser in a vaudeville show to seven hundred nights on Broadway is a long way for the motion picture to go in five short years. From a free and rather unwelcome supplement to a ten-twenty-thirty variety to a two-dollar admission price in a famous theatre; from a vulgar, mechanical chase to a gigantic dramatic play; from an eye-straining blur to an eye-filling spectacle; from slapstick to Shakespeare; from a theatrical by-product to a six-hundred-million-dollar industry — that's where the motion picture has gone.

Where is it going now?

The answer to that question in general terms is easy. The motion picture is going where the public wants it to go. Specifically, the answer is not so easy. Let us see what the authorities seem to think.

Mr. Griffith and Mr. Ince, producers of "The Birth of a Nation," "Civilization," "Intolerance" and other gigantic successes, evidently think the motion picture is tending toward the spectacle — toward a combination of Ben Hur and the Hippodrome, of the Verdun fight and the Harvard-Yale game. In length of entertainment they would rival Parsifal, the Marathon opera. In splendor and magnitude they would compete with Nature and bedim Creation. In the presence of such grandeur the ordinary motion picture will be too small to see, and too ill-nourished by patronage to live.

But will it? An epoch-marking spectacle like "The Birth of a Nation" is commercially successful, because it is good entertainment, but it is monumentally successful because it stands alone. One beautiful woman, we are told, is more beautiful than a thousand. One Birth of a Nation a year, or every six months — yes, but not every night in twenty thousand theatres before twenty million people. The public is not built that way. We cannot have the World's Series every day. Tetrazzini cannot sing the high notes all the time. Percy Mackaye knows how to write plays, but so does Roi Cooper Megrue. "Justice" packs the theatres, but so does "Fair and Warmer." The Metropolitan Tower is a fine high house, but we do not all want to live in it. This is still a good-sized world, with room in it for the biggest spectacles — and other things.

Among the other things is obviously Charlie Chaplin. What Mr. Chaplin probably thinks — and it is a fact that he does think! — is that the motion picture is going back where it came from — into the world where the man behind the slapstick is king. Griffith and Ince are fulfilling ambitions, which is another term for doing what they want to, when they want to, and how they want to; but poor Chaplin is being driven by an irresistible force to accept ten thousand dollars every week-end for work that is far below what he thinks he can perform. The love of comedy is apparently greater than the love of the spectacular. So we can set it down as a safe rule that the motion picture or any other form of entertainment is not going anywhere that laughs do not abound.

"If the public did not demand Charlie Chaplin more emphatically than any emotional woman or leading man," states Mr. S. L. Rothapfel, manager of the Rialto Theatre, New York's big, new picture auditorium, who is one of the wisest men in the industry, "the exhibitors of the country would not book him so universally that his producers could afford to pay him the enormous salary that they do. It is not necessarily a one-man principle that finds expression in Mr. Chaplin's case — it is simply the fact that he has established a reasonable assurance in the public mind that the ticket buyer will get a laugh where his product is being shown."

That others hold Mr. Chaplin's theory is evidenced by his host of imitators. And now comes George K. Spoor, the man who made Chaplin famous, with another astounding salary contract for Max Linder, the famous French comedian, who was famous in pictures when Chaplin was still doing the London halls. Before the war Max was the most popular figure in French life since Joan of Arc's last appearance in historical melodrama. Max first introduced the mustache into drama, he careened through a sea of French patisserie with the same abandon that Chaplin hurls his pies. And he has one big advantage over Chaplin from the publicity point of view: When the war broke out Max enlisted, went straight to the front, was wounded and nearly killed; Charlie signed another contract. If Max will only limp, as Kreisler limped, he will make a fortune for himself and his backers and furnish another apparently unanswerable argument to prove that comedy must rule the pictures.

But we cannot laugh all the time, any more than we can gasp continuously at magnificent spectacles. *Life* is a good magazine with a large circulation, but not half so large as *McClure's* or many other magazines that cover more phases of human experience. Falstaff is wonderful, but so are Romeo and Shylock and Lady Macbeth. Moving picture audiences love comedy — they love to smile with Douglas Fairbanks, to shout with Chaplin, to shake with the animated cartoons — but they love even more to thrill with Petrova and Nance O'Neill and Walthall and Holbrook Blinn, to sympathize with Mary Pickford and Ann Murdock and Charlotte Walker and Marguerite Clark, to be young again with Bessie Love and Creighton Hale and George LeGuere and Shirley Mason. Moving picture audiences

Miss Murdock rides, swims, and works in her garden between successes. Just now she is starring in the Charles Frohman production, "Please Help Emily"

Photograph by Underwood & Underwood

Nance O'Neill, one of America's best known actresses, successful on stage and screen, starred on the Fox and Metro programs — now with McClure's

Photograph by Bangs

George LeGuere, leading juvenile, formerly starred on the Metro program, prominent in many Broadway successes, now featured in McClure Pictures

Photograph by Ira L. Hill

Olga Petrova, wonderful Polish actress, sensationally successful on the American stage, one of the biggest box office attractions in pictures, leading emotional star

the Future

a Prophecy

love best of all what all other audiences have always loved — drama.

The answer, then, to the question of where the motion picture is going, where it will ultimately find its greatest field, would seem to be clear. Moreover, it is subject to actual test. Audiences have voted on what they like best; investigations by mail and from house to house have been made; theatre managers from all parts of the country have submitted the results of their personal talks with patrons. The result is nearly always the same. Out of every one hundred people who enter a moving picture theatre at least seventy go to see the drama, or feature, as it is called in movie parlance. Fifteen or twenty like the comedy best. Stray individuals find most nourishment in the cartoons, the news weeklies, the travelogues and the educational pictures. The play, in pictures as on the stage, is the thing!

Unfortunately, so many plays have been produced in pictures, and so many have been produced badly, that the market is glutted. Moreover, the business has grown so fast that the methods of selling and distributing pictures have not kept pace with either supply or demand. The result of all these conditions is that the producer is forced to sell the productions he has already made at a loss and is driven to unfortunate economies in his future product. Such a course, if continued, will divert the public taste from its legitimate channels and force it to fall back on the slapstick and the spectacular. So, just as Charlie Chaplin is forced by public demand to appear in vehicles below his talents and ambitions, the public may find itself thwarted by a strictly commercial condition in its legitimate and natural demand for dramatic pictures.

There is one ray of light in this situation. Most bad pictures lose money, many fairly good pictures lose money, but every extraordinary picture makes money, and in large quantities. The dramas of timely interest like "The Battle Cry of Peace" and "Where Are My Children?" even though in somewhat questionable taste, are sure of large audiences. The drama, with a really big star like those already mentioned, is always welcome. The drama that is fully and nationally advertised, so that all the people may know what it is like and why they will like it, is sure to be profitable.

The best example of the sure-fire success of the extraordinary picture is the so-called motion picture serial like "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Strange Case of Mary Page." Some of these serial pictures are played by stars of the first magnitude, and if they are, that fact helps them to their almost unbelievable financial success. Many of them, in their melodramatic way, are very skilfully done, and that helps. But all of them are advertised all over the world in magazines, newspapers, on billboards and by mail, until everybody who might be interested in such a picture knows that it exists and where and when it can be seen.

Now, if it were possible to give the ordinary good five-reel drama, or feature, the same degree of publicity that is given to these serials, the man who produced it and the man who exhibited it would make so large a profit that they could afford to make and pay for better and better pictures. And, in that way, the real public demand for good drama in pictures would be satisfied. But a single photodrama is a perishable quantity, it is here today and there tomorrow; and no matter how good it is and how big it is, the entire receipts from its production do not justify the producer in investing several hundred thousand dollars, as is often done with the serials, in educating the public as to the nature and subject matter of a single photoplay that cannot possibly earn for him the amount of money he would have to spend in advertising.

All this sounds very commercial and technical, but it is true that the chief obstacles in the way of progress in the motion picture field today are commercial and technical ones. There is no doubt but that the motion picture public is tired of going to see plays they know nothing about, played by stars of questionable value; and there is no doubt that they would welcome some good way of finding out in advance just the kind of play and production they can expect. In other words, the public will welcome the advertised motion picture.

It is in this belief that men and organizations of known standing, like the publishers of magazines and newspapers, are enlarging their activities to cover the motion picture field. These men know, or ought to know, what the public want in the way of entertainment. They know the value of high standards and editorial discrimination and they can learn to apply these qualities as they have not yet been consistently applied to motion pictures. Moreover, they understand the value and technique of advertising, of telling the people the facts they want to know about the productions offered for their patronage.

So, it has remained for a publishing company entering the motion picture field to solve the commercial difficulties of advertising a feature play so that all the world can know whether it wants to see it, or not. For instance, a picture that is known as a McClure Picture is recognized at once as being up to the established McClure standard. The McClure name, backed by twenty-five years of book and magazine publishing, gives immediate age and prestige to McClure Pictures.

The producers of motion pictures are, for the most part, very keen individuals, and they have been quick to see the advantage to the [*Continued on page 87*]

A bell boy appeared in the doorway. "Mr. Traub, please! Mr. Frederick Traub!"

Red Fox Furs — *by* John Taintor Foote

A German War Story with an American Background

Mr. Foote

Illustrations by Will Grefé

"MAY his soul roast forefer in hell! May his dirty body be eaten py dogs ven his time gomes, und may it be as soon as Gott can kill him!"

"For why, Uncle Fritz?"

"Pecause he is killing Chermans. Efery day he is killing Chermans mit his powder und pullets. Into the hearts of Chermans they are going. Loog at him — traidor, traidor, traidor!" The newspaper was shaking as though it, too, were vibrant with hate.

Elfrida set a steaming dish on the table. "Give it to me, Uncle Fritz!" she asked, holding out her hand. She stared at the half-tone for a thoughtful moment. "I have seen him," she said at last.

"You! Vere?" questioned her uncle excitedly.

"I cannot say. The eyes I have seen and not in pictures."

"At the parber-shop, maybe."

"Perhaps," agreed Elfrida. "Frederick Traub," she read aloud, "who has just closed another fifty million dollar contract with the British government." She lowered the newspaper. "Traub?" she said inquiringly. "Traub?"

A dreadful smile tightened the old man's lips and showed a ragged line of long yellow teeth.

"His fader was born in Bremen!"

Elfrida raised the newspaper and addressed the picture softly.

"Pig, dog, swine," she said.

Supper was ready soon after that, a goodly supper which began with pickled hare and wound up with a round yellow moon of a cheese cake.

Uncle Fritz said grace in German.

"God bless this food and may all dear ones in this day of trial have so much as will give them strength to destroy the devils from hell let loose against them. God bless and keep the Fatherland safe from swine's feet, and may all Germans in this so-far land as brothers cling together, hanging by the heels until dead traitors and mockers. Aamen!"

They exchanged few words at supper. Uncle Fritz drank huge draughts of coffee audibly and smacked his lips at each mouthful of the pickled hare. The kettle sang on the stove just behind them, its insistent voice rising above the murmur of street noises four stories down.

At last Uncle Fritz pushed back his chair with a sighing grunt of repletion.

"So goot!" he said. "Und now I go vere dey will be maging of speeches for hearing py der newspaper

ninnies. Berhaps I will make a speech, Vat?" The lid fell over one pouched, twinkling eye. Uncle Fritz was in a playful humor after his supper.

"What will you say, Uncle Fritz?"

"Berhaps I vill tell how to be regretted id is ven der boats keep going town mit all der liddle neudrals. Hein!" Again his eyelid descended. "Berhaps I will shpeak aboud friendship, so great it is between us Chermans und dis great shtrong lant of chellyfish. Guns dey do nod need when dey haf der lofing goot-vill of der Faterlant. Berhaps I vill mage a bolitical speech; Ya. Vat can be equal to a school-teacher, a vind-bag und a fat monkey mit a bea-cock's tail vat blays on der ships of var liddle games mid soda-pop und grammer-pooks? Ya, id is better ve Chermans be goot temocrats until der time ven ve gome galling on our lofing neighbors to return der bowder und pullets which dey are so chenerous to send." Uncle Fritz prodded his pipe bowl with a lean finger and beamed at Elfrida.

He rose and took his shiny green overcoat from the walnut hat tree.

"*Gute nacht, mein kind,*" he said when Elfrida had helped him into his coat. "Do nod sid up. I vill be lade."

Elfrida watched his stooping form to the end of the hallway. Then she got out a furrier's catalogue and poured over it for an hour or more. At ten o'clock she went to bed. She lay awake for some time trying to imagine how she would look in a set of red fox furs like the ones Lilian Sweeney wore. They cost a fortune — forty-six dollars!

THE Waldmore barber-shop is two stories underground. It is reached by dropping in a velvet running elevator from the utter magnificence of the Waldmore lobby to an austere, rather gloomy hallway.

The barber-shop, after the half-light of the hallway, bursts on the eye like a snow field beneath a midday sun. The indirect lighting seems to have no given sources. The white tiles of the flooring, the white marble of the wainscoting, the white walls and ceiling, even the white linen uniforms of the barbers, brush-boys, and manicure girls, give off an unaccountable radiance. There are no shadows, no concealments. The Waldmore barber-shop has nothing to hide. It invites, with warm bright friendliness. It persuades, with glittering geniality that intrigue of every sort, all subtleties, struggles, fears, of the devious world above may be discarded, with safety at its marble-framed entrance. Surely no malicious thing could live a moment in the blazing candor of this room!

A thought of this sort was responsible for a sigh of relief that came from the deep chest of the man for whom Anton was adjusting the head-rest of a chair. It was responsible for a desire that grew within him to linger in this friendly chair with the deft Anton — a son of France — in the rôle of guardian angel.

He was tired to begin with; not so much from work accomplished as with the knowledge of things undone. The driving of one hundred thousand workmen at top speed, with one in every four of them sullen with secret opposition to the work in hand was only a part of it all. Minor officials were responsible for the *morale* and efficiency of the human units that figured so largely in his problem. But he, so he felt, was responsible for the lives of those units and he had come to know that he could expect no help from his own bewildered government which spoke of law to the slaughtering Hun and penned meticulous platitudes in the name of humanity.

Meanwhile the country was filled with fire and dynamite. They were handled with the same boldness that the Teuton mind brings to every venture. There was a blustering, bungling sort of adroitness about it, but he had obtained positive proofs that the destruction directed at his plants and the lives of his workmen sprang from and was controlled by the German foreign office.

With his proofs he had gone to Washington. He had left the State Department with tears of shame and rage in his eyes and the oily evasions of the chief of all Demagogism in his ears.

He knew of course that his own life was threatened. Anxiety for his workmen had pushed this thought aside for a time. But sixteen hours work a day was beginning to tell. His nerves were getting out of hand. Sudden footsteps behind him caused a spasmodic tightening of the muscles of his back. Unexplained sounds at night left him listening, listening, all alert. He was not a coward. If they "got" him—well, he would only be one of millions who were going out like candles in the great wind of war. Not as a looker-on. Ah, no, despite his German blood he had also served. His mind had swept sentiment aside when a world was filled with mounds of twisted dead as the armies of his ancestors flew at the throat of Civilization.

He had come in with the Allies heart and soul. He had been the man of the hour to marshal America's industrial forces quickly at their call. He was making guns and shells and shrapnel without end, and a staggering fortune.

The German-American press shrieked that this was blood money; that he was murdering his own for millions. In reality the work meant more to him than the reward. This, however, would have made no difference to four or five million citizens of a free land who cursed him daily in broken English or throaty German.

Well, they had blown out women's brains for less, and their hands had reached across the sea. He was no coward, but it was good to be there in the clean flooding light, where there were no shadows, with Anton bending above him. Perhaps that was why he nodded when Anton suggested a shampoo.

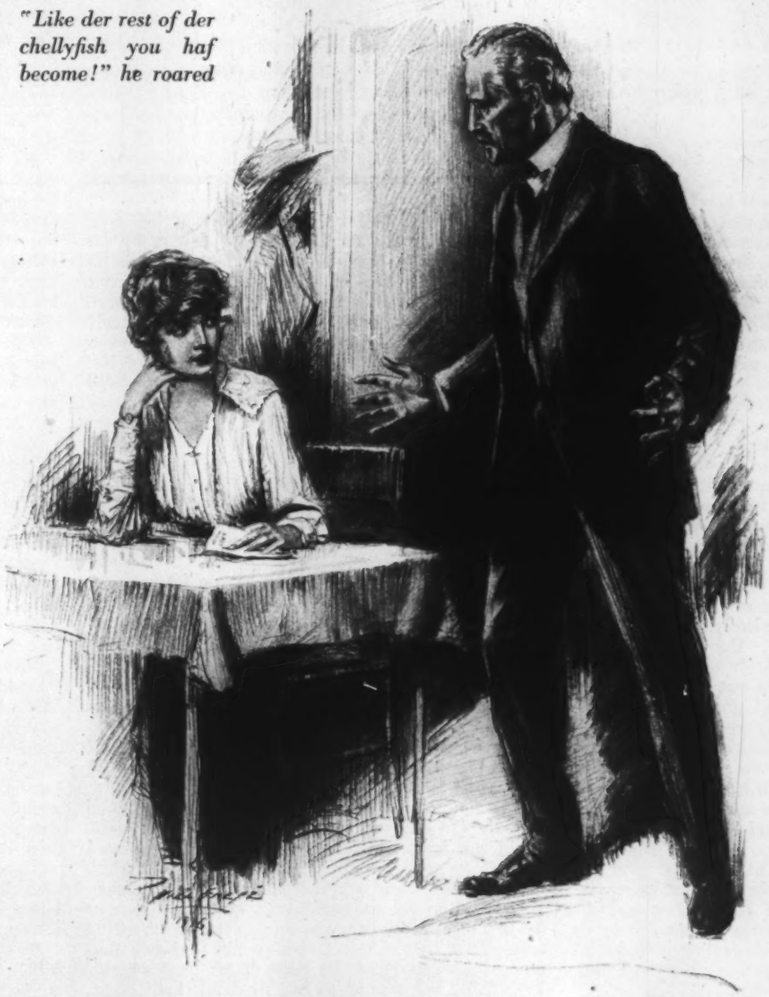
This was his second visit to the barber-shop. He had dropped in the day before, attracted by the light. As a rule a barber came to his apartments, but they were filled with shadows. This was better — much better. He was glad he had come. He would come again. The place was so light, so very light — and restful.

"Vill you have ze manicure, monsieur?" asked the attentive Anton.

Again he nodded.

Anton crooked his finger at a flaxon-haired, blue-eyed young person who came silently to the chair.

Ten minutes passed. A bell boy appeared in the doorway. "Mr. Traub, please! Mr. Frederick Traub!"



"Like der rest of der chellyfish you haf become!" he roared

"All right, what do you want?" said the man in Anton's chair.

There was a murmur, a rustle at that end of the barber-shop. Several necks were craned.

"So that's him," said a puffy-eyed broker, who had dealt to his extreme advantage in war brides but was losing the last of his hair. His barber nodded and for a moment the electric vibrator throbbed against thin air.

The man in Anton's chair was surveying a card.

"I'll be up in ten minutes," he told the boy; then he realized that his left hand had suddenly been released by soft warm fingers and now hung at the side of the chair. He found himself staring into two round blue eyes. They seemed unaccountably hard, almost hostile, those eyes. The half-parted red lips, too, were curling.

"What's the matter, sister?" he asked.

Elfrida took his hand again. Her English suffered when she was excited.

"Bolish?" she asked with an unmistakable accent.

"Oh, I see," said the man who was killing Germans.

"HE vas in again today, *Mädchen?*"

"Every day he comes, Uncle Fritz."

"Did you did his nails again yet?"

"Not since Friday, Uncle Fritz. Twice a week only for his nails. Tomorrow is Tuesday?"

"Ya, all day long id is Tuesday."

"Tomorrow for his nails. I have told you twenty times already."

Uncle Fritz puffed at his pipe and stared at Elfrida through a thin blue haze of tobacco smoke. Ten minutes passed and still he stared. Elfrida made no effort to break the silence. He had been like that the last few evenings — somber, brooding, addressing her seldom, but staring, always staring at her as she knitted or read or sewed. Now and then he would grunt and mutter to himself.

His moodiness had dated from the night when he had sent her to her room as soon as the dishes were washed.

"A member of der gommittee vill be galling at eight o'clock," he had told her. "We vish to shpeak alone."

Elfrida had fallen asleep to the mutter of voices in the next room. Now and then when the voices were raised she had caught a sentence or so. In particular she had heard, in a strange voice: "His Excellency approves." Then Uncle Fritz had cried out in German: "The child of my sister! The child of my dead sister!"

Elfrida had wondered, drowsily, why he was speaking of her to a member of the mysterious committee and with that harsh note of protest in his voice.

Late that night she had been wakened by a knocking on the hall door. She had slipped on her wrapper and was lighting the gas when Uncle Fritz appeared from his room and ordered her back to bed. She had obeyed but kept her eye to the crack of her bedroom door to see who could be calling at such an hour.

It was a strange young man with a white pasty skin and wild black eyes set close together. He held out a small, round, wooden box to Uncle Fritz, and Elfrida saw that his hand was stained as though it had been dipped in yellow dye.

"It was not ready until an hour ago," he said. "But two in all the world know what it is — Jacobi, the great Jacobi of Vienna, and I, Heinrich Schmit. I did not receive the order until nine o'clock or it would have been ready sooner."

"Py Gott, id is soon enough!" said Uncle Fritz.

"A scratch of the skin," said the strange young man. "A little slip is all that is needed. Under the nail is better, perhaps. Do you understand?"

"Ya," said Uncle Fritz. "Id has been oxplained to me already."

"Take it," said the strange young man. "Are you afraid, old Prussian?"

Uncle Fritz drew the sleeve of his flannel nightgown across his forehead.

"For meinself, no," he said. "For others—yes."

"Not a father, not a mother, in Germany but fears for—others," said the strange young man. "This is a little box; tomorrow goes a ship, two ships, three ships from this port loaded with death for the bravest and best in the Fatherland. A traitor sends them. A Jackal that grows fat from lapping the blood that flows from German breasts. This is but a little box! Take it, old Prussian!"

"Ya," said Uncle Fritz suddenly. "I vill take id." He snatched at the stained fingers.

"Good for you, old Prussian," said the young man.

Uncle Fritz stared at what was in his hand when the strange young man had gone. "*Deutschland! Deutschland!*" Elfrida heard him mutter. . . . He had not moved when she took her eyes from the door and, trembling with the cold, climbed noiselessly into bed.

Uncle Fritz had stared at her next morning as she cooked the breakfast. He had continued to stare and mutter ever since. At first it had worried her, but she had become accustomed to it now. It was only Uncle Fritz, she thought, even though his eyes were queer and glittering. He was working so hard for the Fatherland. He was an old man and the strain was beginning to tell. That was why he was so harsh with her of late. Nothing she did seemed to please him. Nothing she said seemed to interest him, except when she told him of the visits of that man to the barber-shop — that man who was killing Germans; every night she must tell about him. She had had a splendid day — nearly four dollars in tips. Perhaps after all she could buy a set of red fox furs. Later in the season they would be cheaper.

Uncle Fritz interrupted her thoughts.

"*Mädchen*," he said suddenly. "Vere is your cousin Max?"

Elfrida looked up quickly from the furrier's catalogue.

"What a question?" She raised her eyes to the stained and tattered ceiling. "He is with God I hope."

"Ya, he is mitt Gott. Und your cousin Maurice, he is mitt Gott alzo, und a million more haf gone to Gott mit bloody bubbles goming from der mouths und der guts trampled in der mud."

Elfrida shuddered.

"Don't talk so, Uncle Fritz."

Uncle Fritz leaned forward in his chair and leveled his pipe at her.

"Vy nod?"

"It makes me sick. I —" she faltered before the leveled pipe stem which was shaking almost in her face.

"Sig!" Uncle Fritz lowered his pipe and cackled sneeringly. "So," he said. "A Cherman *mädchen* cannod hear how Chermans die for her lant — id makes her sig!" He leveled his pipe again, but this time at the door. "Go," he said. "Go oud in der streed mit der chellyfish. Dis is a Cherman house vere der is some iron in der blood."

Elfrida met his look squarely.

"Twice lately you have said to me that thing," she said. "Twice lately you have called me a jellyfish. Why do you call me that?"

Uncle Fritz hesitated. His eyes wavered. They settled by chance on Elfrida's saucy little toque perched jauntily on a peg of the hat tree. Suddenly he was on his feet.

"Pecause," he roared, "you are filling mit Amerigan monkey tricks. Loog at your hat — nod so big as a peanud yet! Loog at your hair, shkinned tight mit your head like a papoons! Loog at your skirt und plush, half to your knees is id! On der shtreets of dis city of chellyfish I see by der tousands, such skirts, such hats, such hair. Like der rest of der chellyfish you haf become — soft und scvirmy. Der world is running ret mit Cherman blood. Don't spheak aboud blood — id makes you sig! Blenty of monkey skirts und hats you vill haf from tips vat gome py selling pullets to der English, ya; but don't shpeak aboud blood. Listen, I vill sing: 'My coundry tis of dee, shveet lant of —' Vy do you sid ven I sing der great song of der chellyfish? Shtand up, shtand up, chellyfish, who vas vunce a Cherman *Mädchen!*" He paused and showed his yellow teeth in a mirthless smile.

"What you have spoken," said Elfrida stolidly and in German, "is liar's talk."

"So," said Uncle Fritz. "Vat is id dot you talk aboud all vinter? Is id der news from der Vaterlant? I say to you, '*Mädchen*, Von Hindenburg und his heroes haf drownt der whole lousy Russian army in a svamp!' Does id mage you choyful such shplendid news? *Herr Gott*, in a minute you ask me ven I dink der brice of bink fox furs grows shmaller."

Elfrida shoved the furrier's catalogue stealthily behind her.

"Red, Uncle Fritz. Red, not pink."

"Ret!" shrieked Uncle Fritz. "Vot do I care vether id is red or blue or green. Id is monkey tricks. A chellyfish you are!"

"It is not so," said Elfrida. "Must I go naked because of war? If I could help then you would see. What can I do but pray? Each night I pray the good God to save our dear land. I was not born a man! What else can I do?"

Uncle Fritz turned away and walked uncertainly about the room, muttering to himself. At last he went into the kitchen. Elfrida saw him reach to a shelf on which was kept a bottle of schnaps. She heard the liquid gurgle into a glass. She heard him gulp and smack his lips. Presently he stood in the doorway looking at her strangely.

"So a Cherman you are," he said. "Und you ask vat can you do?"

"Yes," said Elfrida.

Uncle Fritz came closer. The parchment-like skin of his face seemed gray and drawn. Two spots of color rose muddily to the surface at the cheek bones.

"*Mädchen!*" he said hoarsely. "*Mädchen!*"

"Yes, Uncle Fritz."

"A Cherman vill give all vat he has for der Vaterlant. Is id nod so?"

"Yes," said Elfrida.

"His life, maybe," went on her uncle tensely.

"Yes," said Elfrida, the color leaving her face.

"A million haf gone to Gott! A million by his traidor pullets!" Uncle Fritz drew himself up to his full height. His shoulders straightened, his heels came together, his arms stiffened at his sides. He seemed to face an unseen presence. "*Deutschland, Deutschland,*" he whispered. His hand fumbled in his coat pocket. When he drew it out his long bony fingers were clutched about something. He came to the table and placed that something on the oilcloth cover within arms' reach of Elfrida. It was a small, round, wooden box.

"You ask vat can you do?"

Elfrida nodded, wondering.

"Open der box," said Uncle Fritz. . . . "Vait, Vait, haf you a sore finger anyvere?"

Elfrida examined her fingers uneasily.

"No, my fingers are not sore," she said. "Why do you ask such a funny question?"

"Pecause in dot box — pecause in dot liddle box is — is — Open id — open id! Den I vill oxplain!"

AS a rule he went to the barber-shop in the morning. He was able to relax when Anton tilted back the comfortable chair and he was outstretched in the good white light. After a half hour in the flooding brightness he could re-enter a shadow filled world soothed, confident, himself. This lasted for several hours. It helped him to meet the larger part of the day's work when at his best.

Now and then, however, affairs would rush upon him early in the day and sweep him out of all routine. When this happened he became irritable, could not concentrate and longed for his little hour in the barber-shop with an intensity which amounted to a passion. His nerves craved the barber-shop more and more as the day passed, until they seemed to take voice within him. They seemed to set up a soundless clamor that beat at his spine and the back of his head and his temples. They seemed to call for light, light, light, and security!

Nine o'clock was his regular hour, but today Sir Edward Trevor, late Colonel of artillery, now Something or Other of the Department of Ordnance and Supplies of his Majesty's Government, had descended on him, horse, foot and guns, while his eggs and toast grew cold.

Guns! Yes that was it, guns! Trevor wanted them produced in some miraculous manner from thin air and in the winking of an eye. Machine guns — fifty thousand of 'em for a starter.

The morning had crept away while he explained. He lunched with Trevor and reexplained. Would the man never go! It was now after two and his nerves were as taught as piano wires. They would relax in the barber-shop if he could get rid of Trevor! He looked at his watch again. . . .

Downstairs in the barber-shop Elfrida looked at the big white enamel clock over the door. In the barber-shop everything was white. Perhaps that was why her face was white as she sat at her glass-topped table.

It had been a terrible day. She had watched the door and the clock, the door and the clock. Each time someone entered, her heart charged against her ribs as though determined to leap out of her body. Then it would grow fluttery again by a process of diminishing thumps. What if it would tear through her breast and fall beating on the floor! Everyone would be surprised. It would be so red on the white floor. It was terrible the way it had acted all day. When it was someone else who came in, it behaved better at once. Perhaps when the time came her heart would act so that she would not be a German girl as she had promised Uncle Fritz. Perhaps she would be a jellyfish. And then too she might be busy at the time and another girl would take Anton's chair. If so would she have to wait until Friday and do it then? That was too much to expect of her. Her heart would pound itself to pieces long before then. She would explain this to Uncle Fritz.

She looked at the clock again. It was twenty minutes past two and she was idle. Someone was coming down the hall. She watched the door. . . . He came in walking briskly and nodded to Anton.

"Dear God, Dear God," said Elfrida to herself. She took hold of the table to remain upright in her chair. As for walking across the room! Her heart was acting well — it had stopped entirely. It was her legs that had gone back on her. Yes, she was a jellyfish after all! No, only her legs were wobbly like a jellyfish. This man was killing Germans with his ships full of bullets. And there was Max, and Maurice, and little Fritz who was still alive.

Anton beckoned to her.

"Dear God!" prayed Elfrida silently. "Put strength in my legs, dear God, for the Fatherland!"

She rose unsteadily and filled her bowl with warm water from the silver faucet at her table. She placed her instruments on a tray. Then she opened the drawer of the table. In the drawer was a small, round, wooden box. It was filled with a thin, amber-colored gum. Elfrida took her slender manicure scissors from the tray. The points of the scissors wavered above the box for an instant, then were dipped twice in the amber-colored gum.

The man who was killing Germans was having his hair washed. His head was crowned with white lather and Anton's busy fingers when Elfrida reached his side. She managed to fix her bowl to the chair arm. Then her knees gave way and she sank to her work stool.

The man who was killing Germans nodded to her.

"Hello, sister," he said with a tired smile. "How goes it today?"

Elfrida's lips moved, but no sound came from them. She took his hand and bowed her flaxen head above it to avoid his deep-set gray eyes. Then he and Anton chatted together quite like old friends.

The talk swung round to what men longed for most. Often, they decided, it was for something trivial — so trivial that they kept this great desire hidden from the knowledge of their family and friends.

"Now I," said the man who was killing Germans, "would give most anything I have to play the flute. When I was a boy I had an Uncle who played the flute in the orchestra at Bremen. I would listen to him practise by the hour. He kept pigeons and bees. We would sit on a wooden bench in his little garden with our backs against the pigeon loft. The pigeons cooing sounded like other flutes, and the bees hummed an accompaniment. I have kept pigeons for a long time, and bees, but I cannot play the flute."

Then Anton confessed that for years he had wanted a chicken farm. He wanted to raise fine chickens — Black Minorcas in particular. "Ze finest sheeken in all ze vorld," said Anton. "Supairb, magneeficent."

"And how about the girls?" asked the man who was killing Germans. "How about you, sister? What is it you want most?"

Elfrida had finished, somehow, with the clippers and the file and had taken up the nail scissors.

They gleamed and flickered in the flooding light, for Elfrida's hand was shaking. She raised her eyes, blue no longer, but dark purple, as she answered mechanically: "Red fox furs."

"Red fox furs," repeated the man who was killing Germans. "How long have you wanted them?"

Her dry lips moved again. "This winter and last."

The man who was killing Germans looked at her thoughtfully. She was a little thing, far from strong. She was quite white and nervous. [*Continued on page 79*]

The Woman Speaks

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

MY would-be Lover, wait — believe me, this
Perchance shall prove, of all, the fairest hour;
When I have felt your arms' compelling power,
When I have known the rapture of your kiss,
Life may not hold again such tranquil bliss.
Eternal forfeit! Friendship's perfect flower
Withers before the Sun God's golden dower.
Will you not grant me, dear, an armistice?
Let us call loyal truce that we may steep
The mind and heart and soul in this rich sense
Of full communion — Faith, serene and deep
Shall hold our passion to an innocence
Of spirit union. Wait,— and let Love sleep
Before the blinding harvest he shall reap.

McCLURE'S *for* OCTOBER

We'll Dally 'Round the Flag, Boys!

We'll Dally Once Again—and Keep on Dallying

—Ad Lib.

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Author of "Uncle Sham!" "Scars and Stripes," etc.

Mr. Browne

Illustrations by Peter Newell

"And there you have the poor old man shaking his fist one minute and his finger the next!"

WE were discussing Latest Developments. It was my friend who spoke.

"When, in the year nineteen fifty-something, History shall sit back in his chair, light a good free-burning five-cent cigar, and look over the notes he made contemporaneously as to what your Uncle Samuel was doing during the first two years of the great war in Europe, he'll certainly have a hard time believing what he then jotted down was really so. And the more he reads, the more the actions of your dignified Uncle will remind him of the old lady that went to sleep and dreamed she was awake and then woke up to find she was asleep. And when at length History puts down his notes and sharpens his lead pencil, he'll heave a sigh and murmur sadly, 'I can't write any such stuff as that. Nobody'll believe it in the first place, and they'll think I'm crazy besides. And if all Uncle Sam's grandchildren don't come around and beat me up, they'll sure sue me for libel a whole lot.' But, being hired by the year, History'll have to write it; and, what is worse, our children and our children's children will have to read it. At which they're going to get red in the face and stutter and try to explain to the rest of the world that they're really very sorry and if they'd had any idea of what actually was going on, they'd have called in a couple of good alienists and had the old man examined.

"Look at the old chap now! He's sitting back with his chest all puffed out because he thinks he's told Germany where to head in at, gosh ding it, while even before we can finish this conversation Germany may have decided that it's to her interest to change her mind, as she threatened, and blow up a lot more of our ships and citizens and thereby force him to begin writing notes again; for, if anything has been adduced to show that Germany is any the less willing, and any the less able, to blow up our ships now than she was two years ago, it hasn't yet been revealed to an anxious public. If the treaty with Belgium was only a scrap of paper, what in heaven's name is a note more or less to the United States? And yet here the old man is sitting back as though he'd really done something, without even sense enough to save himself work by having the old notes mimeographed, leaving blank places for the proper names and improper actions, in case he shall have to start in with a new series, numbers 6,701 to 9,407 inclusive.

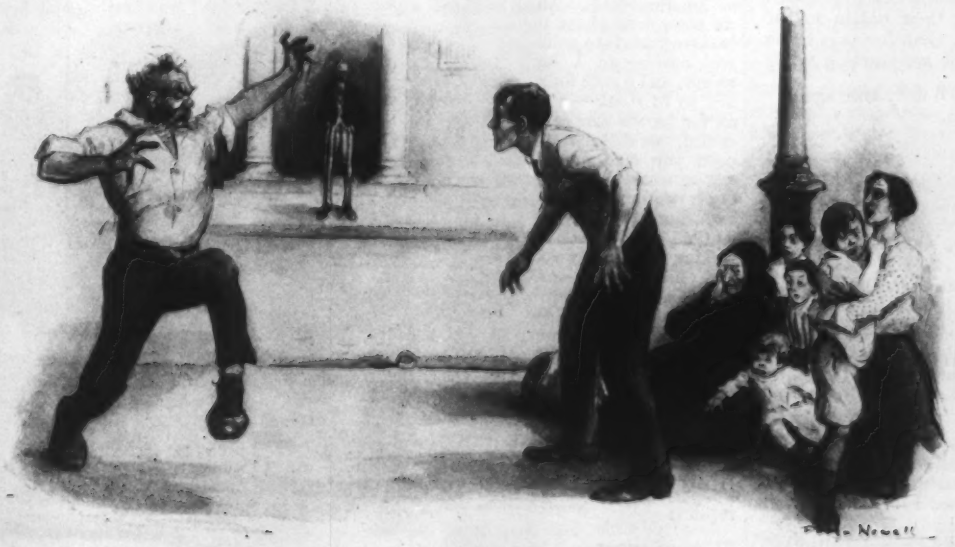
"Having thus attained no solution at all of anything with Germany, he thereupon keeps on writing notes to Mexico in pursuit, apparently, of the same valueless objective; at the same time sending into that stricken, chaotic country a punitive expedition that does nothing but make Mexico sore and himself ridiculous; and then further to complicate proceedings, he calls out an ill-equipped, untrained and unacclimated National Guard, fine in spirit and in patriotism, to be sure, but woefully helpless in potential accomplishment.

"If writing notes can settle anything, why do we call out soldiers? If writing notes can't settle anything, why have we been writing them for three years? And if writing notes fails to accomplish anything in Mexico, why should it be expected to accomplish anything with Germany, or England, or any other power? And if we need soldiers to defend ourselves against Mexico, or to defend Mexico against herself, why don't we need forty times as many to defend ourselves against nations forty times as large? And when it comes to that, what are we trying to do in the first place? We are either attempting to do things by notes, or by force. We are either in danger of war or we aren't. We either need soldiers, or we don't. If we do need them, we need enough. If we don't need them, we don't need any. All of which is so obvious that if a six-year-old adolescent can't see it, he should be put back making paper-mats in the kindergarten. And yet your Uncle Sam, confronted with these questions in elementary intelligence, says one day that we are in no danger of being involved in trouble, and the next day sits back on his haunches and howls like a wolf for the biggest navy in the world. One day he is too proud to fight, and the next he feels himself in a fighting mood. One day he wants this kind of an army, the next he wants that kind, the third some other kind, and the fourth he doesn't want any at all! One day he says that all the European nations are mad and not to be held accountable to the mental processes of the sane. The next day he wants to arbitrate, according to his own statement, among lunatics in a mad-house. It must please a nation like France, spirited, spiritual, defending its very hearthstone against rape, rapine and slaughter, to be compared to the nation that committed the Belgian atrocities and sunk the Lusitania. It would be like seeing a fine earnest citizen trying to protect his women, his children and his home against a red-handed maniac, and then have a nice old gentleman with whiskers stand across the street with his hands in his pockets and say, 'Look at those two poor nuts! After I get through counting the petty cash and getting the deliveries off, I'll go over and arbitrate 'em a whole lot.' And what makes it all the more startlingly grotesque, he first says they're crazy, and then that he's willing to arbitrate! If they're crazy, how can he arbitrate? And if he can arbitrate, then they can't be crazy; so why did he say so in the first place? One day he says, forgetting that Mexico is a nation of Indians crossed with bad Spanish, that that stricken and helpless country has the same right to work out its own salvation that had the educated and able citizens of Colonial America; and even while he is saying it with one hand, with the other he is chasing the inhabitants of Haiti and San Domingo so far back in the hills that they haven't seen the custom house in weeks. If Mexico has that right, why hasn't Haiti? If Haiti hasn't, why has Mexico?

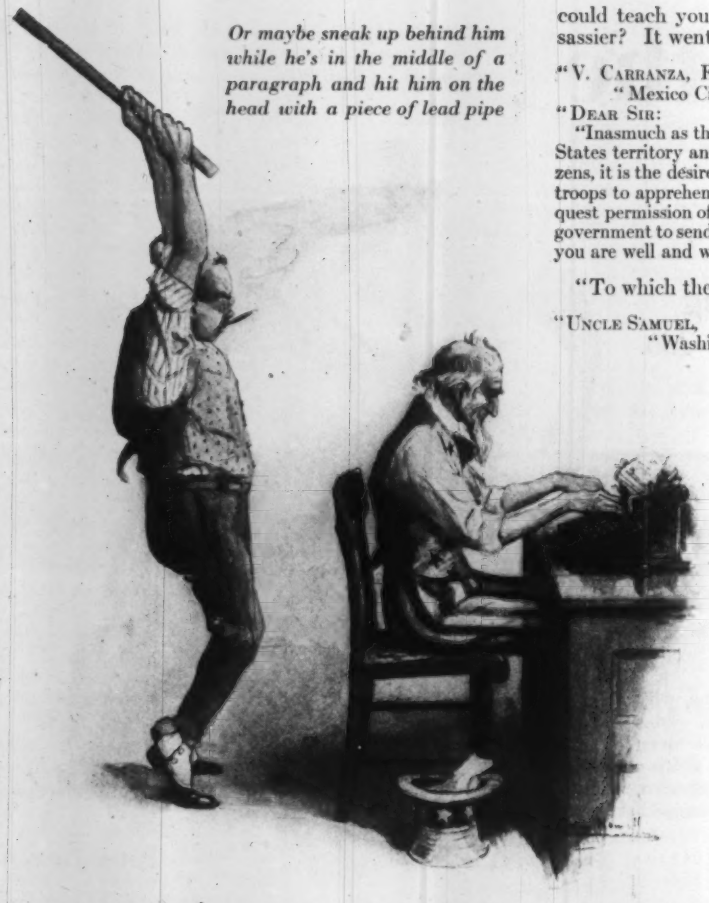
"One day he accuses Carranza of being a treacherous accomplice of murderers in the committing of outrages, atrocities and mutilations, and the next day he writes him notes as though he were a civilized being, neglecting to explain why, if Carranza is a treacherous accomplice of murderers, he is any more deserving of notes than a Gyp the Blood. And the third day he says that what he wrote about Carranza wasn't so but said only to arouse the United States and to frighten Carranza.

One day he sends soldiers into Mexico, and the next day he takes 'em out. Then he sends 'em in again. Then he takes those out. Then he calls out some more, but not a third enough to accomplish anything. Then he tells some of these they needn't go. Then he writes some more notes. Then he doesn't write some more notes. And the higher the fewer. And why is a mouse when it spins?

"And there you have the poor old man horning in one



"It would be like seeing a fine earnest citizen trying to protect his women and children against a red-handed maniac, and then have a nice old gentleman stand across the street and say, 'Look at those two poor nuts! After I get through counting the petty cash, I'll go over and arbitrate 'em a whole lot'"



Or maybe sneak up behind him while he's in the middle of a paragraph and hit him on the head with a piece of lead pipe

day on matters that are none of his business, horning out the next on matters that are; butting in here, butting out there; half at peace, half at war and half in the hearts of his countrymen, entirely unready to make war yet entirely helpless to make peace, shaking his fist one minute and his finger the next. And what his idea is, if he has any, which he hasn't, goodness knows; for when you pin him down to facts, he rises and maunders something about America first and the higher laws of humanity and the nobler duties of mankind and sits down amid the ladylike applause of a few people with pear-shaped heads and no chins who have come to listen to him because mother was housecleaning and they didn't have anywhere else to go.

"Poor, poor old Uncle Sam! That fine, splendid, wonderful old man! To have let himself be dragged so far to folly, so deep in deceit, by these few men he has placed in power to think for him and to act for him, and who have failed him so utterly! . . . And how ache the hearts of his children!

"What must think Abraham Lincoln, and U. S. Grant, and Sherman, and Sheridan of their country today; what must think all those splendid men in blue that went to war in '61 for an ideal; even as what must think Lee, and Jackson, and Beauregard and the splendid men in gray who fought so bravely with them for an ideal!

"Can't you see them now, grim and bronzed, grouped around the fires of night, singing their battle songs? I'd like to make a little side bet that for one thing they've got the songs rewritten for us, starting with:

"We'll dally 'round the flag, boys, we'll dally once again,
Writing more notes about our freedom.

"And the next:

"John Brown's body keeps a-turning in its grave,
John Brown's body keeps a-turning in its grave,
John Brown's body keeps a-turning in its grave
As we go maund'ring on.

"And following that with:

"We shall meet, but we'll do nothing!
There will be one vacant stare.
We will linger to write letters
And we'll lick our foes with prayer.

"And:

"Put another ribbon in, we'll write another note,
This will be the nicest one that we have ever wrote,
One that sure will bring to us the Pacifistic vote,
While we all wait for election!

"Can you appreciate their feelings as they read over our latest correspondence with Carranza — a correspondence which, while the first forty or fifty letters were models of formality, courtesy and diction and as good as any correspondence school in the country could teach you in five lessons, later grew sassier and sassier? It went something like this:

"V. CARRANZA, ESQ.,
"Mexico City.
"DEAR SIR:
"Inasmuch as the bandit, Francisco Villa, has entered United States territory and ruthlessly slaughtered United States citizens, it is the desire of the United States government to send in troops to apprehend said bandit. Therefore I respectfully request permission of the Mexican defective—I mean de facto—government to send United States troops into Mexico. Hoping you are well and with kind regards, UNCLE SAMUEL.

"To which the answer:

"UNCLE SAMUEL,
"Washington, D. C.
"DEAR SIR:
"You may or may not send in troops. If you do, or do not, it is under three conditions. The first is that you don't let them use the roads or the railroads. The second is that they go home when we say so. The third is that they don't come in in the first place. CARRANZA.

"And in reply to this:

"V. CARRANZA,
"Mexico City.
"DEAR SIR:
"Thank you for your kind letter of last month, or some time. We were quite sure of your whole-souled and generous coöperation in this matter and are heartily glad to make our soldiers walk, and as soon as we can find out where they're manufactured we're going to send them a motor-truck which will be very nice, don't you think so?
"UNCLE SAMUEL.

"Then, after going in to catch Villa, with about as much chance of accomplishing said feat as a blind man has of catching a bat in the Mammoth Cave, comes the following:

"UNCLE SAMUEL,
"Washington, D. C.
"I must immediately request that you remove your soldiers, as I find that their present presence is making the Mexican people sore at me. In pursuance of the second clause of our recent agreement, I must respectfully urge that you take your soldiers out quick. I must also call to your attention the third condition, which was that you wasn't to send 'em in in the first place. CARRANZA.

"And the reply, the most amazing epistolatory national confession since the German chancellor declared the treaty with Belgium a scrap of paper, since it admits that for three years we have allowed our citizens to be murdered in Mexico and have done nothing about it except to write notes:

"CARRANZA,
"Mexico City.
"In pursuance to your recent note, we cannot take our soldiers out, as to do so would put us in Dutch ourselves. For three years now, American lives have been sacrificed, American enterprises destroyed, there have been committed on American citizens outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity; and this with your full knowledge, while you stood by powerless or unwilling to prevent. We have tried to be nice about the matter of the taking of American lives. All we have done about it in three years is to write you notes — an I for an eye, and a note for a life, so to speak — and as far as we are concerned, we'd keep on until you died of old age or something; because we are a great and humane country and we don't believe in making war on weak and helpless nations, not even when they are licking us. But we beg to advise you that we are going to leave our soldiers stay where they are, and what do you know about that?
"UNCLE SAMUEL.

"To which amazing epistle, Carranza replies:

"UNCLE SAMUEL,
"Washington, D. C.
"Your nasty letter received. If you think you're going to beat me by talking me to death, you have got another guess coming. I may raise whiskers but I've been off the farm a long time. Furthermore, I'm sick of setting up all night reading your letters. My bills for having them translated is running up into hundreds; and after they're translated, they ain't worth anything anyhow except as samples of what not to do in diplomacy. So all I've got to say is you pack up your soldiers and get out of my country. Don't think you can bluff me, you great big piece of cheese. V. CARRANZA.

"To which the response:

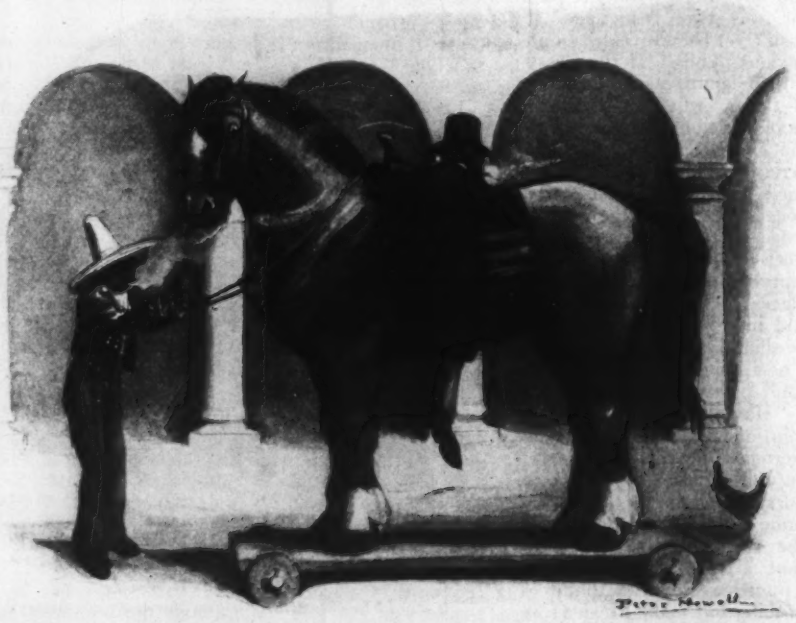
"V. CARRANZA, ESQ.,
"Mexico City.
"Is that so? Well, we feel in a fighting mood this morning and we don't believe in words that aren't translated into deeds.
"UNCLE SAMUEL.

"And then what? Did they come to blows? Not these two lads. Seeing that for once in his life your Uncle had risen above the control of his mean advisers and was about to take things in his own hands, Carranza climbs right down off his Percheron.

"And what does your Uncle Samuel do? What has he really accomplished? Not one single solitary thing —except delay. What have all his incursions and excursions from and to Mexico amounted to? Mexico under Diaz was like our own south under slavery. There were two classes; the grossly rich, and the pitiably poor. Mexico City under these conditions was one of the most beautiful cities of the world, replete of magnificence and munificence, of jewels and Paris gowns, and imported limousines and having a twenty-six-million-dollar opera-house. Then, in contradistinction to our own south where we freed the slaves, the slaves freed themselves. The rich lost control; some were killed, the rest fled the country, leaving it in control of various bands of roving marauders, ignorant, savage, cruel, treacherous, but having leaders of sufficient intelligence to read and write notes, pillaging, looting, raping and robbing in the name of Liberty but under the mantle of License. And that is where stands the Mexico of today.

"To those that urge that Mexico have the right to work out her own salvation it is but to say that if she had that right, why did we not recognize it when she had the chance? She had Huerta. Huerta was a strong man. Huerta had eighty thousand soldiers. Mexico could have worked out her own salvation through Huerta. To be sure, she would have wallowed in blood from Chiapas to Chihuahua. But she could have done it. But when she had the power, we didn't recognize her right. And now that we have taken away the power, we would give her back the right! After having taken away Mexico's only chance to work out her so to speak salvation, we talk about giving it back to her when it's too late for her to use it. And if that isn't a darned fool idea, then I don't know what is.

"After directly plunging Mexico into the bloodiest mess possible, all that your Uncle Samuel has done to atone for his meddling is to sit himself down and write notes! Mexicans are being massacred? All right, we'll write 'em a note. . . . Americans are being slaughtered? Oh, to be sure! Boy, another sheet of carbon. . . . There are being committed outrage after outrage, atrocity after atrocity! . . . We'll write 'em again. Hee, hi, hum! For another little note



Seeing that for once in his life your Uncle had risen above the control of his mean advisers and was about to take things in his own hands, Carranza climbs right down off his Percheron

won't do us any harm. . . . They're over the border killing United States citizens on United States soil? . . . Well, well, now what do you think of that? We'll tell 'em a few lies this time. Boy, a new ribbon.

"And that's what the old gentleman's been doing for three years. Nor even yet has he found out the fatuousness, the futility, the disgrace, the dishonor and the shame of it all. Drunk with words, sodden and stupid in the coma of conversation, he keeps dodderingly, besottedly, slamming away on his typewriter. And it looks as though the only thing that will stop him is that people will get sick of answering him, or else somebody'll get sore and bust his typewriter — or maybe sneak up behind him while he's in the middle of a paragraph and hit him on the head with a piece of lead pipe.

"But one thing he has done; for, even if he hasn't learned anything himself, he's given the rest of the world the best possible concrete and absolute illustration of the futility of our national policy. And he's proved beyond a peradventure of a doubt the uses of notes are limited to the discussion of honorable matters with honorable people who will abide by the rules. You and I can write notes to each other because we are fairly intelligent white men who don't enjoy killing or being killed, and who view with distinct disfavor the black eye and the bloody nose. Hence notes are of use to us.

"But when you meet a mad dog, you don't sit right down and write him a long letter about the higher laws of mankind and that you don't approve of hydrophobia as a practice and he must desist at once, or you'll write him another note, this time harsher. You might as well try to tame a Nubian lion with a McGuffey Third Reader, or restrain a drunken murderer by reading him Emerson's Essays.

"At the start of the great war, Germany candidly and openly announced to the world that she had thrown away the book of rules that civilization had written, and adopted in its place the policy of Force. Hence, any efforts to cope with Germany have had to be, still have to be, in kind. A nice polite note is no reply against a forty-two centimetre gun. If you don't believe me, ask the blood-raw corpse of Belgium.

"Says Bryan: 'Might doesn't make right.' Quite true. Might doesn't make right. But, if you carry the idea along, neither does right make might. Christ was right. But it didn't save him from crucifixion. Countless thousands of gentle, kindly, loving women, of innocent little children that were not old enough to be anything but right have been slaughtered in the world during the last two hell-born years. They were right. But it didn't prevent their being raped, mutilated and slaughtered.

"Again we have the head of our nation asserting that no lasting thing has ever been created by war. I'd like to hear him tell that to George Washington, or Patrick Henry, or Abraham Lincoln, or U. S. Grant. The United States of America was created by war. It's lasted pretty well so far. Slavery was abolished in the South by war. The freedom of the slaves has lasted pretty well, too.

"And France. From the bleeding spasm of the Revolution she came from a tyrant-ruled country of slavery, to be a nation great and strong. And from the purging fire of the present war is she emerging clean of soul, fine of courage, mighty of honor.

"To say that no lasting thing [*Continued on page 79*]

Maunders something about America first and the higher laws of humanity and sits down amid the ladylike applause of a few people with pear-shaped heads and no chins

Putting the Motor on the Counter

by JAMES H. COLLINS

Mr. Collins

THE architect put all the latest conveniences into Dan Leary's new fireproof garage, and among the rest an office for Dan, near the big front door, where he could see every customer arrive or depart. Dan thought that a fine idea when he moved in, and almost fell under the spell of the office, which he fitted up with a desk and some chairs.

But the office has never been occupied. The boys use it as a store-room for odd junk. If you want to find Dan Leary himself you must go out onto the quarter-acre of garage floor and search for him in the tangle of cars and machine tools. Probably he will be underneath a car, fixing some ten-cent jinx, with several people waiting around to be attended to. A customer wants his brakes re-lined. Dan tells him he cannot do the job until tomorrow. A tourist has run in on a flat tire, and needs a new shoe. After half an hour he gets it, with a boy to help him put it on himself. Just as Dan is wheeling the gasoline tank up to another tourist's car, the telephone rings. That Complex he sold last week is stalled three miles out on the Antioch road. Dan borrows a customer's car and hurries off to locate the trouble.

Dan Leary is a born mechanic. All his life he has been building and repairing fine machinery. In the days of the bicycle boom he ran a sales agency and repair shop, and when the automobile came along it was natural for him to graduate into that industry, selling and repairing cars and taking a hand in the racing game. The chief qualification for an auto agent then was ability to repair cars and keep them running for the few venturesome owners, and the big thing for an owner was to have a love for puttering.

By and by, automobiles were improved. Then they were made trouble-proof, and finally fool-proof. Dan found himself up against competition. New fellows opened garages in his town. They were salesmen, mostly, who hardly knew a magneto from a carbureter. But they seemed to succeed. They had a sample car displayed behind plate glass in a dolled-up showroom. They had an office in which to work, and talk to customers. Tourists were received by a pretty girl cashier at the front door, mechanics did all repair work, and there were boys to sell gasoline and put on tires. They got sales rights away from Dan one after another. Just as he got territory for a popular car, and found people coming to him to buy, these fellows took it over, and he had to find something else. They were especially strong with women, who were now running the new trouble-proof automobiles with confidence.

Certainly, Leary's garage, with its jumble of machinery, its oil and fumes, and its proprietor clad in overalls and grease, was not exactly the place for a daintily dressed woman to go shopping for automobiles. The fellows with plate glass displays had great advantages. Dan admitted that. Sometimes he was half inclined to consider their methods as unfair, and he really believed he could give customers better service in the up-keep of cars. His heart was still in the mechanical side of the business. There was no envy or guile in his nature. He was busy and happy in his garage eighteen hours a day, and made money, and competitors did not worry Dan nearly so much as the occasional discovery that employees were stealing from him because he had no time to keep books and fuss with a lot of "system."

Dan Leary did not see that the automobile business was passing through an evolution during those years. He does not see it now, and may possibly never see it.

Today, Evolution Has Become Revolution

THE early years of the industry saw a limited supply of cars at high prices, with a large purchasing demand from the public. There were not enough cars to go round. People came to any dealer for any car that would run, and automobiles were *bought*.

Then the cars were improved and standardized. Prices came down under the magic wand of quantity production. By and by there were enough autos for everybody, and at that point people no longer bought.

So the cars had to be *sold*.

Today, there are still more cars, with prospect of heavier production in the years to come. The big manufacturers are working on the quantity basis, with an output that increases each year. Production cost and factory profit turn absolutely upon the ability to dispose of each year's output. The ratio of profit is now so small that, if a manufacturer made fifteen cars and sold only fourteen of them, the cost of the single car left on his hands would eat up his profit on the other fourteen — practically he would have made and given them to the public. So it no longer suffices even to sell cars. They must be put on the counter attractively and *merchandized* with all the art and skill employed in selling other goods.

The important end of the automobile business today is the dealer's end. It is undergoing changes faster than the manufacturing end, carries a wider margin of profit, and offers more opportunities to men who want to enter this big industry.

Two years ago, a leading auto manufacturer made six thousand cars a year, and held to the policy of turning out that moderate number of high-class cars, letting competitors make them by the tens and hundreds of thousands. But profits kept shrinking as the fellows with big production lowered prices and added values. A change of policy was necessary. This year, while keeping up quality, that manufacturer will make thirty-six thousand cars.

As soon as this was decided upon, it became necessary to enlarge the dealer organization. A year before, the factory's output was sold by three hundred and seventy dealers. Today, there are more than seventeen hundred dealers. Whole states have been added. The task of multiplying the number of dealers by four, in a space of eight months, was so big that the first step following the change of policy was to get a first-class man to build the new dealer organization.

Because something like this is happening all through the industry, and also because the automobile's purchasing public has broadened wonderfully, there are now many chances for young men to enter the selling side of the business as dealers.

The day of the Dan Leary type of automobile agent is gone. He must either be satisfied to run a straight repair shop and garage, letting salesmen sell cars, or become a merchant and turn his garage into a real salesroom. [*Continued on page 63*]

Last month you will remember that Bainbridge was at dinner with the beautiful heroine. He had his problems then, but new ones now confront him

WHAT has happened in the story: Shortly after young Bainbridge comes to New York as assistant rector in St. Mary Magdalen's — a fashionable church on Fifth Avenue — he is called upon by a heavily veiled woman of evident wealth and position who declines to give her name. She has been greatly stirred by his sermon of the previous Sunday and wants to get his help in solving her very vital problem. When she was barely twenty a Canadian had wished to marry her, but she had become interested in a wealthy New Yorker who was living abroad, and married him. After her husband's death, four years later, she returned to New York and went to stay with a cousin and her husband for a short while. Later she had taken a home of her own and she and her cousin's husband had become intimate. This had been going on for about two years, and the time had come now when she was unhappy about it and desired to wipe out the past. Bainbridge is able to give her considerable encouragement to start out afresh, and she leaves him in a much more peaceful frame of mind. Bainbridge has all but forgotten his mysterious visitor some eighteen months later, when a Canadian, Sir Malcolm Grant, calls on him with a letter which he asks the clergyman to read. The letter is not signed, but the contents show it to be from the veiled woman who had visited him, and asks Bainbridge to tell the Canadian about her past life. In spite of the fact that the Canadian is very insistent and tells the clergyman that he has asked the writer of the letter to marry him, Bainbridge refuses to reveal any part of the woman's story, preferring to consider it in the nature of a confession. Not being married, Bainbridge becomes the target for many well-intentioned suggestions for a desirable helpmeet, Mary Galloway, the rector's daughter, being the one on whom the consensus of parochial opinion bestows him. He is rather amused at the disturbance he is causing the women. Just as Bainbridge is becoming aware how sweet a girl Mary really is, he meets Clorinda Gildersleeve, a young widow, to whom he immediately becomes strongly attracted.

The Lifted Veil

by

BASIL KING

Author of "The Inner Shrine"

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

"CLORINDA would have been different if she had ever been in love. She's one of those women who have always been able to pick and choose, and so has got herself bewildered by the embarras de richesses."

Bainbridge's heart gave a great bound. It was something to know that no one else had ever had a chance, even though there would be none for him. He had reached a point in his acquaintance with Clorinda Gildersleeve where the reckoning of chances had become important.

It was after the Sunday-night supper which he so often took with Leslie and Maggie Palliser. Tired and contented with his day's work, he was ready to relax and be confidential. Leslie having disappeared from the richly sombre, dimly-lighted library, and the children being tucked into bed, the minute was favorable to that intimate talk by which a man and a woman who have an unsentimental friendship for each other can come to something that resembles the free inter-communion of spirits. Bainbridge understood Mrs. Palliser in both her virtues and her limitations. He understood her as honest and kind, even when wilful and imperious. With her interest in his own life he had a friendly forbearance, since he knew it to be inspired by good will.

"How do you know she's never been in love?" he ventured to ask, his eyes gazing into the heart of the spluttering fire.

"Because I do. I know all about her. She couldn't have been in love without my seeing it."

"She's been married."

"That didn't count. She was very sweet with poor old Martin Gildersleeve; but he was nearly sixty when she wasn't twenty-one. That was her mother—old Mrs. Rintoul. Clorinda was one of those dreamy girls, who develop late. She just walked through the marriage, as you might say, and hardly knew where she was till she was out on the other side. Since then ——"

"Yes, since then — what?"

"Oh, well, she's been waking up. I can't describe her in any other way. She's trying to find herself; and she's just as much at sixes and sevens as if she was Galatea come to life at the age of thirty-one."

For some minutes Bainbridge puffed at his cigar in silence. "She always seems to me," he said then, "as if she was — as if she was hiding something."

Startled by his own words he was nevertheless relieved that Maggie should agree with him. "Yes; so she does. But she isn't. She has nothing to hide. She couldn't have without my seeing it. There's nothing behind that air of mystery but herself."

"Do you mean that she herself is a mystery?"

"Only in the sense that she's a woman who has never had a woman's chief experience."

"Because she's never been in love? But then she might have been," he persisted, for the sake of being contradicted again, "without having told you anything about it."

She shook her head. "I shouldn't want her to tell

Having to run counter to the up-current of the city's life they were separated for a minute or two, which gave her time to think over his words

me. I should have known." She added, with seeming irrelevance: "I don't see as much of her as I could wish because Leslie doesn't like her."

He raised his head, with curiosity. "So you said the other night, but I can hardly imagine it. Why on earth shouldn't he like her?"

"Perhaps because she doesn't like him. I've noticed that, too. They *used* to be very good friends; but now they never speak to each other unless they can't help it."

Bainbridge allowed this to pass. "She was in church this afternoon."

"That's another thing about her — she's never had any religion. Neither had old Mrs. Rintoul; neither had Martin Gildersleeve. They've all been pagans, of the respectable American brand that's the most godless type of all. I don't believe Clorinda has been in a church twenty times in her life."

"I've seen her at St. Mary Magdalen's occasionally, on a Sunday afternoon."

"Oh, that's not church; that's you. She goes to hear you preach. I know you interest her; but you're a long way from having converted her yet."

"The question of conversion," he answered, rather hotly, "hasn't entered my mind, and I doubt if it has entered hers. I haven't met her a dozen times in all — and then more or less by chance."

"Oh, don't defend yourself. There's no harm in your trying to convert her, and there may be some good. It will be like taming a wild bird; but even that has been done."

"And yet you yourself ——"

"Brought you together — yes — for the reason that I want you to have the privilege of choice. I don't think you should rush in headlong and marry Mary Galloway without seeing that there are other types of women in the world."

He smiled. "Have I shown any signs of rushing in headlong?"

"My dear man, I don't wait till you show signs of things. My part is to anticipate. If I hadn't recommended Mary Galloway to begin with I don't believe you'd ever have given her a second thought."

"How do you know I have, as it is?" he asked.

"By my common sense. Now that I've pointed her out you can't help seeing that she's ideally the wife for you. No one else will ever be as good."

"And yet ——"

"Yes; Clorinda again. But, don't you see, you can never get the true value of anything unless you have a standard of comparison? Clorinda throws Mary into relief; Mary does the same for Clorinda. If you marry the one she'll be happy with you; if you marry the other you'll be happy with her. There's your range of choice; and it's pretty good whichever way you take it."

"Yes, but with a big *if*."

"There's an *if* in everything till you get it out. That's what remains for you to do."

He reflected on this. "You say that one of them would be happy with me. Which would that be?"

"That's something for you to find out. I shan't tell you. If I did, you're the sort of man who'd go straight and propose to her. In all marriages one is happier than the other, and that you can take from me."

As Bainbridge said no more, silence fell till they began to speak of the meeting of a board of directors of a charitable institution which was to be held at the Palliser residence during the week that had just begun. Into this desultory discussion Maggie burst with the words which she seemed to utter against her will:

"What would you say to a woman who was afraid her husband wasn't in love with her any more?"

At the queer note in her voice Bainbridge looked up from his contemplation of the fire. "I'd tell her not to be."

"Not to be what?"

"Not to be afraid. Where people are as intimate as husband and wife love is subject to all kinds of suggestion."

"But if she can't help it?"

"She *can* help it — by loving enough for two."

"She might love enough for three, or for thirty, and not get back ——"

His eyes returned to the fire. He spoke slowly. "The right kind of love is the most sure and most patient force in human life. Tell your — your friend to keep on loving, and neither to probe love with questions nor torment herself with fears. The chances are that she'll work out, or work back, into happiness for them both."

There was something not far from a sob in her big voice as she said: "You're wonderful, Arthur — for a man who's never been in love himself."

"Oh, but I have been," he answered, quietly. "I've meant to tell you about it some time. I'll do it now, if you like."

It was a simple story, which he told simply. He had met during his last year at Harvard a girl whom he had wanted to marry, but who had married someone else. That was al.. She had refused him, but without knowing how hard it had gone with him, and now on the rare occasions when he saw her they were still good friends.

"So that it *didn't* work out into happiness —" she began to object.

"Oh, yes, it did — because it showed me the direction in which my happiness was to lie. It suggested its own consolation; and the consolation led me into the Church. I'd meant to be a lawyer before that."

"I'm very glad you didn't become one," she exclaimed, with a sort of teary heartiness. "There are plenty of good lawyers; but there are not many clergymen like you. I'll remember what you've said about not probing love with questions, or tormenting oneself with fears. It's pretty hard at times ——"

He broke in on another of the convulsive gasps that were nearly sobs by saying: "Old John Keble speaks of love as 'the flower that closes up for fear;' and it certainly won't grow if we keep pulling it up by the roots to see how it's getting along. It'll do best when we water it with trust rather than with suspicion, and keep our own love as true and sure as possible."

As Leslie strolled back into the room they began again, rather consciously, to talk of the meeting to be held on the following Wednesday afternoon; but Bainbridge was surprised, as he said good night, at the vigor with which Maggie's strong hand clasped his, and more so when she said, in a low, [*Continued on page 49*]

"My God, who could have got hold of that?" Dashing the paper to his knee he crumpled it in his hand

She was fifty yards away before he started after her, and he yelled to her. She kept on, however, looking back and laughing

The Gun-Runners

A Story of Smuggling Arms Across the Mexican Border

by B. M. Bower and Buck Connor

Illustrations by P. V. E. Ivory

Mr. Connor, who is a real Texas Ranger

THE Kid, riding up from the border one day when the sun was slanting well toward the West, glanced at Charlie Horne three different times, each time believing that Charlie was perfectly unconscious of the glance. The Kid had for an hour been so restless you would have thought the saddle he rode was hot, he shifted his position so often. He kept twisting his neck and looking behind him, and eying Charlie until at last speech that he meant as a concealment of his thoughts overcame his prudence.

"Say, I believe I'll take the trail around Granite Peak, Charlie; I — I seen something that looked kinda promisin', and I believe I'll go take another look."

Little Charlie Horne quirked his lips and waved his hand in generous acquiescence.

"Sure, Kid. You go to it. But listen: don't you be long, 'cause it's getting late, and it takes time to get into our hangout without leaving a trail others could follow."

"All right, I won't be long." The Kid made hasty promise, and straightway bore away toward the main trail from Dry Devils to Cobra, riding as if in a hurry.

Charlie pulled up and thoughtfully watched him out of sight. This was the third time that the Kid had left him for a flimsy excuse, and had ridden off in the general direction of Dry Devils. Charlie did not understand why the Kid should be so secretive all at once — he who usually bubbled with speech upon any new adventure or clue.

When the Kid's bobbing hat-crown disappeared finally among the ridges, Charlie rode on slowly, keeping a close watch on all sides for some sign of the men they two were hunting — men who were breaking the law in various ways, the chief one being smuggling guns and ammunition into Mexico.

He knew they were doing it, and he knew they were using the wild country on the eastern edge of the Big Bend country for their work. The river guard knew it, too, and had told Charlie all that he had seen or surmised — the latter being much more extensive and much less important than what had been seen. Charlie and the Kid knew, too, that cattle had been stolen and run across the line within the past two weeks. A rancher named Dallam had lost a good many, and had strongly hinted that the rangers ought to do something about it.

What worried Charlie Horne just now was the fact that with all their riding and spying and trailing, they could not even guess at the identity of the men they were after, nor could they discover the method used to ship the forbidden goods across the line. They had done it somehow, Charlie knew. From a high pinnacle that overlooked a large stretch of the low land lying south of the Rio Grande (which was the Mexican boundary) he had seen, in the adobe-walled courtyard of a Mexican rancho, much activity among the peons and their masters. He had seen a burro train loaded and headed south. He knew the loads had been rifles — the glint of sun on steel had betrayed that much, though he had seen it only once or twice when a rifle had been turned so that a lever left unblued had reflected the sunlight.

But this had been six miles or so inside Mexico, and Charlie had no right to carry his investigations across the river — except as a pair of powerful glasses might bridge the distance for his eyes.

What he hoped to do was to catch the men who sent the guns over there. That was what he and Van Dillon and Bill Gillis had been sent down there to do, and what, so far, they had failed to do. It was not a pleasant thought, when Charlie looked back upon the long days they had spent riding these hills, skirting arroyos, lying in the shade of rocks with field glasses

at their eyes and guns ready to their hands.

He had seen guns across the line, being hurried to their ultimate destination, and he had felt cheered a little by the actual evidence of gun-running. But that was two days ago and he had not discovered anything at all that would indicate that any gun-runners existed on his side the river.

It did not cheer Charlie Horne to feel that the Kid had been of very little help to him in the search. The Kid's mind was alert enough, and his youthful enthusiasm and bland assurance had more than once made up for his lack of discipline and experience. But when he took to mooning along the trail so absorbed in his own thoughts that Charlie, riding beside him, had to speak twice to gain his attention, he was not likely to see a clue if he fell over it. And when he took to slipping away from Charlie and riding off by himself without an excuse worthy the name, Charlie felt that he was worse than alone on the case.

Charlie did not believe there was anything to be learned by riding around past Granite Peak. Granite Peak was merely an arid, egg-shaped hill of granite planted squarely on the southern boundary of the settlement. At the blunt nose of the peak squatted a schoolhouse with its white-fenced, hard-packed yard and its flagpole and its staring windows all in a row. At the hill's other end squatted the little adobe village of Cobra — squalid and peopled with unwashed citizens who lounged along the dirty alleys when they were not sitting somewhere half asleep in the shade with cigarettes dangling from their loose lips and their overalled knees drawn up and clasped by their grimy hands. Connecting schoolhouse and village was a two-mile stretch of dusty wagon road, cut across in one place by the railroad that avoided Granite Peak as long as possible and finally was forced by other hills to snip out a few deep cuts for its roadbed near the Cobra end. On the other side of the hill lay the big hay and cattle ranch of Dallam and his sons.

"Put up your hands," he said, by way of announcing his presence.

Dusk came before the Kid arrived at the little, hidden cabin which had been the secret home of an outlaw but was now headquarters for the three rangers on duty at Cobra. He came in smiling fatuously to himself, and when Charlie asked him if he had stopped at the post-office for the mail the Kid replied absently that he forgot it. When he started to pour coffee into his plate instead of the tin cup alongside, Charlie felt that the time had come to speak upon a subject he would by choice have avoided.

"See that promising sight again, around Granite Peak, Van?" he began, helping himself to the beans.

"I dunno," the Kid replied absently, a vacant look in his eyes.

Charlie cleared his throat. It was going to be unpleasant, but he needed the Kid's help; besides, Bill Gillis would expect him to keep Van out of any foolishness while they two were there alone. "You didn't meet up with the school-ma'am, I suppose," he hinted, watching the Kid's face.

Van shot him a resentful glance and said nothing.

"Because," Charlie went on, "if you did I hope you didn't forget your business on account of meeting her. We've got to clean up this gun-running before Bill gets back, Kid, or we'll feel like thirty cents. We haven't got time to fool around with girls ——"

"Who said I been fooling around with any girls?" Van demanded crossly. "I guess I've pretty near held up my end of the work since we've been here. You kinda forget who it was that nabbed them opium smugglers, don't you? You ain't got any license to go throwing it into me about shirking my share of the work. You and Bill make me tired when you start preaching."

Charlie's cheek-bones showed the hot flush of anger, but he held his voice quiet. A heady youth was Van, impatient of criticism, afflicted with an exaggerated sense of his own manliness. But he was brave and true and generous-souled — just coltish, Charlie reminded himself before he spoke again.

"Well, you see, we get pretty tired ourselves before we start to preach. We've had these spasms of liking to be with girls, ourselves, and we know how they can play hob with a fellow's work. When we try to keep you from going wrong, Kid, we ain't doing it just to be bossing somebody, or ——"

"I don't care what you do it for — it don't set well." The Kid had all the intolerance of a nineteen-year-old youth who is taking a man's place in the game of life.

"All right, if that's the way you look at it. I'm just trying to save you a jolt, Kid. Margy Wheeler is engaged to Fred Dallam. She ain't taking you seriously — she just likes to fool around with you when Fred ain't on hand to amuse her."

"That's my business," Van retorted rudely.

"Oh, I thought your business was to help land these gun-runners."

"How do you know she's engaged to Fred Dallam?" Van's anxiety betrayed him into asking. "I don't believe it, anyway. He ain't the kind a girl like her would get engaged to. Who told you?"

"You say that's your business, Kid, so I'm done talking." Charlie got up and went outside, because he did not want to quarrel with Van, and there is a limit to what a man may endure in the way of impudence from a boy.

When he returned to the cabin, half an hour later, Van had the dishes washed and the floor swept, and was coaxing a cheery blaze from the smoldering brands in the fireplace. He looked up at Charlie and grinned shamefacedly, but he did not say anything, and presently Charlie went to bed and lay with the blanket pulled up to his ears and face turned to the wall. He wanted to think, and in this tiny cabin he took the only means at hand of being left undisturbed while the Kid was yet awake. But the Kid had persistence.

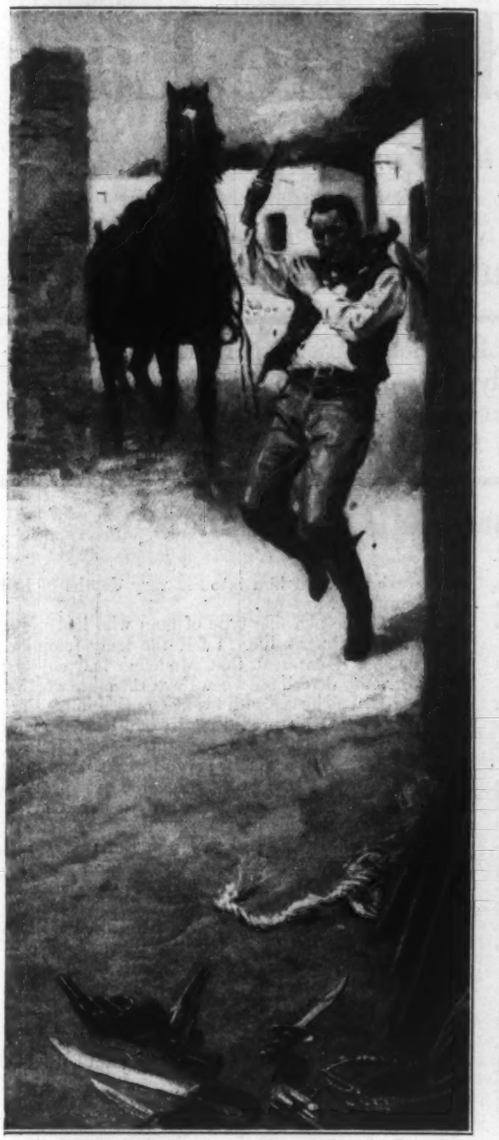
"Who told you Margery Wheeler's engaged?" he asked abruptly, his round blue eyes fixed upon the top of Charlie's head.

When Charlie did not reply, Van got up and stood by the bed, hands in pockets and face as long as its contour would permit. "You needn't go and git mad at me," he complained. "I'm doing all I can to git a line on them gun-runners. I'm doing as much as anybody's doing. What you want me to do, for gosh sake? Kill my horse riding him up 'n' down the river day and night? It's all mud and quicksand anyway, except at Obayas and the ford where the river guard stays. They git 'em across at one of them two places unless they use boats or else they don't run 'em from Cobra at all. I've got that much figured out, even if I don't know anything.

"Why don't the river guard git busy? What's he paid for? All I ever seen him do is to set on his horse and swap lies with Dallam's hay-haulers when they go across. You talk like it was all my fault that the whole country ain't under arrest. I can't ride outa your sight, by gosh, but you think I'm laying down on the job! You and Bill think, by gosh, that because I ain't gray-headed you've got to watch me and boss me around and preach to me or I'll make some fool break. You think I don't know *anything*. I've humored you fellows along and let you boss me, and you think, by gosh, that because I stand for it I like it! I'm just a Kid! I can't be trusted. I got to be tied to your coat tail or you think, by gosh ——"

"Say," Charlie interrupted in a purposely weary tone, "change the needle and put on another record. I'm tired of that What-a-Brave-Boy-Am-I-By-Gosh."

The Kid choked, spluttered incoherently in his rage and went to bed, his egotism hurt much worse than if Charlie had come up fighting. Charlie had declined



"I'm a State Ranger"

to take him seriously — and to be taken seriously is what a nineteen-year-old young man hungers for most.

Breakfast was eaten in silence. Charlie was still pondering the problem of the gun-runners, trying to guess at their probable method and identity. The Kid was still worried over the possible engagement of Margy Wheeler and wishing he knew where Charlie had gotten his information. The best way the Kid knew of finding out, since Charlie refused to tell him, was to ask Margy herself. And today was Saturday, and Margy would be free to ride wherever she pleased; somewhere south of Granite Peak, the Kid hoped. And since he and Charlie were riding "blind" anyway, there was as much chance of picking up some clue when he was with Margy as when he was alone or with Charlie.

Charlie Horne saddled and rode away without a word to Van about his plans, and let the Kid follow his own devices. He had intended to ride down to the river and search its bank for some trace of a boat landing, or some evidence of a blind trail leading into the hills. Also he had expected the Kid to mount and come with him without being told. But when he had negotiated the first hard scramble up a rocky gorge that led into a more open cañon, and had stopped to breathe his horse and wait for Van, there was neither sight nor sound of that self-sufficient youth. Charlie sat there on his horse and waited while he rolled and lighted a cigarette. Then he gave a grunt and bore off to the east instead of the south. To the east he could make his way by various short-cuts to the end of Granite Peak where the Del Rio road passed the schoolhouse and wound down through the sand hills. If Van went the other way, past Cobra, Charlie would be ahead of him, and he could swing down to the river from there and have a word with the river guard. But his main object, just then, was to find out for himself what Van Dillon was up to. For that reason he rode circumspectly, keeping always out of sight in dry washes and little gullies that laced the hills together.

He came out upon the road to the river and waited behind a little ridge while Dallam's hay-haulers passed, delivering baled hay across the ford to the Mexican freighters that took it on down to feed the cavalry horses.

When the four heavily-loaded wagons chuckled past, the horses kicking up a cloud of dust and the drivers gossiping cheerfully at the tops of their voices, Charlie took the trail and loped toward the schoolhouse, where he suspected that the Kid would presently appear. A quarter of a mile or so he rode, and then ducked behind another convenient ridge because, just around the bend, he heard voices, in which a girl's laugh was mingled. Margy Wheeler and the Kid, he told himself grimly, and waited, wondering the while how Van had managed to get here so soon.

Presently the two riders came slowly into sight (Charlie was off his horse by now, and was lying flat on his stomach behind a mesquite bush where he could look down upon the trail). Margy Wheeler it was — but the young man riding beside her was not the Kid.

"I expect he'll be coming along pretty soon," Margy Wheeler was saying. "I told him I thought maybe I'd go to Mineral Spring today ——"

"Well, keep him at Mineral Spring — if you have to tie him!" the young man urged unsmilingly. "We'll know where he is then. We can't have him running around loose, and maybe come riding into the ranch just when ——"

They passed, and Charlie craned his neck after them. Just when — what? He ran down to his horse, mounted and skirted the road carefully, trying to come again within hearing of the two; but before he had come up with them he saw the man, Fred Dallam, riding back alone in the direction of the ranch. Charlie was tempted to follow him; but since he had started out to discover what part the Kid was playing that day, he kept after the girl.

She came to the fork in the road where a branch led to the river and another turned down along Granite Peak toward Cobra, and pulled up there as though she were waiting for someone. On the river branch the dust was settling slowly behind the hay-haulers; the faint chuckle of the wagons rolling, rolling down a rocky slope came to Charlie's ears as he pulled up to see what Margy Wheeler was going to do next.

For ten minutes she did not do anything at all except amuse herself by separating her rein-ends and snapping them together with a pop that always made her pony jerk his head up and look around at her protestingly. Now and then she glanced expectantly down the trail toward Cobra and once she looked at her watch impatiently.

A cloud of dust rolled up along the Cobra trail. The girl stopped teasing her pony and stared down that way intently, and Charlie wormed in between two bushes that stood within ten feet of the trail. If it were Van coming, the more Charlie could see and hear the better for both them.

Van it was, galloping eagerly to meet Margy Wheeler. He slowed up when he neared her and his round, boyish face glowed with the pleasure there was for him in the meeting. Charlie, peering between the branches, felt an angry sympathy for the Kid.

Margy Wheeler made no pretense of being surprised there in the trail. She had an engaging frankness of manner that would have won the implicit faith of an older man than Van Dillon; Charlie had to admit that he did not blame the Kid so much.

"I was hanging around hoping you'd show up," was the way Margy began. "I'm going over to Mineral Spring, and I've got lunch for a dozen — Auntie Dallam is so terribly generous. Ham sandwiches that thick!" She spread her two gloved hands in exaggerated measurement and laughed again, and little Charlie Horne hated her because she had two dimples and a twinkle that was maddening.

"I sure wish I could go along," the Kid said longingly. "But I've got to ride down to the river. I just came around this way ——"

"Ah-h — pul-lease!" (Charlie could have shaken her for tempting the Kid so with her confounded dimples.) "The river won't run away."

"I dunno — it was running pretty fast yesterday. I'll have to go some to keep up with it." The Kid's innocent blue eyes worshiped her humbly; but behind the worship a shamed doubt peered forth — the doubt which Charlie had deliberately planted in his mind. "Why can't Fred Dallam go with you?" he asked bluntly, boy-like.

"Fred *Dallam?*" She of the dimples managed to inject a good deal of surprise, a little amusement and much reproach into the words. "Why, Van! Do you — would you *rather* he went?"

"Well, if you're engaged to him, I would." The Kid was eying her steadily, trying to read her mind. When she only looked at him and said nothing, he added: "Nobody likes to be made a fool of." Then, as she still said nothing but only smiled teasingly, he wet his lips and asked the question that had come to mean so much to him. "Are you, Margy?"

"Are I what?" She was teasing him just as she had teased her pony.

"Are you engaged to Fred Dallam?" The Kid, as has been explained before, had persistence.

Margy wrinkled her nose at him. "A person would think you hoped so," she parried. "I'm not going to answer such silly questions. Fred Dallam!" Again she managed to inject a good deal of meaning into her tone. "You come along with me or I'll think you *want* me to be engaged to Fred Dallam."

"Well, are you engaged to him?"

Charlie came near laughing aloud at the Kid's unshakable determination to have his answer. It was that doggedness that bade fair to make a splendid ranger of Van Dillon, but it was not a quality that appealed to Margy Wheeler in the least. Her very real exasperation tickled Charlie Horne, knowing how much she wanted the Kid to go with her — and why!

"For pity's sake, Van Dillon! How many times must I tell you ——"

"Just once," Van cut in stubbornly. "You ain't told me once yet."

"You come along with me and don't be silly."

"Well, *are* you?" asked the Kid again, and little Charlie Horne clapped his hand over his mouth and dug his boot-toes into the sand to keep from shouting in his glee. But last night the Kid's persistence had not pleased him so much.

Evidently the young woman had very strict ideas upon the subject of lying pointblank.

"Catch me and maybe I'll tell you!" she cried suddenly, wheeling her pony and striking him sharply with her quirt.

This was a new move, and it took the Kid by surprise. She was fifty yards away before he started after her, and he yelled to her to look out or that pony would stub his toe and fall down. She kept on, however, looking back and laughing at the Kid who was sure to catch her before she had gone [*Continued on page 57*]

The Vice of Advice

by Carolyn Wells

As the Greatest William hath it, "Love sought is good, but given unsought is better." So one may say, advice sought is bad, but given unsought is worse.

Recently I heard a young woman say, her eyes ashine, her face glowing with the glory of it, "I believe I have a wonderful mission in life! It is to be helpful to others! Oh, it is a splendid vocation!" Whereupon, in my hearing, she proceeded to advise an invalid who was in the care of two doctors, most definitely as to diet and medicine; a society lady as to certain matters of etiquette; and a newly-betrothed maiden how to "understand" her fiancé. She handed out Uplift in slathers; gave Sympathy in chunks; and her delight in her Helpfulness was past all belief!

Browning didn't refer to Advice, but he might have, when he built this phrase: "the curious crime, the fine felicity and flower of wickedness." For so insidious a crime it is, and committed with such smug and honest satisfaction, that wickedness has few finer flowers.

Who of us isn't up against it? What writer but has well-meaning friends advising him as to his style, plot and finish? The telephoned "You *must* come over! I've the *funniest* thing to tell you about little Susie and her puppy. I just *know* you can make a story out of it!"

What young mother isn't nearly driven distracted by advice from other women about the bringing up of her own — her very own youngster?

Yes, it can't be denied Advice is mostly a feminine vice. Men (though they have other faults) rarely offer unsought advice. Lombroso calmly observes, "Even a normal woman is a half-criminaloid being." Is it not logical, then, to call a lavish advice distributor a criminal?

And so, here's my advice to you, Reader. Never give advice and never take it.

McCLURE'S *for* OCTOBER

Outside the Law

As told by the Woman in the Case

to

Anna Steese Richardson

"WHILE Society banishes permanently, irrevocably, the woman who lives outside the law, it never gives up hope of redeeming the man by setting his feet in the straight and narrow path"

Illustrations by Walter Tittle

Mrs. Richardson

FOR fifteen years, I have lived outside the law.

My offense has consisted of bravely living with the man I loved who could not marry me.

Our relations, our happiness, our misery all sprang from the simple, every-day causes of propinquity and congeniality.

Ned and I had mingled in the same set for years, without developing any attraction for each other. He was one of the many who sent me flowers on the day when I made my bow to Society. At the Assemblies and the Monday Night Dances, his name was generally scrawled once or twice on my card. I always found him useful for filling in at dinner, courteous to my out-of town guests.

When he married Madeline, I felt no pang of regret, though in a vague way I questioned the wisdom of his choice. He had become a successful attorney, with rather quiet, bookish tastes. Madeline, who had studied art in Paris, and had set up a studio dedicated to teas and dancing rather than to painting, was emotional and erratic. Especially had she repelled me by her violent and inexcusable gusts of temper.

However, I sent them the customary wedding-gift, murmured the customary polite speeches as I was swept past them at the crowded reception, and returned to the consideration of my own personal and pressing problems. The death of an aunt, who had shared my home and chaperoned me since the loss of my parents, made it necessary for me to decide upon some new way of living. As I could turn to no other detached — and desirable — relative to take Aunt Laura's place, I set my mind resolutely upon matrimony, scanning the social horizon for husbandly possibilities.

A girl not yet thirty, with means, position and a fair share of physical attractions does not lack for suitors. But the men who appealed to me physically, repelled me intellectually or spiritually. The men who shared my tastes and recreations, either lacked physical appeal or the stability and earnestness which make a woman look up to her husband.

As I found myself discouraging one suitor after another, I was faintly irritated with myself. Was I demanding the superman? Or was the true love-thrill vanishing before the broader interests and keener logic of the modern woman?

Perhaps the very fact that men did not thrill me, gave me a false sense of security. I determined to dispense with a chaperon, and at twenty-eight started upon my independent existence, with a faithful old nurse as housekeeper, and a staff of devoted family servants as protectors in my spacious old home.

Within three months the wisdom of detached life for the single woman was put to the test.

The maids were setting the drawing-room in order after my regular day at home. Passing through the library, I was amazed to find Madeline who, I supposed, had left with the other guests, poring over a book. Her eyes were unnaturally bright, her face flushed and her hands restless. In peremptory tones, she ordered me to telephone Ned that she was stopping with me for dinner. Something warned me not to combat her whim. I looked up the telephone number of Ned's office and invited him to join Madeline and me at dinner, informally.

The gulf between Ned and me at that moment is clearly indicated by the fact that I did not know either his business address or his telephone number, and I did not recognize the strain in his voice as he accepted the unexpected invitation. He had practically drifted out of my life. The thought uppermost in my mind as I talked with him was self-protection, the tactful handling of an annoying situation.

Yet a few hours later, my rings cut deep into the flesh of my fingers, lest they should unclasp and touch the bowed head of this man to whom I was sealed, body, mind and soul!

For Madeline had gone raving mad in my home. For an hour, her shrill, penetrating cries echoed through the house, above the crash of ornaments, dishes and furniture, above Ned's efforts to calm her, now soothing, now stern. Through this pandemonium I made my way to the telephone and summoned their family physician. He came quickly. I caught the flash of a hypodermic. I watched Madeline's tense muscles relax. I heard shrill cries drool away into hideous mutterings. Then an ominous silence. I saw the doctor and my coachman lift her inert figure and carry it to the waiting cab.

The coachman stepped aside to make way for a man whose head bent low as he walked. He entered the carriage. The door was closed. The cab disappeared in mist and shadows. Madeline was on her way to the private sanatorium which she never left until ten days ago when her poor, emaciated body was carried to its last resting place.

Hours passed, but I did not retire. I felt that he would come back and I must be ready for his coming. I directed the clearing away of the wreckage by servants whose hands still shook, and who worked without speaking. I ordered a log fire made in the library, rolled the most comfortable chair close to the cheering blaze, and set out sherry and biscuits.

Ostensibly, Ned returned to make the apologies he considered due me, to offer such reparation for damages to my property as it was possible to make, and to pledge my servants to silence, for which he was willing to pay liberally. But before midnight, I had heard the wretched story of the marriage which had been worse than mockery, of the paroxysms of temper increasing in violence and frequency, and finally recognized by the physician as outbursts of insanity. If there had been one word of self-pity, one adroit appeal for sympathy, our lives might have parted then and there. But Ned's exquisite selflessness and pity for the woman who had led him into the very depths of hell drew him to me.

Here was the big, fine type of man who had never before come into my life. I felt the truly feminine, unreasonable resentment that Madeline had enjoyed an opportunity denied me when I was the more worthy. Studying Ned as he sat with his face buried in his slim, sensitive hands, I pictured what I could have made of his life. And when a woman does this — she is in love.

I did not see Ned again for several weeks, though he telephoned several times concerning the consultations of famous alienists. Then he called to beg a favor. Business demanded his presence on the Pacific Coast, Madeline's mother and sister were in Europe. Could I — would I visit Madeline in the sanatorium? He could not entrust the delicate mission to anyone else, nor could he bring himself to leave her alone in the hands of doctors and nurses. An occasional visit to the sanatorium, ordering anything that might contribute to her comfort and ultimate cure, and a report to him! It seemed so little. And so began my visits to the house of benighted minds, my guardianship of the woman who formed the strange link between her husband and me, and most pregnant of all, the correspondence which brought about the all-satisfying communion between Ned and me.

WHEN Ned left for San Francisco, there was still talk of treatment, rest and care as a means of cure. Madeline had not yet become the unkempt, wolfish creature who thrust her hands into her food, and who shrilled or mumbled hideous profanity when crossed. I watched that transformation — alone.

At first, I sent brief telegrams, then short notes, picturing her condition as mildly as I could. Finally, as the hopelessness of her malady was impressed upon me by the great specialists, I wrote as little as possible about Madeline, and padded the letters with cheerful gossip and comment that might interest Ned. He remained west more than two months. Years later, he admitted that he did not dare come home and face the situation which my letters veiled.

Madeline's mother and sister never returned to town. They met Ned in a distant city, confessed that there was insanity in the family and announced their intention of settling where they would not be reminded of Madeline's affliction, and incidentally where they would be completely cut off from her husband. So it was I who broke up his home, helped him to select those personal belongings to be stored against the vain hope of Madeline's recovery, and chose the furnishings which would make his limited bachelor quarters more cozy.

Ned never asked me to do anything. I planned the different commissions and he accepted the service with the simple gratitude of a man strong and wise in his profession, weak and incompetent in a domestic crisis. When it was done, I suffered from the reaction of one who has passed through an exacting experience, merely by keeping busy.

So I visited gay friends in their summer homes. I worked among the poor. I bought an interest in a languishing tea-room, and tried to expend my energies on a business career. But the die was cast. I had known what it means for a man to need me, and I wanted to be necessary to him. In my secret heart, I knew that he was waiting with bated breath for an excuse to come to me. A woman can withhold the excuse and the man will acquiesce in her decision. But I offered it deliberately, expectantly. In my hunger for the companionship of the man I had come to love,

I argued that in all but her failing body, Madeline was dead to him. She would never really live again. He would never mean anything to her. He could not hurt her by making me happy. Neither could I hurt her by easing his burden with my love. But I could hurt him and his career by withholding my companionship.

If the law would not set him free, a wise Providence would. Meantime, my comradeship would sustain him, and save his career from stagnation, if not destruction. For when an essentially domestic man is suddenly cast adrift, his emotions react on his business or profession, however brilliant his gifts. It is only men to whom women are toys rather than comrades or homemakers who can succeed in spite of domestic tragedies.

The excuse?

A lad from a Settlement House whom I might have sent to Ned's office with a letter of introduction. Instead, I telephoned, asking Ned to call and discuss the case with me. He promptly suggested that same evening. I replied that it would be convenient. A stranger, tapping the wire, would have thought the conversation trivial, devoid of significance. For us the very wires throbbed. Ned had never asked the privilege of calling. Like the average man separated but not divorced from his wife, he was keenly sensitive about his anomalous social position. But at our rare meetings his eyes had spoken the appeal on which his lips were sealed.

That night we met like dear friends who had been separated by their journeyings. I plied him with questions about his important cases which I had followed in the papers, about the books he had read, the plays he had seen. Were his rooms still satisfactory? Were the hangings I had chosen holding their color?

And he answered as one who had been storing all that I might want to know till the hour when we should meet again. Just as he rose to leave, we remembered the boy! We both smiled — and sat down again to talk about him. Then:

"Must I wait till you unearth another incorrigible — or may I just come?"

"Whenever you like!" I replied.

"You had better qualify that permission. I — I — have been very lonely — and I've missed you."

"Yes — I know — we have missed each other."

It was Lent. Things were rather quiet. This left many of my evenings open. Ned filled them all. Sometimes he discussed interesting cases with me. Again we took turns reading the book most talked about. Often there fell upon us long, satisfying silences, when I would watch him furtively, glorying in the change for the better which my companionship and sympathy were working in him. The old vigor, keenness and enthusiasm for life were returning. It was as if the loose, torn roots of an affectionate nature had found rich, firm soil to which they might cling with a sense of security.

And it was after such an evening of long silences that I found myself in his arms, and heard him murmur: "I shall want to see you every day, dear — every day."

Even in that first wonderful embrace I caught myself wondering how it could be managed!

But I felt no fear — no premonition of evil.

When an intelligent, unafraid woman feels that her love and the man's need of her justify her in breaking the social law, she invariably decides that hers is the exceptional case. Society will not fail to recognize the depth, the fineness and the power of the love which is rarer than mere passion. She calls upon history to prove that the world owes its great men and their achievements to the women who loved them, within or without the law. She forgets that those men and women are idealized by posterity, while she must live today — tomorrow!

The same society which will laud the genius of a hundred years back and forgive the woman who fostered his gift, does not see the modern business or professional man as a potential genius, and will ostracize the woman who lives with him outside the law. And as years pass, the modern woman also learns that while society banishes her permanently, irrevocably, it never gives up hope of redeeming the man by setting his feet in the straight and narrow path of matrimony, in step with those of its fairest, most innocent of daughters.

But in that exalted moment, the gift of prophecy was denied me. I saw the redemption of Ned's career and happiness as my life-mission. And I was tremendously, overwhelmingly in love!

"EACH of these women had loved as I had loved, and each had paid, and paid, and paid"

Weeks of unalloyed joy followed. The necessity for secrecy gave to our love not piquancy, but the mystery of the rainbow or the dew, which might vanish at the touch of a profane hand. Others might permit the world to glimpse their happiness. We must guard ours like a sacred fire.

Ned had a private wire run from his rooms to mine, that he might speak to me the first thing in the morning, the last at night. The telephone instrument stood in a closet. I kept it locked, and carried the key on a chain over my heart. His flowers stood on my desk, his photograph was inset, in the lining of my jewel-case. His gifts threatened to overflow a house already well-furnished. But we were discreet.

My faithful servants, who had never forgotten Madeline's tragic departure from the house, accepted his frequent calls as a matter of course. Their sympathies were with him. Any secret of his was theirs to guard.

As for the rest of our world, it went its devious summer ways with no thought for us. When a woman of thirty fails to achieve matrimony or some social eccentricity, by skilful planning, she can gradually withdraw from the circle in which she started, a débutante, without leaving a ripple. Even my week-end invitations fell off. For this Ned and I were grateful. Our thoughts, dreams and interests all centered on Little Paradise.

Little Paradise!

Even today, the golden memories of our first summer together have power to blot out the shadows which gathered later.

Ned had purchased an abandoned farm in Connecticut. The old house by the road, he had repaired for the caretaker. On the ridge, with a superb view of the Berkshires, he had built a modern bungalow. We had worked out all the plans together. The furniture had been ordered from a distant city, because we would not entrust our secret to local tradesmen. Sauntering through the spring flower show we had selected shrubbery and plants by exchanging telegraphic glances. I had made the sheer hangings for our home-to-be with my own hands while Ned had read aloud.

And a paradise indeed we found it. Ned had warned the caretaker that he required absolute privacy for writing. And the caretaker, appreciating good wages and light duties, proved a veritable dragon at the gate of Little Paradise. So three days of each week we played at being married. We reveled in the perfect realization of the honeymoon, with none of its shocks and adjustments.

I learned to prepare the dishes Ned liked best, to see his shining glance follow me at my simple tasks, to use the typewriting machine he had shipped to our farm and to help him prepare important papers. But dearest of all were those hours when Ned, in his loose flannels, his shirt open at the throat, his pipe aglow, slipped his arm through mine and led me over the pasture and cornland, the meadows and the orchards. Ned loves the smell and the feel of the land. He gloried in the power his money possessed to coax life back to that long-sterile soil. So I seemed to share every phase of his many-sided existence.

Yet it irked me, as each Friday rolled around, to realize that we could never leave town together, never travel openly to our paradise. One or the other had to take an earlier train, and loiter at the Junction or motor over alone.

On settling in town during the late Fall, we discovered that society was eagerly waiting to have Ned at its command. He had won several notable cases, and was much in the public eye. I exulted when I realized the part which my love and sympathy had played in his growing success. Moreover, the truth concerning Madeline's hopeless condition had traveled beyond the gates of the sanatorium. It was no longer possible to conceal her whereabouts by polite fictions about rest, change of climate, a prolonged stay at a European cure. I have always thought that the specialist who permitted the facts to be known felt that it was for Ned's best professional and social interests. Ned's social position was no longer anomalous. He offered many possibilities to matrons and hostesses in sore need of agreeable dinner and dancing guests.

We met this situation together, tactfully. Without making me conspicuous or giving cause for gossip, Ned showed a quiet preference for my society. Gradually our close friendship was accepted by our entire circle. The older women sighed over the folly of a woman of my years "waiting" for a man in Ned's position. But they clearly envied me the aura of romance which surrounded our relations. As for young girls, they frankly worshiped me.

This false situation often made me quiver. While I bore myself with the reserve and dignity of a woman whose love was tempered by tragedy, I knew what would happen if it ever became known that I had reached out and snatched the happiness which the laws of my kind denied me. I knew that tender matronly glances would turn to steel, and star-like glances of young girls would be averted or turn boldly curious.

All that winter I skated on thin ice, and counted the weeks until we could enjoy the seclusion of Little Paradise. But even with spring dancing lightly over our meadows, with Ned planning volubly and delightedly, I saw the serpent raise its head in our Eden. And its name was Fear. For a group of rich men had bought farmlands to our north and laid out magnificent golf-links.

[*Continued on page 62*]

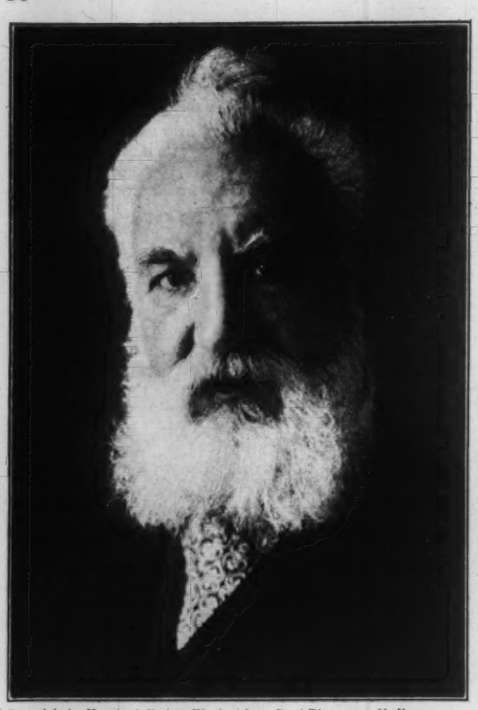
How to Live Long and Love Long

by

CLEVELAND MOFFETT

The Second of an Important New Series

See Prize Offer on Page 85



Copyright by Harris & Ewing, Wash. (from Paul Thompson, N. Y.)

Dr. Alexander Graham Bell, best known as the inventor of the telephone, has gathered during recent years some very important information on the influence of long-lived ancestry on longevity

Mr. Moffett

THERE are signs in the human body easy to read, if we will learn them, by which men and women may estimate their vital power and may know whether they are growing old prematurely, and may have warning, in advance, of various health dangers and disease tendencies in themselves, which, if unchecked, will unquestionably shorten their lives. Each one of us may know by various indications whether his life expectation is good or bad, whether his earthly term is probably to be long or brief, assuming that he does nothing to change this probability.

Take twenty average Americans of forty-five or fifty, chosen at random in any restaurant, on any train, at any club; let them be men and women in average health, well-fed, prosperous citizens who will assure you they never felt better in their lives. It is certain that four or five of these twenty will have great natural longevity advantages over the other fifteen or sixteen. To begin with, they will have come of long-lived ancestry and we shall presently see how important a condition this is, although it may be offset by other conditions.

They will also possess certain longevity characteristics that have been recognized for years by life insurance examiners, among these being the following:

A fully developed osseous frame and muscular organization.

Stature not too tall, medium build, slightly below average weight. The greyhound rather than the mastiff type.

A capacious chest.

Pulse strong and regular.

Head not too large.

Abdomen not projecting.

Hands large, but not deeply cleft by fingers.

Feet thick and broad rather than long.

Complexion not too florid.

Voice strong, with faculty of retaining the breath long without difficulty.

Appetite good and digestion easy.

Teeth sound. Person eats slowly without extra thirst.

Excretions all regular and free.

No violent passions.

Temperament sanguine, a little phlegmatic.

Another characteristic of those possessing the longevity temperament is that they are usually long and sound sleepers, much subject to dreams.

It is also said that a large nose with wide spread nostrils is a favorable longevity sign, since it indicates a good breathing apparatus, whereas a small nose with pinched nostrils is an unfavorable sign.

Another almost sure criterion of a person's vitality is the size of the pupil of the eye when observed in ordinary light. If the measure of the life is large, experts say, the pupils will be of medium size and steady; if the vitality is small, the pupils will be comparatively large, and will show nervous instability.

While a few of our twenty average Americans will thus present the signs of sound health and probable long life, it is certain a much larger number of them, including those who declare themselves in splendid condition, will be judged less favorably after a thorough physical examination.

Experts declare that scarcely one person in twenty among men and women of forty-five or fifty is free from some form of physical impairment, some slight breakdown in the bodily machinery that may be easily repaired if taken in time, and that, if neglected, may develop into serious organic disease.

The trouble is we assume that nothing can be wrong with our bodies so long as we suffer neither pain nor distress. Only for our teeth have we learned to take precautions in advance of the pain. We have learned that to wait for the tooth-ache warning is to allow irreparable damage to be done before we try to cure it. But we have still to learn that, just as a tooth does not begin to complain until it is half destroyed, so our hearts, stomachs, kidneys and other organs do not tell us of their injuries until the damage is quite serious.

It is only a few months since Secretary Redfield of President Wilson's cabinet made public announcement of his estimate that, given the necessary funds and authority, it is within the power of preventive medicine to reduce our annual death roll by half a million, which means that five hundred thousand American lives might be saved every year if we would give to our bodies the same *anticipatory* care that we give to our teeth.

On September 9th, 1915, in an address before the American Public Health Association in Rochester, E. E. Rittenhouse, President of the Life Extension Institute of New York City, said: "During the past year four hundred thousand American adults died from *preventable or deferable diseases* of the heart, arteries, and kidneys; including apoplexy — an inglorious sacrifice to ignorance and neglect. . . . There are constantly at least fifteen million adults in America who have one or more of these organic diseases in some stage of development. . . . The increasing and needless waste of American vitality and life (it is not so in Europe) from these degenerative diseases among wage earners and other classes is rapidly reaching the magnitude of a national menace."

Heart disease! Kidney disease! Hardening of the arteries! What are the signs of these dread visitants? Is it possible for men and women to read in advance the signs of their coming? Is it well that we should do this or try to do it?

Why not? We try to know something about other machines that belong to us, our automobiles, lawn mowers, sewing machines, and so on; we use them with care and keep them in order, but we understand scarcely anything about our wonderful body machines, and year after year we neglect them in a way that seems incredible when one reflects that everything we are or have — our lives, our happiness — depends upon these bodies. We make careful tests of the plumbing in our homes, but trust to luck when it comes to the plumbing in our bodies. We protect the valves in our kitchen pumps, but think nothing of the valves in our hearts. We are most particular to have clean filters for our table water, but never consider what may be the condition of our hard-driven kidney filters.

Of course the general idea is that it is not our business to know these things, the doctors are supposed to know them for us. As a matter of fact, however, the doctors are so busy taking care of human wrecks that they have neither time nor thought for those who are about to become wrecks, although still bumping along somehow on the tracks of life. Medical men are not accustomed to have patients come and say: "Doctor, I am in splendid health and I want to stay so. Will you kindly tell me in precise detail how to live so that in five or ten years I will not come back to you with an acute case of Bright's disease or hardening of the arteries?"

It is not the fashion to deal with doctors in this way; they would scarcely know what to make of it if we did. In fact, a broad-minded doctor with a sense of humor

Photograph by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

Blood pressure test of supposed healthy person by the Life Extension Institute. A blood pressure that is too high may indicate heart disease, kidney disease, or simply a nervous condition

would probably say to such an applicant: "My dear sir, we doctors are not trained to give the kind of advice you ask for; we are accustomed to deal with sickness, not with health."

It is evident that the suggested methods of preventive medicine are exactly opposite to those of ordinary medical practise. The average doctor treats patients who know that they are ill and who come to him with definite and more or less alarming symptoms; the preventive expert treats men and women who do not consider themselves ill and have no particular symptoms that they regard as either alarming or important. But they come to him in increasing numbers every year because they have heard about this new idea, and like it, the new idea being to discover the smouldering fires of incipient organic disease and put them out before they get fairly started. There are many who believe that the medical practise of the future will be carried on along these lines.

Already the Life Extension Institute of New York City, with the co-operation of leading medical hygienic authorities in our great universities, has undertaken this important work with notable success. Among distinguished persons connected with this organization are: Dr. William J. Mayo, ex-president of the American Medical Association; Hermann M. Biggs, Commissioner of Health for the State of New York; Lewellys F. Barker, professor of medicine in Johns Hopkins University; Russell H. Crittenden, professor of physiological chemistry in Yale University; Henry C. Sherman, professor of food chemistry in Columbia University; M. J. Rosenau, professor of preventive medicine in the Harvard Medical School; Richard M. Pearce, professor of research medicine in the University of Pennsylvania; Surgeon General Rupert Blue; Major General William C. Gorgas; Alexander Graham Bell; David Starr Jordan, and dozens of others.

Here, then, is a simple way in which any "perfectly healthy" man or woman may find out just *how* healthy he or she really is and, at trifling expense, hear the latest and soundest judgment of medical science pronounced upon his or her bodily condition. The Institute does no doctoring, gives no medicine, has no treatments of any kind to offer. It has nothing to sell and there is nothing to pay except a small examination fee which also covers the cost of a series of monthly letters containing hygienic advice applicable to this or that particular case.

"This is what we have found out about your bodily machinery," reports the Institute after a most searching examination. "This is what we advise; but the carrying out of our advice is a matter between you and your own doctor, or, perhaps, you can carry it out yourself without any doctor."

Print from "Essays on Physiognomy" by J. C. Lavatar

It is evident that this man has distorted his face and poisoned his body by unrestrained anger

In a subsequent article I will take up in some detail the work of the Life Extension Institute and will show how there are often discovered menacing bodily conditions never suspected by the applicants. And I will tell what kinds of advice are given by these Life Extension experts to persons who are found to be suffering from incipient kidney disease, heart disease, or hardening of the arteries. Also what diet advice is given to those who are overweight, and to those who are somewhat disturbed by intestinal or stomach troubles.

If it were the universal practise for human beings to submit themselves to this periodic health survey, and if men and women would follow the guidance of modern science based upon such examinations, I have no hesitation in making the statement that we could add fifteen years to the average probable life term, and could do this without interfering in any way with the person's enjoyment of life. On the contrary his or her life would become far more happy and in every way worth while.

Let us now consider an influence already mentioned as important for longevity; I mean the influence of long-lived ancestry. I am able here to make public for the first time some very important information gathered during recent years by Dr. Alexander Graham Bell in his American Genealogical Bureau at Washington, and I am greatly indebted to Dr. Bell for his kindness in allowing McClure's to make use of this material.

Dr. Bell showed me many charts and tables that demonstrate impressively various longevity conclusions that have been reached. It appears, for instance, that in some eight thousand cases investigated of persons who lived to be over eighty nearly one-half, or 46 per cent., had fathers who also lived to be over eighty. Whereas of all persons who died between sixty and eighty, only 37.6 per cent. had fathers who lived to be over eighty. And of all persons who died between forty and sixty only 26.6 per cent. had fathers who lived to be over eighty.

Photograph by Edwin Levick, N. Y.

Examination of abdomen of supposed healthy person to ascertain condition of liver and gall bladder. An expert often discovers gall stones or a displaced kidney or a tumor where no such trouble was suspected

Again, of all persons whose fathers died young (between twenty and forty) only 4.5 per cent. lived to be over eighty; but of all persons whose fathers lived to be over eighty, three times as many (13.2 per cent) themselves lived to be over eighty.

The general conclusion is that the longer the fathers live the smaller will be the proportion of short-lived children and the larger the proportion of long-lived children. The same is true of mothers, and, where both parents live to be over eighty, the children's chances of also living to be over eighty are twice as great as they would be if one of the parents had died young.

Another longevity conclusion of Dr. Bell is that the children of young mothers (under twenty-five) live longer than the children of old mothers. Also the children of old fathers (say above thirty-five) have a smaller chance of long life than the children of young fathers.

A curious fact established by the American Genealogical Bureau is that the greater the number of children in a family the better the chance of each one of these children to live a long life. This is true until the number of children reaches eight, after which this advantage diminishes; in other words, children of families numbering eight have a better chance of living long than children of families that are either larger than eight or smaller than eight. And in any family it is the third child that has the best chance of long life, whereas the child that has the poorest chance of long life is the only child.

For the encouragement of those whose parents were short-lived (like my own) I would emphasize the fact that longevity statistics always show a fair percentage of persons who live to be eighty or ninety in spite of unfavorable heredity prospects. We all remember cases where brothers and sisters of very old persons have died in youth or middle age, although they inherited the same longevity advantages. And we know that delicate persons who take care of themselves often outlive those whose robust constitutions lead them to disregard the rules of health and wisdom.

During a recent visit to Boston I had an opportunity of talking with two very aged persons, Mrs. Caroline Hunnewell, known as the "grand old lady of Cambridge," who is ninety-two years old and whose mother died at fifty, and Mr. William Franklin Thayer, of Cohasset, who is a hundred and two, and whose father also died at fifty. It is worthy of note that Mr. Thayer's mother lived to be over eighty and his grandmother to be ninety-nine, yet his very numerous family of fourteen children profited so little by these splendid heredity prospects, which were equally remarkable on the mother's side, that *nine of them died under forty*. And four of Mrs. Hunnewell's children died at an early age.

"Can you think of anything that accounts for your long life?" I asked this white-haired, kindly-faced old lady.

"No, I can't," she said, "unless it is that as children we were brought up on very simple food. For supper we had corn-meal pudding out of a big kettle, and milk —nothing else. But since then I've always been a hearty eater. I eat anything I want."

"Do you drink tea or coffee?"

"No."

"Do you eat between meals?"

"No."

"Can you do any work?"

"Mercy, yes!" she laughed. "I braid rugs — there's one of them — and I potter around in the garden."

"Are you — have you been a church-goer?"

"No."

"Are you happy? Do you want to live to be a hundred?"

"Yes, I'm happy, I've always been happy; but — since my eyes and hearing have failed — no, I don't care much about living to be a hundred. I might be a burden."

She spoke without sadness or bitterness, just simply, good-naturedly.

My visit to Mr. Thayer occurred just after his one hundred and second birthday, and I learned that he *does* drink tea and coffee, a cup of tea for supper, a cup of coffee for breakfast. And all his life he has taken a certain amount of alcohol. Also, being a butcher, he has eaten freely of meat.

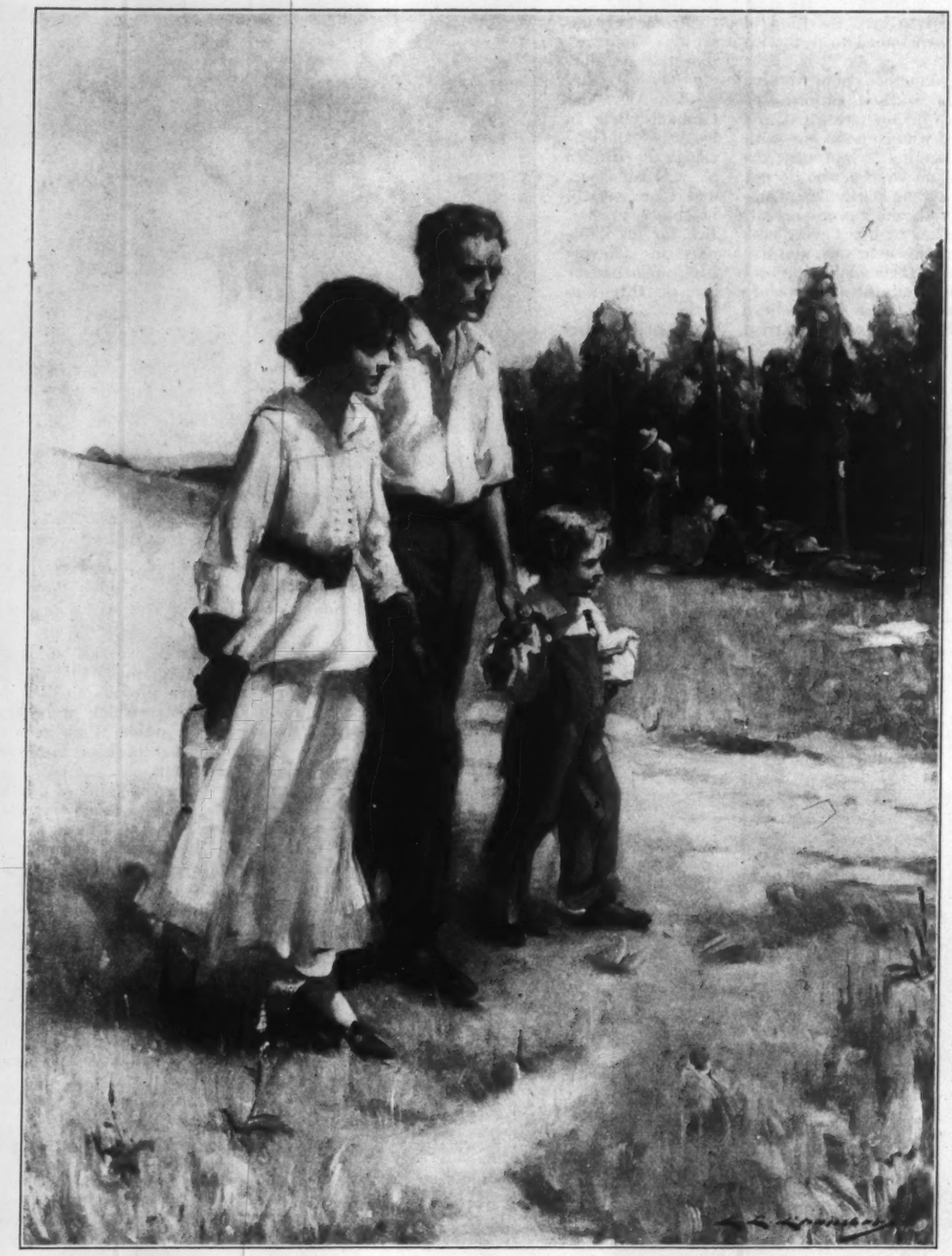
"Do you care about living much longer?" I asked this centenarian.

He blinked his eyes at me, for he had been dozing in his invalid's chair, turned his powerful shoulders in their swathing of white shawls (old people are always cold) and said wearily:

"No, I don't. What's the use of my living longer? What am I good for?"

The thought came to me that very old people like these two might still be good for many things, and still find joy in living if they had been inspired and encouraged, say from eighty on, to constantly use the immense powers of the will and the imagination that are dormant in us all in some plan of loving and constructive effort. I am sure there are men and women in America nearly ninety or over ninety who have never ceased to exercise vigorously their minds and memories and who could write to me inspiringly concerning the activities of their advanced years, if they would (and I hope they will) and speak in the courageous spirit that breathes in Jean Finot's delightful essay, "The Will as a Means of Prolonging Life."

"Let us keep before our eyes," counsels the French philosopher, "comforting examples of serene old age and probable longevity. [*Continued on page 82*]



Joe Ed and I toiled up to the camp in the blistering heat

Painting by C. E. Chambers

The Straight Road

The Great Anonymous Serial

Chapter XVI — A Cry for Help

See page 75 for what happened in foregoing chapters

APPARENTLY luck was with me in this matter of getting away from San Vicente. As soon as I spoke of the hop-picking plan to Mrs. Tipton she offered to lend me what I needed, from the Poinsettia's camping outfit.

It was a weight off my mind — I felt fairly gay when I took Boy downtown and bought him stout shoes, another suit of Can't-bust-'ems, and a wide straw hat. He could hardly wait to show the outfit to Mr. Martin, with whom he was full partners these days. The old couple were entertaining my son at dinner in their room that night; she had been having trouble with her foot and didn't come down to the table. It was curious to see how much interest the idle women in the Poinsettia took in this new enterprise of mine. They discussed it with me solemnly; it might have been the choice of a life-career, from the weight they put on it.

Late in the afternoon, when I had got everything done, I left Boy with the Martins and went downtown once more; I must register my new address with Pop Phipps in case anything turned up for me; I would go around by the railway station after doing that and buy my ticket for tomorrow's journey. All day luck held. Coming down in the elevator at the Cronin Building I met Addie with — of all people — little Mr. Bates. Of course they both worked in the building, but it was strange to see them together, and stranger still when he asked if they could have a word with me — if *they* could! I said, "Why, certainly," and we turned into a little side hall.

"I suppose you know I'm a member of the bar of San Vicente County, Mrs. Baird?" he opened up.

I hadn't known it, but I nodded.

"I'm handling Miss Schoonover's suit." He jerked his head toward Addie. "She's just informed me — and she ought to have done so at first — that you —" He broke off significantly, and Addie spoke without looking up.

"Aw, I told him — about your ketching me that night."

"Yes," said Bates, "but Mrs. Baird, you certainly wouldn't — you wouldn't ——"

When I failed to fill out the pause for him with an assurance of what I would not do, he finished hastily:

"In short, are the defendants aware of your knowledge? Are they going to call you as a witness?"

I looked past him at the girl. She had reddened darkly, and didn't meet my eye, but kept staring angrily at her lawyer.

"I'm very sorry for you, Addie," I said, as though she and I had been alone.

"That's right — that's right," Bates put in briskly. "I told her your sympathy would be with her. Now — er — could you, perhaps, help us to the whereabouts of the defendant?"

Again I spoke to Addie as though her officious lawyer had not been present.

"Nobody knows where Joe Ed is. His mother doesn't. He's knocking about the world somewhere, under a false name, probably, picking up a living any way

he can. You know what that means to a boy of his age — and disposition."

"I can't help it," the girl burst out. She turned on Bates when he would have spoken. "Shut up!" she ordered. "When you was trying to get me to sue, you was mighty polite."

Bates turned a stealthy eye round in my direction before he said sharply to his client:

"You talk too much. If I'm to handle your case — you keep still."

"What's the use? It was Joe Ed Tipton or nobody with you; and anybody but a fool could see that Mrs. Baird ain't on our side."

"Now you *have* spilled the beans!" cried Bates. "It's good-night nurse. Mrs. Baird, I beg you to believe that I didn't know the nature of this suit — when — when, ah ——"

"That'll about hold you," Addie interrupted fiercely. Then, turning to me, "There won't be no suit. You can tell the Mrs." And she walked away down the hall.

I left Bates in the middle of superfluous explanations that this wasn't his case anyhow; that the firm merely allowed him the handling of certain — ah — certain — had him appear in business they would have been ashamed of, I suppose. I got my car and went home.

THERE was a wonderful sunset that evening; clear, glowing, it welled from the west, flowed through the streets and seemed to drown out the city, since somehow a town all flooded with sunset light is not a town any more. At the house, it was that quiet hour just before dinner. My heart was at peace as I let myself into the Poinsettia for what might be the last time. Once more luck was with me; I caught Mrs. Tipton in the empty hall just getting upstairs to change her dress for dinner. I gave her my news in a very few words. She just stood there above me and looked at me with swimming eyes, though her delicate, short-chinned little face still held its look of smiling reserve.

"I won't thank you — in words," she said under her breath, turned abruptly and went on up the stairs — the frail brown reed of a woman, stoical as a big, strong, dignified man, and as shy of making a scene, or showing any emotion. I was fairly bubbling with gladness, that it was I who had been the one to bring her such relief as had looked out of those swimming eyes of hers. There came comically into my mind that ridiculous saying of Joe Ed's: "Well, that chore's chored — as the Yankee woman said when she poisoned her husband."

Smiling to myself at the recollection, I glanced around to gather any of Boy's scattered belongings, and was retrieving Bud'n from under the desk when the telephone rang. Mrs. Tipton was gone; there was so much clatter in the kitchen where dinner was being prepared that they wouldn't have heard the bell there. I stopped and answered the call. "Is that the Poinsettia?" The voice on the wire was very faint.

"Yes."

"Mrs. Baird — if — if Mrs. Baird is in the house, I wish to speak to her."

"This is Mrs. Baird."

"What?" Silence for a moment; then, "Callie — is that you? Callie!"

The voice sounded queer — sort of strangled — but I thought I knew it, and answered, "Yes, it's Callie."

"Are you — are there people in the hall there with you?"

"There's nobody, but I can ——"

"No, no! And don't use my name when you answer. If anybody comes into the hall while you're talking — be careful what you say. Listen."

"I'm listening."

"Go to Mrs. Tipton and get the key of my room. Tell her — tell her you need some sewing things — or — anything you please. Get the key."

The voice grew fainter and finally failed.

"What — what shall I do with it?" I hesitated. "Bring it to you?"

"No. Listen." The tone was more collected; this was plainly Eugenia Chandler, giving carefully-thought-out directions. "Get a blue taffeta dress from the bathroom hooks. It's an old one — you never saw — dark blue. The little black hat that goes with it — that's on the shelf above. Put them in my light bag. Get them to me as quickly as you can. Wait. Listen. Shoes and stockings. Not shoes — pumps. And hairpins — a bunch of hairpins. Don't forget them. Callie — you've not gone? You're listening?"

"Yes, yes," I answered. "I'm to take them — where are you?"

"At the Central Station. Bring the things here. Don't tell anybody. Don't let anybody see you."

At the Central Station — I had been there myself half an hour ago, buying my ticket! I raised my head and looked around the hall. In ten or fifteen minutes the place would be full of folks coming down to dinner.

"If you could wait till dark —" I was beginning, but the queer, choking voice cut in on me with quick terror.

"I can't wait. Callie — I can't more than hold out till you get here."

"All right — all right," I hurried. "I'll get down there in twenty minutes."

"You'll find me in the women's room," came the last word just before I hung up and took the stairs at a run.

When I tapped on Mrs. Tipton's door and asked for Miss Chandler's key, she took it off the ring and handed it to me without a word, though she drew an odd, deep little breath as she worked it free from among the others.

The blinds were down in Miss Chandler's room. At first I thought I'd raise them, and then I used the electric light instead. As they flashed up I looked about me. I had never been in the place before when she was out of it. Now it was hard to associate that poor little fugitive, strangled voice that had sent me here with this big, quiet, elegant security.

I ran into the bathroom. Garments fell in heaps as I clawed the blue dress and its wrap from back of them. The light bag was small. I had to cram unmercifully to get things in; but I couldn't carry that heavy suit-case. All the time I kept listening for footsteps going downstairs. Could I make it? Could I get back through the hall before they gathered there? I flew for the stockings and pumps — and knocked down a bottle of scented ammonia. The smell followed me; it was all over the place; but I couldn't stop. Dress, hat, wrap, shoes and stockings — had I everything? Yes. Hairpins! I grabbed a box of them from the dresser.

As soon as I got outside the door I heard voices below. The front way was cut off. I took the back stairs, got as far as the turn at the kitchen door, and reconnoitered. Addie's place had been filled by a negro man, husband of Julia, the laundress. It must have been Orma's afternoon out, for Julia herself was helping serve dinner. As I stood wondering what I'd better do, Mrs. Tipton came through the swinging doors from the dining-room. Without seeming to glance toward the stairway, she spoke instantly in her little fluting voice:

"Julia, go in and finish setting the table."

The woman went, looking bewildered. Mrs. Tipton turned to her cook.

"Everett, serve that meat on a larger platter. Come, reach the big one from the top shelf of the pantry."

I needed no further hint. As soon as the man's back was turned, while Mrs. Tipton stood in the pantry door looking after and directing him, I slipped through the kitchen and was out.

First aid to the hungry

Safe to say that half the dyspepsia would be banished from the world—and a large share of our other troubles along with it—if every dinner began with a good soup.

When the "men folks" or any of the "business" part of the family come home fagged out with the day's work, when the young people come romping in from their studies or their play—ravenous and impatient, when the home-keepers, weary with their own burdens, feel almost "too tired to eat"—the one thing which brightens up the situation like magic is a delicious steaming plate of

Campbell's Tomato Soup

You can have it ready in almost "no time" without the least trouble or fuss.

It provides immediate nourishment of the most wholesome and inviting kind. It dispels the fatigue of hunger, stimulates the flow of digestive juices, tones and strengthens the stomach to digest a hearty meal.

Or you can prepare it readily with noodles, vermicelli, boiled rice, and in other hearty forms so that it often takes the place of a heavy meal and is in itself completely satisfying and sufficient.

All authorities agree that a good soup eaten every day does a work in the building up of the human body which no other food can accomplish so well.

Make it a point to serve such a soup regularly on your table, and you will be more than gratified by the far-reaching and beneficial results.

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Our Mr. Downs

If you had lived in New Haven, Conn., back in the early forties, you would have seen Mr. Downs quite often.

He used to go from one store to another with a basket on his arm.

If you had looked into the basket, as he argued with the skeptical storekeeper, you would have been astonished to see queer shoes, made of a strange new material. It was rubber.

Mr. Downs was the first salesman employed by the first firm ever licensed to make rubber goods—a firm founded in 1842.

Today, 6500 Mr. Downses are required to sell the enormous volume of footwear developed by the United States Rubber Company during the last 74 years.

There are 47 great companies which are the producing units of the United States Rubber Company, *the largest rubber manufacturer in the world.*

In the early days, rubber shoes were crude and few. They were an oddity, suspected by the public and only accepted by the doubting retail dealers for sale on a commission basis.

How time has changed all this!

The world has learned to look on rubber footwear as a blessing. You see it on the streets, in homes, playgrounds, industries, camps and wilderness. You find it in every shoe store.

Over sixty million pairs of rubber boots, shoes, overshoes and canvas shoes with rubber soles were produced in the factories of the United States Rubber Company in the last twelve months—enough to shoe half the people in this vast country.

Yet the production of footwear is only one of the activities of the United States Rubber Company.

On an equally tremendous scale it makes *raincoats, tires, druggists' sundries, hose, belting, packing, and all rubber goods for mechanical uses.*

The output of the United States Rubber Company, though huge, is balanced. Its prosperity does not depend on any one product. And thus the full and continued degree of service rendered by this great organization to the public is assured.

United States Rubber Company

I took a street-car down — it would be quicker than to walk. Once among people going about their everyday affairs, the whole thing seemed like a dream. I ran from the car into the quiet station. The last train must have come in nearly an hour ago. The place was almost deserted. My footsteps sounded loud as I crossed to the women's room. The janitress, at work in a little cubby where brooms and brushes were kept, looked out at me and then went on with whatever she was doing.

The women's room was vacant. No — a heap of garments on a chair over in its further corner stirred. I went halting across. It was a woman sitting humped, bowed, sort of fallen-together-looking, in a motor cloak and hood. She raised her head slowly.

I can feel yet, whenever I think of it, the shock that went over me. I don't know what I had expected. I ought to have been prepared, it seemed. Yet I came near crying out. This was Eugenia Chandler. She looked ten years older. The flesh seemed sunk in on the bones of her face, withered, somehow, as though a blast of destruction had blown on it. Her carefully tended skin was a dirty gray with big, black circles around those strange light eyes of hers, that fixed themselves on what I had brought.

"Is everything in there?" she whispered without using my name.

"Yes — I ——"

"Don't speak so loud. Is the maid noticing? Did she see you come in?"

"She saw me. But she's not looking now; she's busy at her work."

Miss Chandler came up a little out of her chair. While she seemed to be neither standing nor sitting she took the bag from me.

"You wait right here," she breathed. "Don't stir. I won't be long."

She moved then, going forward very slowly, and "scrooched," as the children say. I stood and stared. It was like a nightmare. Why didn't she stand up and walk? What was the matter?

She passed behind the little shuttered door which would give the only security possible in such a place; I heard its fastenings click. Then, for a moment, in the open space below the shutter — below the edge of the big motor coat — I saw her feet — bare, thrust into a dirty pair of pink, quilted satin bedroom slippers!

After that, I stood rigid, my face turned away, hearing the sound of her swift movements as she dressed in the things I had brought. I couldn't think. I didn't want to try. I only ached to get out of this nightmare. Suddenly the little quick sounds of her dressing stopped for an instant. There was a listening silence; then came her voice, startled yet guarded:

"Callie! Are you there?"

"Right here — I haven't moved."

"Well, don't. I'm nearly ready."

Again silence except for the click of pump heels on the floor, the continuous rustle of clothing. Then: "Callie. Is the maid looking?"

"No, she's not in sight."

At that she opened the door and came out, changed beyond recognition, wearing the blue taffeta, carrying the bag (into which she must have crowded the motor coat and hood), her motor veil tied over the small black hat so that no one would have known her except by her figure. Even that didn't look as usual, and when she saw me noticing she said, whisperingly:

"I ought to have told you — underwear and corsets. Never mind. We'll get — home."

I hadn't brought any gloves, either. It seemed very strange to see her in street wear with bare hands. She drew them up in the sleeves of the wrap, and I carried the bag.

I hope never again to experience the feeling that grew stronger and stronger in me as this muffled figure and I left the women's room. I gave one scared glance to the janitress, and thought she seemed surprised. We went through the main room, and so to the street.

I got to feeling afraid of the thing that walked beside me. I couldn't see its face. It didn't speak. Terror came across to me from it. It went along feebly, as though it had hard work to get one foot before the other, and trying to hide its bare hands. When I wanted to get a taxi there came but the single word:

"Street-car."

We went and stood on that corner where I had waited in the dawn with Boy, my first morning in San Vicente. There were more people in the street than in the station; I was a little relieved. Then, as we waited, she caught my arm and whispered:

"My stocking's coming down. Stand in front of me."

I sheltered her with my own skirts and the bag. We were beside the woman who sells papers on that corner. Bending down so, Miss Chandler must have read a headline through her veil, for she said as she straightened up:

"Buy one. Don't look at it. Fold it. Bring it along."

Our car came. I helped her on. The conductor was one I rode with often. He said good evening as I paused to pay our fares. I wished he hadn't recognized me, but there was nothing to do about it. She sat beside me, seeming scarcely able to hold up her head. I thought she wasn't noticing, but when some folks got on a few blocks farther uptown she whispered:

"Callie — I know those people. They know me. Sit forward a little. Keep between us." It seemed an age before we got to our stopping-place.

There was the good old Poinsettia awaiting us on the corner of Arbolado and Thirty-ninth; the very porch light—lavishly lit so soon—the shine from the dining-room windows, the sounds that showed people were in there at dinner, helped to bring a sense of reality. Why, this was just Miss Chandler here beside me. At the moment she pulled off her veil, and took the bag from my hand.

I went, very reluctantly. She staggered after, getting up the steps one at a time. The hall was empty. There was nobody to see our poor little comedy. I ran back, took the bag from her, and got her up the stairs as quickly as I could. She was about at the end of her strength. Now that the brace of facing the street was gone, she seemed all relaxed, as though she would fall. I was afraid to let go of her while I unlocked the room door.

INSIDE, she made straight for the couch and fell on it face down, just as she was. She lay there breathing in long, shuddering sighs while I switched on the lights and got her hat off. She was ghastly—her very hair looked dead. I saw that she was in a chill, and ran to the bathroom for a hot-water bag. When I took off the shoes and stockings to put it to her feet I could have cried with pity to see the white flesh of her delicate ankles all scratched and broken, a great swollen bruise on one. Under her suit there was nothing but a silk nightgown, drabbled to the knees, torn, hitched up to make it short enough not to show below the dress edge. As I worked over her she spoke indistinctly, her mouth against the pillow.

"Lock the door," she said.

I hurried across and had it open in my hand getting at the key, when her voice came again:

"Listen. Do you hear anything down there? Is it all right?"

There were the sounds usual to the house during dinner; that was all. I told her so over my shoulder, locked the door, and then she said in a stronger tone than she had yet used:

"The paper."

I picked it up from the table where I'd thrown it, spread it out and saw in a great black headline across the front page, "ALVA J. PENDLETON, JR., AND FINLEY BOGGS UNDER ARREST," with a sub-head, "Anti-Vice Workers Make Use of Mann White Slave Law to Trap Offenders."

For a minute I didn't see anything more — just stared and stared. But she kept calling: "Well? Well? Well?" and I went over and held it out to her at arm's length. She wouldn't touch it, but caught at me and dragged me down a little so that she could see.

"Read it — read it — read it!" she groaned.

There wasn't anything else to do. I stood there, cramped over in such a way that she might have seen the words if she had chosen and read to her about the anti-vice campaign, the praises of our active prosecuting attorney, and how he'd got the best grand jury that San Vicente County had had for a long time, and the biggest thing they'd done so far was to trail a party of law-breakers to the Pendleton camp and arrest young Pendleton and this other man, Boggs, for offenses under the Mann White Slave Act — taking women across the state line for illegal purposes.

I read on desperately through a lot of stuff about the woman companion of Boggs being held as a witness. She was spoken of as the gay wife of a dentist in a small railway town, already co-respondent in a notorious divorce suit. Miss Chandler held to my wrist and whenever I'd stop she shook it. Finally, far down the column, I came to mention of the other woman — "Pendleton's woman,"

"I didn't know it was zero"

Not to know that "Mr. Zero" is outdoors is the common experience of all early-risers who have bought our outfits. An Ohio mother writes: "We're having a two days' blizzard — too risky for the children to go out to school — but it's like June ALL through the house, thanks to your ideal heating."

If the old heater has about given out — liable to collapse some cold day next winter — why not protect your home and family health by at once putting in an outfit of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

The Ideal heated house is kept steadily at 72 degrees in all rooms, halls, bays, and corners, day or night. Old King Winter is kept where he belongs—*outside!*

Bodily comfort is desired by every man, and may be enjoyed by the man in the modest cottage, by the man in the mansion — the price is based on the size of the outfit — the heating results are always Ideal!

Due to the scientific design and construction of IDEAL Boilers, the amount of air mixing to give complete combustion, the large coal-holding capacity, the self-cleaning fire surfaces, and the automatic, perfect control of heat, these outfits are endorsed by all architects and engineers, and used in over a million buildings, at home and abroad. They are *fully guaranteed,* yet cost no more than inferior makes. Accept no substitute.

A No. 5-22-W IDEAL Boiler and 450 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators, costing the owner $235, were used to heat this cottage. At this price the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent Fitter. This did not include cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which vary according to climatic and other conditions.

A lifetime of lowest heating cost

IDEAL Boilers and AMERICAN Radiators are easily placed in any building, *old* or new, city or country, cottages, residences, apartments, office and public buildings, hotels, churches, clubs and factories.

You will get a big fund of heating information from our (free) book "Ideal Heating."

Your inquiry puts you under no obligation to buy.

$150 Stationary Cleaner

Ask for catalog of ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaner. First genuinely practical Cleaner on market; is connected by iron suction pipe to all floors; and will last as long as your building.

Showrooms and warehouses in all large cities

AMERICAN RADIATOR COMPANY

Write Dept. 21 816-22 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

"Never Use an Oily Polish on Any of my Furniture-

I Want You to Use

JOHNSON'S PREPARED WAX

OILY polishes gather and hold the dust, soiling clothing, linen and everything with which they come in contact. Johnson's Prepared Wax imparts a perfectly hard, dry, glasslike polish—it forms a thin, protecting coat over the varnish, adding years to its life. It never becomes sticky or tacky in the hottest weather or from the heat of the body, consequently it does not show finger prints and

It Cannot Gather Dust.

Johnson's Prepared Wax cleans, polishes and finishes with one application. It gives **Craftsman Furniture** that soft, artistic polish so appropriate to this style. Nothing like Johnson's Prepared Wax for keeping **dining room tables** bright and tempting—hot dishes have no effect whatever on it.

Have your Victrola—Piano and Mahogany Furniture a Bluish, Cloudy Appearance?

This can be easily, quickly and permanently removed with Johnson's Prepared Wax—"The Dust-Proof Polish". Keep a can of Johnson's Wax always on hand for polishing your

Floors	***Piano***	***Automobile***
Linoleum	***Woodwork***	***Leather Goods***

Where surfaces are sticky, greasy or badly soiled, clean them first with

JOHNSON'S CLEANER

It will remove spots and stains that other cleaners won't touch. Johnson's Cleaner contains no grit or acid so it **cannot scratch or injure the finest finish**—simply cleans and prepares it for a polish with Johnson's Prepared Wax.

USE THIS COUPON FOR TRIAL PACKAGES

I enclose 10c for trial cans each of Johnson's Cleaner and Prepared Wax—sufficient for a good test. Also send book on home beautifying free and postpaid.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

My Dealer is.....

Fill out this coupon and mail to
S. C. JOHNSON & SON, Dept. K10., Racine, Wis.

they called her. She had got away — mysteriously escaped, apparently at the very moment of the raid.

The grasp on my wrist — slim and cold, like a metal clamp — relaxed. With a sigh Miss Chandler sank back on her pillow. Her lids closed. What should I do? Call someone? Get water and bathe her face? As I hesitated her eyes flashed open for a moment and stared up into mine.

"Read the rest of it — all."

I began again. When I came to the statement that the detectives had got their information for the raid through an anonymous letter that came to Mrs. Boggs, she said, lying there with those closed eyes, "Judge Hoard."

"Do you mean that he wrote it?" I asked.

"Yes. Or had it written." She made the assertion in a strange, tired way as though it scarcely concerned her.

I hurried on through the details of Mrs. Pendleton's being in a nervous collapse, in the hands of her physician, unable to see anyone from the newspapers. Miss Chandler never opened her eyes, but I knew she listened. The paragraph that told how every move of the party had been watched from the first, how it was known that they came in with their Chinese cook and chauffeur from San Francisco two days before the raid, kept indoors with the blinds down in the daytime and lit up and held high jinks at night, and on the night of the raid the detectives were hidden in the brush close around the camp from dark till the time they made the arrest, brought from her the shuddering sigh, "Oh, God!" That was all. I tried to stop then, but she just reached up and touched the paper, and I knew I had to go on.

She was stung into some sort of life when she heard about the chauffeur being in the pay of the detectives. He had kept in close touch with them by telephone, watched the garage so that there could be no get-away in the machine, and was posted at the back door while two others forced the front door.

"The hound! I never trusted him," she whispered, and lay awhile looking straight before her.

I didn't move. The room was very quiet.

"Premonitions," she said abruptly. "I was sick all evening — couldn't eat at dinner. I must have felt those devils out there in the bushes. Then — in the dark — broad awake — hour after hour — waiting for something. When it came — I jumped — got hold of my slippers — motor cloak — hood. Purse — under my pillow. They hammered the front door. The Chinaman was coming from his room by the kitchen — to let them in. I ran past in the hall. He had a candle. He saw me."

She straightened herself on the couch. Her feet were beginning to get warm. The icy tension was relaxed.

"Chen So said, 'One man — back door. You go cellar.' I was on the cellar stairs when the detectives went in. I heard the men over my head stamping and cursing, and that woman screaming. I ran up the side steps and came out among some bushes. I was too near the back door. I dropped to my knees and crawled away."

She had crawled away on hands and knees, in her nightgown, a motor coat and bedroom slippers. Through what had those slippers gone before I saw them on her bare feet there in the station? What fierce courage had brought her, in such a rig, from the Oregon mountains to lie here on her couch in San Vicente, nearly dead, to be sure, but here — safe? The chill was leaving her. Her cheeks began to flush and her eyes to gleam with fever. She raised herself on her elbow, and catching at my skirts said bitterly:

"This is Judge Hoard's doing — from first to last. I know him! He expects to come — with Celia — and shed crocodile tears over my — disgrace. He thinks he's got me in a cleft stick — that now, if I attempt to tell the truth about him — I'll be discredited. Oh, when I think of it, I could tear him to pieces with my fingers!"

Her violence scared me. Certainly this was a sick woman. Oughtn't she to have a doctor? Dinner was over. People were in the halls, but Miss Chandler didn't moderate her tone; she spoke loud. I was at my wits' end, hungry and worn out myself.

"You must be starved," I tried to divert her attention. "Let me get you something to eat."

She acted as if she hadn't heard. I thought I'd go anyhow and get her something, but when I opened the inner door there came a little tapping on the outer one, and there stood Mrs. Tipton with a covered tray, as steady a light in those brown eyes of hers as though we'd sent for her in the most ordinary way.

She walked in without the least explanation or question, set her tray on a stand, and while I locked the door she was beside Miss Chandler, laying hands on her, feeling her forehead with the born nurse's practised touch.

"Should we send for a doctor?" I whispered at her shoulder. But Miss Chandler heard and flamed out at me.

"Are you crazy? I don't need anything but a dose of morphine — and my dinner."

I looked across at Mrs. Tipton and raised my eyebrows inquiringly. She nodded.

"Get it for her, if you know where it is." And when I brought the vial of tablets from the bathroom medicine closet, she took it to the light and read the label, with Miss Chandler fretting at her.

"It's all right. I'm used to it. I take one when I can't sleep."

"You run downstairs and get your own dinner, Mrs. Baird." Mrs. Tipton, having administered the tablet, was deftly spreading out the tray, and I saw from the look on Miss Chandler's face that she was going to eat. "Run along. Julia will give you something. Come back as soon as you're through."

I went then. Coming out of that room was like stepping from one world to another. There were the pleasant, mildly festive sounds of an evening at bridge being arranged. A door at the further end of the hall was open and Miss Creevy called to Mrs. Tutt that she was bringing her new cards. Probably no one knew yet of Miss Chandler's coming, but I dodged down the back stairs so as to have to answer no questions.

In the kitchen Everett and his wife were at their meal, but they got up with that beautiful, smiling readiness that often astonishes me in servants, and brought mine to me in the dining-room. Julia at once agreed to go up and get Boy as soon as she could and put him to bed for me. She would have no trouble. He liked her. The hot food was comforting. I ate with unexpected appetite.

BACK in the room once more, I found Mrs. Tipton had Miss Chandler all straightened up, put into a fresh gown, lying in her bed, and was just finishing braiding her hair.

"I'm glad you were so quick," she chirped composedly. "I'll have to go downstairs for half an hour. Then I'll relieve you." She packed her tray of emptied dishes deftly. "Did you like those timbales so well?" she cooed to the patient. "I'll have Everett make them for you again."

With her free hand she straightened the edge of Miss Chandler's pillows, then touched my shoulder so that I went with her to the door. There she spoke to me in a lowered tone as I was letting her out.

"Don't let her take another of the tablets. A quarter grain is all she ought to have. Keep her as quiet as you can. If she gets started talking the morphine will stimulate instead of putting her to sleep. It's better for her not to talk."

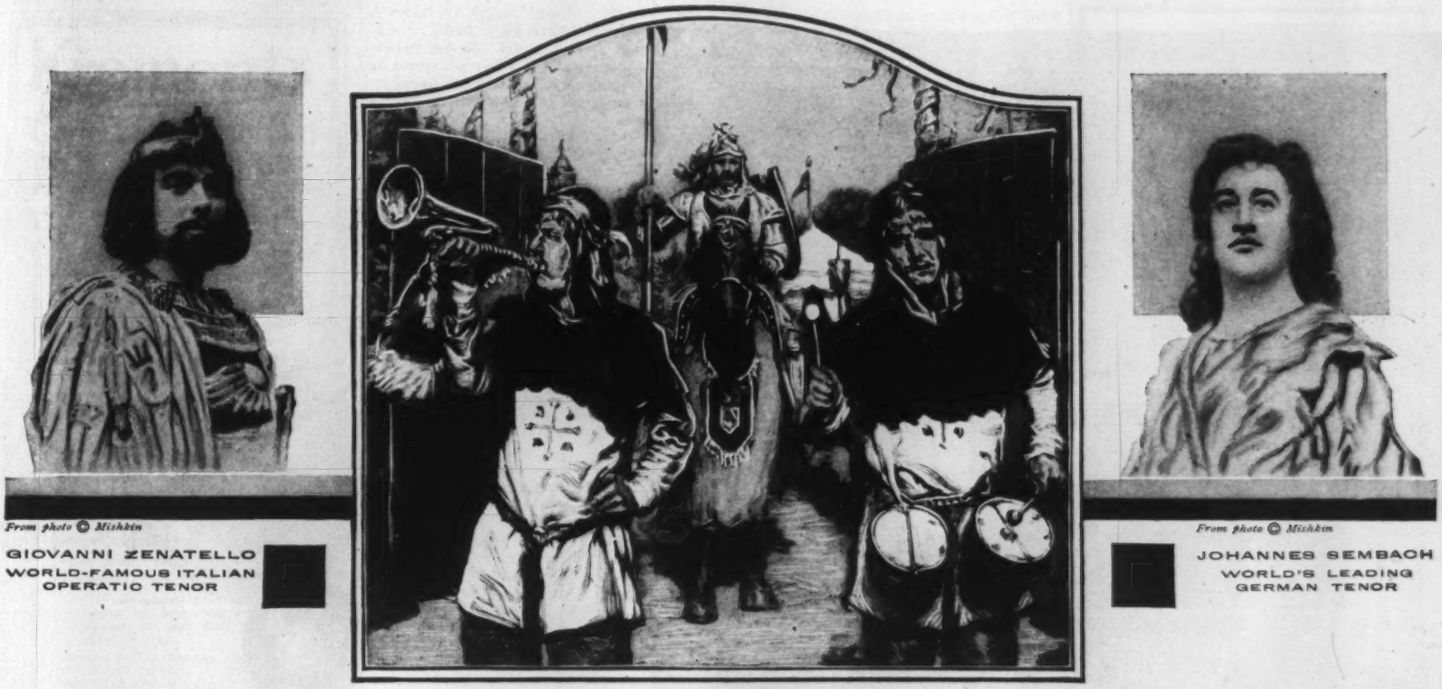
In this Virginia lady's colorless, detached manner there was neither curiosity nor indifference; it was simply and marvelously commonplace. I went back and sat down by Miss Chandler's bed. The minute we were alone she began to speak, rapidly and strongly, like a talking mechanism wound up to go just so long, a thing that couldn't be stopped except by violence.

"Callie — listen — Callie! I went on my hands and knees till I got out of that oak thicket. They were ransacking the house for me — I could hear them. I climbed the fence and ran. Up the canyon — their machine was in the road. I stumbled and fell. I fell and rolled. I got into a wood-road and ran and ran. I don't know how far. You can't tell — running in the dark, that way. But I thought I'd gone miles when I heard bells and saw a light. A dog barked. It was a Spanish wood wagon from up in the hills, going across the range to the hotel — so I knew it must be nearly morning."

"Mrs. Tipton said you oughtn't to talk, dear." I drew the covers smooth. "Could you just try to close your eyes now?" The stare of them made my heart ache.

"No. I want to tell you this. I'll sleep afterward. The dog found me. It found me; so I thought I might as well get the boy to take me to the railroad. It couldn't be much risk. He was a stupid Portuguese, with hardly any English. He let me climb up to the high seat beside him; but when we got to the Meagher highway he began slewing his horses to go north. That would take us back past the camp. 'Stop,' I said, 'I'll give you a hundred dollars to take me down to the station.'

"He pulled his team back hard. 'Get



From photo © Mishkin

GIOVANNI ZENATELLO
WORLD-FAMOUS ITALIAN
OPERATIC TENOR

From photo © Mishkin

JOHANNES SEMBACH
WORLD'S LEADING
GERMAN TENOR

Ancient Zinke and Nakeres, Forerunners of the Military Band

THE quality you find in great singers' voices, and *only* in voices truly great, is unmistakably, clearly present in their Columbia Double-Disc Records.

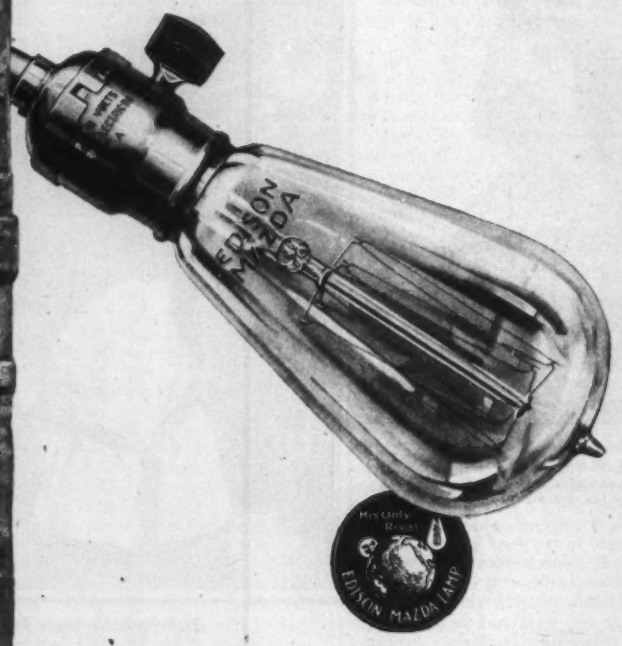
You *appreciate* the power of Sembach's tenor, the fire and force of Zenatello's voice, the charm of Fremstad, Rothier's strength, Graveure's *bravura* and Seagle's appeal, when you hear these artists' Columbia Records.

Hearing the world's best and foremost artists on Columbia Double-Disc Records is as much a musical education as hearing their actual voices from the stage: for Columbia Records are revelations of the artist's greatness and genius.

Columbia Records TRADE MARK Note the Notes

New Columbia Records on sale the 20th of every month

Columbia
Double-Disc Records



The Lamp that makes the MOST of all that lies behind the socket

Do you realize what lies back of the socket on your wall?—what is out beyond that pathway of wires which brings the current to give you LIGHT?

Out there is the universe of electrical activity and achievement. Your lighting company with its whirring dynamos generates the current and distributes it; the *railway*, the *factory*, the *mine*, the *shop*, each by its *use*, contributes to electricity's rapid development.

Behind all these in turn are the extensive plants and research laboratories of the General Electric Company where the problems of science are solved, that better and better service may be given you and all other users of electricity.

Today there is concentrated in the MAZDA lamp *all* that the General Electric Company knows about things electrical.

EDISON MAZDA Lamps give three times the light of old-style carbon lamps. They enable you to light three times as many rooms, or light your present rooms three times as brightly for the same current cost.

You get the greatest amount of light and the greatest amount of saving when you put an EDISON MAZDA in every socket in every room.

EDISON LAMP WORKS
of General Electric Company
General Offices Harrison, N. J.

6377

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
Made in U.S.A. and backed by MAZDA Service

Krementz

Correct Jewelry for Men

ONE decided advantage in selecting Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Plate Jewelry is this:

Krementz & Company are the largest manufacturers of fine jewelry in the world, and as such, they naturally have in their studios craftsmen of the greatest skill and artists of the most fertile imaginations. But the fact that concerns you, is that the men who design their most expensive solid gold and platinum jewelry also design Krementz 14 Kt. Rolled Gold Plate Jewelry.

This makes it necessary to distinguish Krementz Plate from solid gold jewelry by stamping the name "Krementz Plate" on the back of each piece.

Your dealer sells it under this guarantee:

"If damaged from any cause at any time any dealer (or we) will replace it free."

Our new booklet illustrates hundreds of new designs and has a complete dress chart telling what to wear for all occasions. A postal will bring you a copy.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
57 Chestnut St., Newark, N. J.

25c. each
Made with one piece bean and post $2.00 a pair
Loose Links, $2.50 a pair
Tie Clips, $1.00 each
Eyes in a needle
Evening Jewelry
(3) studs (4) vest buttons
links to match, set $6.50
Studs and links, $3.50
Holds like an anchor
Up-to-date dealers, with the convenience of their customers ever in mind display their Krementz Jewelry in a Krementz case, enabling you to see at a glance a wide variety of stylish designs.

down off my wagon,' he said. He was afraid of me. I had to get down — he would have shoved me off. While his four horses were all across the road and I was trying to argue, we heard the sound of a machine, and then a roadster came around the turn, its light full on me!

"I thought the end had come, yet the moment the man driving the car spoke and asked, 'Is anything the matter? Have you had an accident, Madam?' I knew he wasn't one of the detectives. The Portuguese wagon-driver would have been the safe one, if I could have got him to take me to the station. He hadn't English enough to tell anything; but he whipped up and left me there face to face with this man in the roadster."

Poor thing. I was glad then she had made me read the paper. She hadn't seen where, on the second page, there was a later dispatch telling how the detectives had rounded up the driver of a wood wagon who admitted that he had carried the mysterious woman some distance and been offered a hundred dollars to take her to the station!

"Callie — have I already told you about this man that gave me the lift in his machine? Did I mention him before? He said he knew you. Called you Mrs. Oliver Baird."

"Yes — yes." There would be neighbors who remembered me. The morphine was loosening Miss Chandler's tongue.

"He was coming from the hotel back there; he'd started at four o'clock so as to make the early train over at Stanleyton. He didn't ask any questions. He would take me to the station with him. I thought the worst of it was over. That was when we talked about you. He hadn't known but you were living at Meagher. I told him you were in San Vicente, in the same house with me. He seemed to have been away a good while and not to remember the roads very well. We saw a lantern and a man down in a cow lot at his milking, and he left me in the motor while he went to inquire."

Somehow I knew what was coming.

"Oliver Baird — that's your husband's name, isn't it?"

I nodded.

"That was the man milking. He came to the fence and held up his lantern and talked. I saw both their faces. He pointed, explaining about the route. I heard, coming on the road above, the racket of a motorcycle, and a car with a Claxon horn. I scrambled out of the car, got through the fence and was in a little shed, burrowing down behind some hay when the men came up — first the one on the motorcycle, then two others, in the car, with Louis, the chauffeur, driving."

Her voice had been strong, rapid, monotonous; now it broke with a kind of shudder and she was silent for a moment, evidently going back over that scene.

"What beasts such men are!" she burst out finally "How they relished their job! How they enjoyed telling of the arrests they'd made and the woman they were after! She was wanted in a white-slave case — as a witness. I had my eye at a chink in the shed wall. It chanced that I could see the face of the gentleman who had brought me in the roadster. I wondered if he'd glance toward his machine in such a way as to make them suspicious. He didn't. He let them do the talking. He kept still while Baird told them he hadn't seen or heard of the party they were after. They didn't trust the silent man. When he came back to the road, they followed. They searched the roadster. They apologized — said the woman might have slipped under the rugs while his back was turned — but when he went on the man on the motorcycle followed him close, while the two others finally went off toward the Meagher station."

She closed her eyes at last. I was edging out of my chair when she opened them and asked:

"Callie — would you mind getting me some water?"

I brought the glass, and she drank, almost smiling as she looked up over the tumbler rim to say:

"Your husband gave me a drink out of one of the milk bottles before daylight this morning. I went down to the railroad in his wagon — on the seat beside him. Isn't that queer?"

Queer! I set the glass back and looked at her, trying to get the grotesque fact through my head that she had been, at dawn this morning, out in the cow lot on the ranch, with Oliver!

"I had to ask him for help," she went on. "He was my last hope. I didn't say I was the woman they were after, and he didn't mention their being after anyone. I had waited in the shed, afraid, till he was through milking, and it was when we were going down the hill that he said, 'Stanleyton and Meagher are both watched,' and offered to take me on to the junction if I'd wait at somebody's store till he came back. 'Not at any house,' I said. I waited in some brushes at the edge of a field while he went on and shipped the milk. I wasn't any too sure he'd come back — but he did."

"Come, now — don't talk any more," I coaxed. "You must go to sleep."

"In a minute," she murmured, and went on feverishly about the miserable slow train at the junction, the hours of waiting, the changing cars, the final securing of a Pullman and being able to pass for a sick woman who had lost her luggage. Mrs. Tipton came back while we were in the thick of it, and put a stop to the talking.

I got up to say good night, and then I had to tell Miss Chandler that I was leaving for Hopfields early next morning, to be gone at least six weeks.

"Well — that's better," she agreed on a sort of falling note. And then: "Poor Callie!"

She threw out a hand and caught mine. For a while she lay and looked at me. There were no apologies or explanations, but I saw how she felt.

She was still holding my fingers, her eyes on mine, detaining me, as Mrs. Tipton went into the bathroom to renew the hot-water bottle "That man that helped me away in his car," she repeated vaguely. "Did I tell you his name?"

"No."

"He gave it to the detectives. It was Stanley — Philip Stanley."

Chapter XVII — Las Palmas Hop Ranch

IT is strange how we agree that the things we can see and hear and touch are real, and call the invisibles that take hold of our feelings imaginary. When Miss Chandler, lying there on the bed in her room, holding my hand for good-by, told me casually that just the night before she had seen Philip — sat beside him, talked to him, spoken my name to him — something somewhere swung open like a door, and the past marched through on me. A door — it was a floodgate! What came in the tide that it let loose threatened to drown out the present.

Since that day of parting in the side yard of his father's house when I felt Philip had definitely put me out and shut the door on me, my struggle had been always to forget, unless I could think of him as of any other childhood friend. When my first frantic rebellion and longing began to die down into the wonted ache that is known as resignation, it seemed that I might accomplish this. And now Miss Chandler, staring at me from the pillow, babbling because the relief and the dose of medicine she had had made her want to talk, told me of some stranger who had been kind to her, adding as an unimportant detail that it was Philip Stanley. And with the knowledge that he had been last night in the road in front of our ranch and got his first word of me from a disgraced fugitive, a woman in her shameful position, the pang that went through me was as disproportionate, as absurd, as the supersensitiveness of the very young girl who would almost rather die than appear at a disadvantage before her sweetheart! Well — I couldn't set out on that sort of thing at this age. Philip had passed, so far as I was concerned, into the region of mystery, one of the things that will never be understood, and therefore never forgotten; yet before he went he had so wrung my heart that mere common sense put me on the defensive against his very memory. Instinctively I got out of Miss Chandler's room and up to Boyce as quickly as I could. Here was one thing right in my life, anyhow. I switched on the lights and stood looking down on him asleep there.

It was a foggy, hot August night; I felt oppressed and queer. I finally went to the window and tried to push it a little wider open. Down yonder in the dark of the back yard was Mr. Dale's bungalow — closed, black, empty. Anything in my life that concerned him was just like that, too — closed, black, empty. I turned back to the lighted room, to Boy in his blue pajamas, made over from the very suit I had seen one night on the sleeping-porch at Harvey Watkins's house. I smoothed the little breast pocket which I had noticed as the cut-and-basted garments lay in Dele's work-basket. Dele had meant well, in her way; and Harvey had meant ill enough in his — and both of them were as completely nothing to me as though they had never existed. On my table, packed up to be left behind, for use when I came back ready to

The student-age

Calls for fitness of body and brain to absorb knowledge as the groundwork of a successful career—

And later, an abundance of vibrating health-energy is needed all along through life.

A most important fundamenal is proper food.

Many years ago, an expert produced a food of delightful flavor and great energizing value, but requiring a minimum of digestive effort.

That food is

Grape-Nuts

Made from choice whole wheat and malted barley, this famous food retains the vital mineral elements of the grain, so essential for balanced nourishment, but lacking in many cereal foods.

From every standpoint—good flavor, rich nourishment, easy digestion, convenience, economy—health from childhood to old age,

"There's a Reason"
***for* Grape-Nuts**

At Grocers
Everywhere

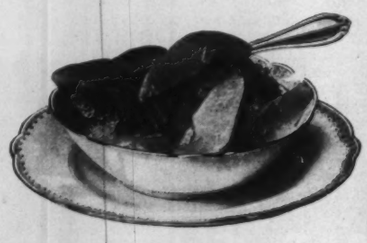
When the Whistle Blows

The healthy toiler who is properly nourished is not trying to see how little he can do for his wages. He drops his work when the whistle blows with the satisfaction and pride of having put in a full day's work. Health for the toiler with hand or brain comes from an easily digested food that is rich in muscle-building, brain-making material.

Shredded Wheat

is the most perfect ration ever devised for men and women who do things, because it contains the greatest amount of body building nutriment in smallest bulk, with the least tax upon the digestive organs. It contains all the body building material in the whole wheat grain, including the bran-coat which is so useful in keeping the alimentary tract clean and healthy. It is the favorite food of the outdoor man and the indoor man.

Two shredded wheat biscuits with milk or cream for breakfast will supply all the nutriment needed for a half day's work or play. Also deliciously nourishing for any meal when served with sliced bananas, baked apples or other fresh or preserved fruits.



Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company, Niagara Falls, N. Y.

try for another job, were some notebooks and office things — stuff I had acquired with my new trade. It might have seemed that they, concerning the future as they did, would have had some substance, some reality; but at that moment they were as dreamy and unreal as the rest.

Boy mumbled a word in his sleep, threw his doubled fists up on the pillow and yawned, squirming away from the light. I stooped and kissed his little open mouth. Tomorrow he and I would be starting out together. I must go to bed and get some rest, like a sensible person.

BOY and I had to get up while all the rest of the house, except the kitchen, was asleep; but there was no trouble with him after I mentioned "the cars." Orma served our breakfast and had a big lunch already put up for us, explaining:

"The Mrs. told me to. She's in bed now, trying to get a little sleep. Said she was up nearly all night — toothache or something. Say, Miss Chandler's home."

I glanced up at her unconscious face; no, she hadn't meant to imply a connection between the two statements.

"Oh, yes," I said, before I thought.

"How'd you know?" Orma looked at me in surprise. "She got in at three o'clock this morning, the Mrs. said."

"I was awake a good deal in the night myself," I evaded.

"'Fraid you'd miss your train." Orma was sympathetic. "I'm always that way. You've got plenty of time. Say, I wish you'd look what's in this morning's *Examiner* ——"

"I saw it in the *Clarion* last night," I put in hastily as she turned to the sideboard where the San Francisco papers lay. From where I sat my eye caught the heavy-faced type — "MANN WHITE SLAVE ——"

"Le's go to cars now." Boyce was fed, ready to play the man's part of hustling everybody along.

It was, "All right, dear; we're off. Good-by, Orma — tell them all good-by again" — and I was relieved to be at last out in the cool, morning street, the poor old Poinsettia with its festering secret behind me, something new and clean — if it was only hop-picking — ahead. I could even share Boyce's enthusiasm for "the cars."

I didn't have to go down to the central station; the little branch line to Corinth may be picked up at several points in San Vicente and its suburbs. We left from the shed three blocks back of the house. I gave Boyce the window seat, and, with most of him waving outside in splendid excitement, while I hung on to the slack of his clothes, we got started. As the little local train joggled along, and stopped at its stations, as I held automatically to the tail of Boyce's blouse, or as automatically answered the occasional questions he turned to shout at me, I began to drift back into old remembrance that was not all of bitterness. I lost track of where I was and woke with a jerk when the conductor demanded my ticket.

Despite the motion of the train, the heat soon began to be oppressive. Our car was full of people going up to pick hops, and of talk about it. They called to one another back and forth, things related to the work, comparing notes of the ranches on which they had picked the year before, or the year before that.

I listened, but asked no questions, and didn't join in the talk at all. What would have been the use? I must go on now; I couldn't go back. If I felt any doubt on the point, I had but to glance forward where in the seat ahead of me they were passing around the *Examiner* that Orma had offered me with my breakfast, enjoying, as people do, the scandalous details of the Boggs-Pendleton case. Oh, no, no, I must get away from San Vicente. Working people always do a great deal of grumbling about a job like hop-picking, I said to myself, and if others could stand it Boy and I could, for a while.

The train stopped; all those who were pickers piled out, Boy and I with the rest. Bundles of bedding were thrown from the baggage-car. It was sweltering. We were sticky, and gritty with dust.

The Hopfields district lies in a valley so broad that the saw-tooth mountains on one side and the far-away buttes on the other make a merely irregular horizon. Between them is a flat, or only slightly rolling country now at the height of its dry season. Corinth, a supply town for the great hop ranches about, had been a village fifty years ago, when they built in the Spanish fashion, of gray stone, with two-story porches that arcaded the sidewalks. Now that the railroad had come in, and the hop business, these few old houses looked out of place among the great square frame store buildings and pretty little bungalows. Corinth was half asleep and half awake; the old part drowsing in the sun, the new elbowing it. Everything looked breathless and parched. This was the rush time of year when the normal village and ranch life was overflowed with a motley, despised tide of seasonal workers. I knew enough about such things to understand the position I was taking in life when I went with the hop-pickers.

There were wagons; one of them backed up to the boards had the name Las Palmas painted on it. It was a good team with a negro driver. Down at the other end of the platform the pickers, noisy and perspiring, were getting their rolls, shouldering them up and tramping away in the heat. There were women and children among them, but I couldn't go like that. I'd see if I couldn't get my stuff taken out in the Las Palmas wagon. I had to leave Boy in the broiling sun with my suit-case while I went to ask. I was at the pile of luggage and thought I'd got sight of my own sack when a familiar voice sang out, "Don't tell me this is the little lady from the Red Leaf Inn?"

It was the name Joe Ed Tipton sometimes gave the Poinsettia, and there was Joe Ed himself, his face peeling with new sunburn, as shabby and irresponsible looking as anyone in sight.

"Oh, Joe Ed," I cried, "it's awfully good to see you! I wonder if you could help me get my stuff out here. I want to see if they'll take it over in the Las Palmas wagon."

"Sure!" he cried promptly, though he looked a bit puzzled. "I'm from Las Palmas myself. I'm captain of that wagon — in to see about some freight. You going up to our ranch? Well, you don't want to do much fooling around in this heat. Let's get into the station, and I'll phone and tell the folks you're here. It's a wonder they wouldn't meet you — they send the car over for guests. You couldn't walk it."

"Wait, Joe," I pulled back as he drew me toward the door. "I don't know the folks at Las Palmas; I'm not a visitor. I came here to pick hops, and I've got to see about my bedding roll."

"Heh — you —" Joe Ed whirled on me in blank amazement — "you're joking." He studied my face.

"No, if there's any joke it's on me," I said. "My outfit is in one of those bundles there. I've come to stay."

He stood a moment in a sort of slacked attitude, hands deep in pockets, while the crowd jostled us. Suddenly he threw up his head with a laugh, demanding:

"Why not? It's all in a lifetime. What would you be doing anyhow but the most unlikely thing in the world? — and getting by with it, too. Gimme your check."

He plunged at the pile of baggage, and discovered mine with a shout.

"If she ain't got the same old outfit we took to the Yosemite! Look who's here, Bice," he spoke to the negro driver. "Here's the little lady that held up our train at Meagher last year."

"Why, how do you do, Bice?" I said. The big black man on the wagon seat turned and touched his straw hat to me, then, looking above the heads of the crowd to where Boy stood by my suit-case, asked, "Won't you and the little gentleman ride over with us?"

"Sure they will," said Joe, who had got the bedding roll into the wagon. As he and I went back down the platform for Boy, he added, jerking his head a little backward toward the wagon and its driver, "I brought the poor old guinea along with me to the ranch to get him away from the booze. I have him on an allowance. He's playing square with me. When he's all straightened up — and things are so I can go home again — I'll present him to mother for a butler. You ought to see him buttle!"

"Joe Ed," I began, a little embarrassed, "you could go home tomorrow — today — any time." I realized with a sinking heart how awfully I'd hate to have him do so. "There's nothing — They — the suit's been dropped."

"It has?" He stopped and looked at me, then down at his shabby clothes, his blackened, scarred hands. "Hello, old timer," he said absently to Boy, picked up my suit-case, then turned and without another word led through the crowd toward the wagon. Bice lifted my son to the seat beside him. We found a fairly comfortable location on the load, I put up my umbrella and we started.

"You'll go back home, won't you?" I asked as we jolted down the road, facing back toward the tail of the wagon, glad to be high enough to be out of some of the dust.

Bon Ami

The correct cleaner for Aluminum—

IF YOU notice the little tags that come attached to new pieces of aluminum ware, you will see that they all warn you not to use coarse scouring soaps and powders on the outsides but to use Bon Ami. (You can scour the *in*sides if you want to, for the inside surfaces are especially hardened.)

With Bon Ami, those shining outside surfaces will keep their original new lustre for years and years. They will always be easy to clean, too, because with Bon Ami there will not be a multitude of scratches to give foothold to dirt.

Bon Ami is also ideal for mirrors, windows, nickel, enamel and white paint.

Bon Ami is recommended on the cleaning directions issued with all the best brands of aluminum ware; for instance:

Wear-Ever	Life-Time	Wagner-Ware
Foster Faultless	Blue Grass	Salzco
Griswold	"Real Solid"	Sweeney - Ware
"1892"	Sterling	Ideal Cookpro
Puritan	Bell	Ware De Luxe
Viko		Kalumen

The Bon Ami Company does not pay any aluminum manufacturers for recommending Bon Ami. They recommend it because Bon Ami is the only cleaner in general use in America which will not scratch polished aluminum.

Made in both Cake and Powder form.

"Hasn't scratch yet!"

ARROW COLLARS

EVEN putting cost aside, nothing has been offered in collars that equals or betters the Arrow for permanency of fit and tie space, for correctness of style, or for length of service.

15 cents each, 6 for 90 cents

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., *Makers*, Troy, N.Y.

"I don't know," Joe Ed said slowly. "Somehow I can't see myself doing any Prodigal Son act." He lowered his tone and spoke under cover of the umbrella and the noises of the wagon. "And here's Bice; he'll be in fine shape by the time picking's over, if I stay by — and I'll have a little something to the good myself."

We left Corinth and soon began driving along beside hop-fields. On and on we went; there seemed to be miles of it, the "rows" making interminable lanes of arbor-like, garlanded green, all pretty and fresh-looking in the midst of the golden-tan California summer landscape. As our wagon came opposite each opening, we would glimpse pickers down that row, just dabs of moving color; bending backs of those who worked low, lifted arms of the ones who pulled down the upper hops. At the near end of a row there was a woman in a gay head-handkerchief kneeling by a great open sack, with two little girls helping her strip hops into it from a green pile of vines beside them.

"Boy, are you seeing this?" I called. "That's the way we'll work."

"Harmon ranch," Joe Ed waved a hand. "Las Palmas hops don't come down to the road on this side."

It was a long hot ride, in the springless wagon. But I could hear Boy, up on the seat beside Bice, having a great time. We were at least better off than those who had to tramp it, whom we passed in little fagged, red-faced, perspiring squads, throwing our dust on them in addition to that which their own feet raised.

AS we finally came to the big lower gate that led in to the camp ground and working portions of Las Palmas ranch we got a view of the ranch house itself further on, with its own private entrance, and the avenue of tall palms that gave the place its name. Over there things were beautifully green and still and shady, the grounds about the big, dignified, secluded brick house handsomely kept up by irrigation. Turning in at the workmen's gate we lost sight of it for a moment, our view cut off by a big frame building with "Las Palmas Store" painted on the weather-boarding above its door in black letters a foot high. There was a smaller building beyond; the office, where I would have to sign up and get my picker's ticket. There were quite a number ahead of me; we saw we might be delayed, so Bice went on with his wagon and Boy went with him.

"Put her stuff down in that vacant place between the Pochin shack and the Monroe tent," Joe Ed gave directions. "We'll be up to look after them."

I signed the books. There was no tent to be had for me, but there would be plenty next morning. As Joe Ed and I toiled up to the camp in the blistering heat, he with an encouraging hand under my elbow made light conversation.

"I see the hotel Van Stack is still running," he indicated a couple of straw-stacks, with some blankets and bedding tossed in against them, that stood off a bit from the track we were following. "Bice and I slept there the first night, along with forty or fifty other extinguished guests."

It was after eleven o'clock. Everybody was in the field. The fifty or sixty shelters — board shacks and tents — scattered hit-or-miss on the top of the slope, the big "bull-pens" as Joe Ed had called them — mere enclosures with flimsy fences of stretched gunny sacks — looked as deserted as a raffle of ill-smelling waste thrown out and bleaching in the sun. Away over yonder we had a glimpse of Bice's wagon moving off toward the drying kilns; Boy and my things were left in the little strip of shade on the north side of one of the shanties.

"Right there's where your tent'll be," Joe Ed told me. "The folks in that house are good people — the Pochins — Polish Jews; a little nutty on the I. W. W. subject — that's all."

"But you know I'm just from a grove of nuts, Joe," I joked back rather feebly.

"That's so," he agreed. "But this has got the old Poinsett skun a mile. Little of everything here. See those Persians?" nodding after a group of dark-faced, turbaned men who had been on the train. "There are Syrians, Hindus, Japanese, Chinese, some Islanders, plenty of Mexicans; we've even got a few Indians, and every kind of European that Noah let out of the ark, as well as Bice and you and me. Ain't she a gay old mix?"

"Yes," I agreed. "I had no idea what it really was like. The worst you can say of it, it's awfully interesting."

"And at that it'll be more interesting the further we get. Yes, ma'am, there's going to be something of a hoo-roosh on Las Palmas ranch before the picking's over."

"What do you mean by a hoo-roosh?" I questioned a bit nervously.

"Strike," explained Joe Ed. "I'm blest if I see how in the old cat they can organize one — got no labor union back of 'em — about forty-seven varieties and languages to work with. The man who could pull it off's a wix. But nervy little Barney Monroe, and Paul Cluett, and some of the others are sure going to buck the proposition."

"Strike!" I echoed, coming to a standstill. "What are they going to strike for?"

"Oh, their rights — and their wronga." Joe Ed pulled a bit at the elbow he held. "Come along. You'll hear all about 'em both this evening. When we're not picking hops, we're holding meetings. You can't keep out of it. You'll be asked to join the I. W. W. before you're five hours older."

"The I. W. W. — what's that?" I had a vague notion that I ought to know.

"'Industrial Workers of the World — the only-or-gan-ization (I quote from our distinguished speakers) that em-braces all laboring people, as sich — folks without trades — see?"

"Muvver, I'm hungry!" Boy hallooed, as we came up.

It was a heavenly relief to get into the shade where he stood. The little house was fast closed, and on its door a square of pasteboard, like the top of a shoe-box, had the name Pochin.

"You'll like Sonya and Vera Pochin," said Joe Ed. "They've got pep. Young and good lookers, both of 'em — and can dance all night. But they'd rather lead a 'Votes for Women' procession in the hot sun like this, or go to one of their I. W. W. meetings."

"Muvver, I'm hungry," Boy repeated without the slightest variation.

"Yes, yes," I hushed him, "we'll eat now, before we go to the field. There's plenty for you, too, Joe Ed. Oh, dear," as I turned my suit-case over sideways and began pulling things out, "I forgot to get condensed milk at the store for Boy!"

Joe Ed straightened up and sighted around, announcing offhand:

"I'll borrow a can for you." Most of the tents and shacks were posted with scrawled notices: "Keep out!" "Let Things Alone!" but he hailed a short, dark man who came plowing at an amazing pace through that fiery heat, up the way we had just traveled. "Hello, Barney! Got a can of milk to lend us? — five-cent size. (Mrs. Baird, Mr. Monroe.) If she opens a ten-center in this heat it'll spoil before she can use it."

"Yep, glad to oblige." The little man didn't halt till he was in the shade of the tent beyond us. There he checked and wiped the streaming sweat from his darkly flushed face. Joe pulled open the camping kit, got a tin bucket and ran over to the well.

The first thing I did when Joe Ed fetched the water was to wet a towel-end and cleanse the dust from our hot, sticky faces and hands. I had the milk in the tin cup, Boy was nudging my elbow thirstily with his, when I glanced over and saw blue flies whirling above the sump hole around the well from which that water had come.

"My goodness!" I said, startled. "I can't let Boy drink that. It ought to be boiled — for a child, anyhow."

"It ought to be boiled for a hog!" flamed out Monroe, mopping his streaming face again. "This in my jug hasn't been boiled, and I've got two kids out there in the field with my wife, that'll have to drink it — glad to get it. We can't afford to buy from that infernal stew-wagon."

"'S all right, Muvver — 's all right. I'm so-o firsty!" Boyce protested. But I lit my lamp stove.

"Can't you work that stew-wagon girl, Barney?" bantered Joe Ed, as he set the water on for me. "I get a drink from her, whether I buy or not."

"No, I can't." Monroe suddenly showed a flash of white teeth. "I've not got your beauty and winning ways." He glanced at my sterilizing operations. "Lady, that may be a pretty bad well over there; but let me tell you, by eight of a morning it and the other one are all pumped out. They stand in line then to fill their jugs, and lose the time from the picking. Better get what you need now."

"They've really got more pickers now than they can properly take care of, haven't they?" I ventured.

"Of course they've got too many folks here!" Monroe looked at me in a sort of helpless fury. "It's what they wanted. Seventy-five cents a week for a tent — there's good money for 'em in that alone."

"But I couldn't get any tent," I objected.

SINCE we started to cook Spaghetti in the Heinz kitchens four years ago the demand for Heinz Spaghetti has increased with such rapidity that it has become a great national dish.

Every family that once tries it will surely make it a regular dish. Ready-cooked, with the delicious Heinz tomato sauce and cheese, it makes an appeal to everyone's appetite. Wholesome, nutritious.

It is to be found in every grocery store.

HEINZ Spaghetti

comes to you ready cooked with Tomato Sauce and Cheese

All Heinz goods sold in Canada are made in Canada

The Old and

The pleasure of listening

The AEOLIAN-VOCALION is the *new* phonograph.

THE wonderful possibilities of the older type—the truly splendid capacity it possessed for reproducing music—form the basis from which the new phonograph has advanced. Only in one respect does it resemble the old—the Aeolian-Vocalion also will automatically play records without personal aid other than adjusting them. But even in this it goes far beyond anything hitherto known to the phonograph.

The Vocalion tone is rounder, deeper, fuller, richer—more interesting and satisfying. In it there is less of the phonograph, more of the natural beauty—more of the subtle character of each voice and instrument.

Yet, that the Vocalion is tonally superior to all other phonographs is not its chief distinction.

As no other phonograph has been, the Aeolian-Vocalion *is a true musical instrument*—an instrument to control, to *play*, an instrument which anyone may use to exercise the natural instinct for musical expression with which everyone is gifted in some degree.

As such, the Aeolian-Vocalion occupies a field by itself; a field infinitely broader and more important than that of the older type of phonograph; infinitely richer in its possibilities for musical enjoyment of the keener, more fascinating and personal kind.

It may not be easy for those who have never made music or helped to make it to fully grasp the intense fascination attending it, or to realize that everyone has sufficient natural musical ability to make its exercise a pleasure. The extraordinary success of the Aeolian-Vocalion, the leading position it has already attained, shows, however, that personal experience brings quick appreciation of these things.

To take the Graduola—the Vocalion tone control—and with slight, instinctive pressure to shade each tone or phrase, to make the music live with your own feeling and thought, is the test decisive. It is the test which without exception gives a broad and instant vision of the inner and greater pleasures of music, brings home the gripping interest of the power of expression in music.

the New

The greater joy of musicianship

It is a highly significant fact that the new phonograph is the product of a house long known as a creator of wonderful musical instruments—the Aeolian Company of New York, London, Paris and Berlin, largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world. The achievements of this concern in originating musical instruments and in developing musical instrument *tone* have made it internationally famous. The Aeolian Company is responsible for such superb productions as the Steinway Pianola, the Duo-Art Pianola, the modern Weber Piano and the Aeolian Pipe Organ—the finest and costliest evolution of this most magnificent of instruments.

The scientific study and advancement of *tone* has been the special work of the Aeolian Company for many years. Seven Royal Appointments from the leading rulers of Europe and a success that make it the dominating factor in the music industry of both the Old World and the New are results in great measure due to its efforts and triumphs in this direction.

Such is the concern responsible for the Aeolian-Vocalion—the *new* phonograph. It is the *one* concern that could bring to bear the full power of both art and science necessary to achieve this final transformation of the phonograph.

■ ■ ■

THE Vocalion offers in physical beauty, in musical quality or in fascinating privilege far more than you have ever thought possible of the phonograph.

Every phonograph owner, every dealer, everyone who cares for music will be interested in this remarkable new instrument. We have ready for you a handsome descriptive Vocalion booklet. It will be mailed promptly upon request together with the address of your nearest Vocalion representative. Address Dept. R-10.

■ ■ ■

Vocalion prices are—$35 to $350 for conventional models. Art styles to $2,000 ($35 to $75 styles without Graduola).

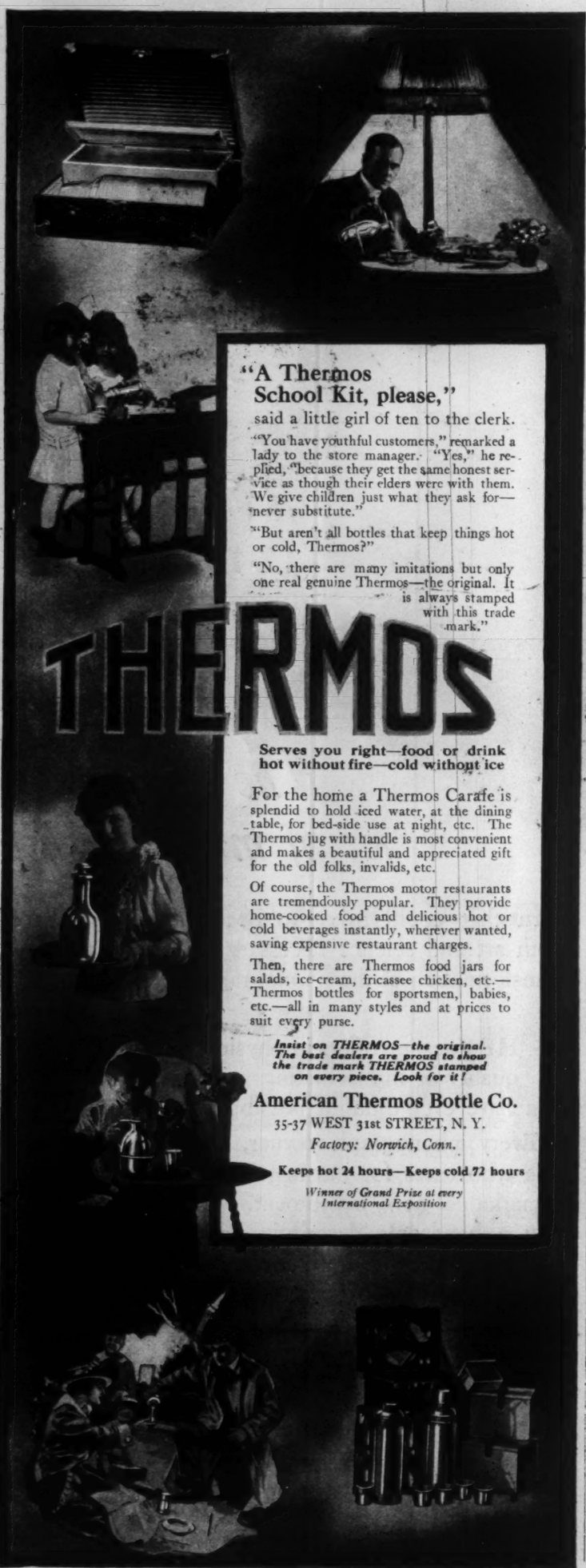
■ ■ ■

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

AEOLIAN HALL, NEW YORK CITY

Makers of the famous Pianola

Largest manufacturers of musical instruments in the world


"A Thermos
School Kit, please,"
said a little girl of ten to the clerk.
"You have youthful customers," remarked a lady to the store manager. "Yes," he replied, "because they get the same honest service as though their elders were with them. We give children just what they ask for—never substitute."
"But aren't all bottles that keep things hot or cold, Thermos?"
"No, there are many imitations but only one real genuine Thermos—the original. It is always stamped with this trade mark."
THERMOS
Serves you right—food or drink hot without fire—cold without ice
For the home a Thermos Carafe is splendid to hold iced water, at the dining table, for bed-side use at night, etc. The Thermos jug with handle is most convenient and makes a beautiful and appreciated gift for the old folks, invalids, etc.
Of course, the Thermos motor restaurants are tremendously popular. They provide home-cooked food and delicious hot or cold beverages instantly, wherever wanted, saving expensive restaurant charges.
Then, there are Thermos food jars for salads, ice-cream, fricassee chicken, etc.—Thermos bottles for sportsmen, babies, etc.—all in many styles and at prices to suit every purse.
Insist on THERMOS—the original. The best dealers are proud to show the trade mark THERMOS stamped on every piece. Look for it!
American Thermos Bottle Co.
35-37 WEST 31st STREET, N. Y.
Factory: Norwich, Conn.
Keeps hot 24 hours—Keeps cold 72 hours
Winner of Grand Prize at every International Exposition

"Don't worry," he said. "The tents will be here. Anything that they sell you at five hundred per cent. profit will be here. They won't let a grocer's delivery wagon on the place; you'll buy from the ranch store what they've got, not what you want. Another thing: the going price for hop-picking in California this year is a dollar a hundred. The check that Las Palmas gives for a hundred pounds of clean hops, you can cash for only ninety cents. They hold back the rest — they say they'll give it to you as a bonus, if you stay the season out. But they see to it that conditions are so bad that you can't stay; there's a stream of people leaving all the time — and leaving behind 'em ten per cent. of the pay they've slaved for. That's the arrangement you put your name to when you signed for your picker's ticket."

He whirled and went steaming away.

Joe Ed and I scarcely looked at each other all through lunch. Boy was the only one who ate his food with appetite — children haven't much sense of smell. When we had eaten, I didn't see anything else to do but go on out to the field.

It was a mile from the camp to the picking. We passed the drying kilns, the stables, a group of small scattered dwellings, some of them pretty little places, white-painted and with front yards full of flowers. These were the dwellings of the permanent employees on Las Palmas. It took a lot of them for the year-round ranch work; they made another class of people, holding themselves very much above the pickers.

We followed a trail through a great stubble-field. Joe Ed was too hot to joke. We had eaten so early that we now passed hundreds of pickers taking their lunch, sitting around in the shade of the rows near the driveway, tired-looking, hot. There was Barney Monroe, with his wife and children — two pretty little black-eyed things. As we came up he made a grim gesture with the tin cup into which he was pouring that water that had not been boiled.

"This is Mrs. Baird that I told you of, Lucy," he said to his wife. "She and the kid are going to be neighbors to us in camp."

I had never thought of finding anybody there that I'd known before, but the Clarks, a poor family that lived in back of the Cronin building on Chico Street, spoke to me as I passed. When somebody called, "Hello, how d'ye do, Mrs. Baird," I wasn't greatly surprised to discover in the big, grimy-faced fellow who spoke, slab of cheese in hand, Rudolph Flegel, old Flegel's son by a first wife. Dolph couldn't get on with his stepmother — just drifted around from orchard to orchard, from packing place to cannery, in the seasons.

"Hello, Rudolph," I said, and was for hurrying forward to our place; but he got up and came blundering along with us, like a friendly stray pup. Joe Ed went a little way down the row to some folks there, Boy at his heels.

"Goin' to pick?" questioned Rudolph eagerly.

I nodded.

"When d'you leave Meagher? Was you there when them swells at the Pendleton camp ——?"

Dolph could eat and talk (after a fashion) at the same time.

"I've been away from Meagher more than a year," I tried to divert him.

"Oh," he looked disappointed. "Well, you seen it in the papers, didn't you? Funny, about that woman — huh? I bet I could 'a' found her for 'em, if I'd 'a' been there. You know she couldn't get away — in her nightgown!"

"Dolph," I interrupted, "I'm in a hurry," and went after Joe Ed and Boy.

The people Joe Ed had stopped beside were the Pochins, a great tribe headed by a meek, stooped, long-bearded old man whom everybody called Father Abraham, and his wife, married sons and daughters with youngsters of their own, the two girls Vera and Sonya, and a whole fry of smaller children, the second and third generation, all open-eyed, clever, high-strung, temperamental looking — public-school products. In spite of sunburn and hard living, the grown daughters were very handsome; Sonya in a thin, fiery fashion, her sister Vera with the broad-browed Madonna beauty. When Joe Ed explained that I was to have a tent next theirs in camp, the little thin old mother at once offered:

"Might you should throw in with us for supper tonight, so you wouldn't be lonesome?"

"Thank you. I'll be glad to," I said. Then we found my row; Joe Ed went on to his and out of my sight.

[*To be continued*]

Next month you will learn of Callie's terrible experiences during her brief stay in Las Palmas, which by the way proves to be owned by Philip Stanley's father. You will also meet Philip again — a very different Philip from the one we remember meeting before. It is an instalment full of excitement and surprises.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S MAGAZINE PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR APRIL 1, 1916.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Arthur S. Moore, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Secretary of the McClure Publications, Inc., publishers of McClure's Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:
Publisher, The McClure Publications, Inc., McClure Building, New York;
Editor, Frederick L. Collins, McClure Building, New York;
Managing Editor, Charles Hanson Towne, McClure Building, New York;
Business Manager, Frederick L. Collins, McClure Building, New York.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of the total amount of stock.)
The McClure Publications, Inc., McClure Building, New York City;
Frederick L. Collins, McClure Building, New York City;
Cameron Mackenzie, McClure Building, New York City;
Arthur S. Moore, McClure Building, New York City;
Horace W. Paine, McClure Building, New York City;
Estate S. H. Moore, 27 Cedar Street, New York City;
Frederic P. Warfield, 185 Madison Avenue, New York City;
Elizabeth Collins, Scarsdale, New York;
Holland S. Duell, Yonkers, New York;
Mabel H. Duell, Yonkers, New York;
Estate E. M. Lupton, Brooklyn, New York;
George Kibbe Turner, Hastings-on-Hudson, New York;
Douglas S. Moore, Cutchogue, Long Island;
Dorothy M. Miller, 15430 Graham Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.
S. S. McClure Co.,* McClure Building, New York City.

(*Stockholders holding 1% or more of total amount of stock—the S. S. McClure Corporation, McClure Building, New York City; S. S. McClure, 205 Broadway, New York City; A. L. Hollingsworth, Boston, Massachusetts; Mary C. Hurd, Galesburg, Illinois; and The McClure Publications, Incorporated, McClure Building, New York City.)

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent. or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

THE McCLURE PUBLICATIONS, Inc.,
ARTHUR S. MOORE, Secretary.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 28th day of March, 1916.

[SEAL] Edwin Brown, Notary Public, Bronx County, No. 31. Bronx Register's No. 710. Certificate filed New York County, No. 21. New York Register's No. 7052.

My commission expires March 30, 1917.

Note.—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

© L. T. Inc.

HOSE of Luxite is a grateful relief from the commonplace, and a warrant against disappointment.

The enticing shimmer and shapeliness, the soft, full-bodied firmness of Hose of Luxite are the true, enduring charm of rich materials, liberally used — pure dyes, fine threads, close stitching. Such hosiery comes back undulled by many laundry days.

Hosiery which gets its lustre through the use of heavy, metal-loaded dyes has an unhealthy, short-lived beauty, and soon disintegrates.

Hose of Luxite

A Pair for Every Purpose at a Price for Every Purse

In Fine Japanese Silk, at 75c, $1.00 and $1.50
the Pair for Women — 50c the Pair for Men

Prices as low as 25c per pair. Made also in Gold-Ray, the new scientific silk, Lusterized Lisle, and Cotton. For men, women and children.

Most good dealers can supply you. If your dealer cannot, we will ship direct to you. Write for list of dealers near you and descriptive booklet.

LUXITE TEXTILES, Inc., 585 Fowler St., Milwaukee, Wis.

New York Chicago San Francisco Liverpool

Makers of High-Grade Hosiery Since 1875

Is Your Watch a Gay Deceiver?

Are you one of the thousands of Americans who year after year carry a deceptive, unreliable watch?

If you are, it's safe to say you don't feel any attachment for your watch.

No man ever conceived a sentimental fondness for a watch that wouldn't keep time.

Yet they carry them. Why do they?

Jewelers do not like to sell cheap watches because it is not even a gamble that they will keep accurate time.

They are of no use in any trade or profession where accuracy of time is an important factor.

Their only market is with those so lacking in orderliness of mind that they will endure constant inaccuracies, or the misguided who pay too little, not knowing that 90% of the value of a good watch movement is *not* material, but the time and skill of the workmen who made and put that material together.

Are You Part of That Cheap Watch Market?

Are you the unfortunate possessor of a watch from whose use you get little satisfaction and from whose ownership you derive no pride?

If so, indulge us for a moment while we tell you about the Hamilton Watch.

The Hamilton Watch is never made with less than 17 jewels.

Railroads will not permit an employee, responsible for the life or safety of passengers, to carry a watch with less than 17 jewels.

On most American railroads every man on a train crew must have his watch inspected periodically and must equip himself with a watch that does not vary over 30 seconds a week. Railroad men naturally choose their watches with care and purpose.

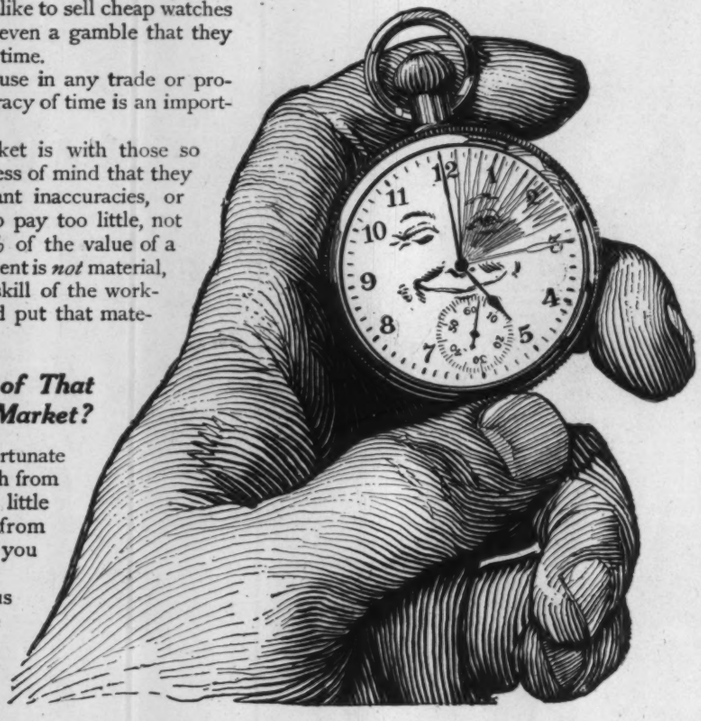
The majority of railroad men carry Hamilton Watches. Their watches keep accurate time.

Now the question is, do you really want a watch that keeps accurate time?

If you do, tell your jeweler so, mention your desire to him casually, some time.

Observe his interest. Jewelers are but human. They do not like to risk losing a customer by telling him what he ought to pay to get a really accurate watch. They know that lots of people are likely to resent what they call "being talked into paying more."

But when a man comes along who has grasped the fact that if he wants a fine, durable watch he must pay the price of a suit of clothes to get it, the jeweler will go to any length to satisfy him, and will cheerfully give much of his time to seeing that the purchaser has his watch properly adjusted to his personal requirements and that it *keeps accurate time.*



When you consult your watch, do you have to guess where the minute hand belongs? Does your watch mock your intelligence with constant inaccuracies?

If you begin to talk accuracy to your jeweler he will begin to talk Hamilton Watch to you.

If, before you see your jeweler, you want a broader familiarity with what makes a fine watch,

Write for Hamilton Watch Book "The Timekeeper"

It has condensed into 36 readable pages the story of what makes a watch worthy of carrying. It shows all Hamilton Models for men and women—from the $12.25 Movement Alone ($13.00 in Canada), or a Movement to fit your present watch case, and cased watches at $25.00, $28.00, $40.00, $50.00, $80.00, and so on, up to $150.00 for the Hamilton Masterpiece in 18k extra heavy gold case. The book will be sent free on request.

Hamilton Watch Company
Dept. F Lancaster, Pennsylvania

Hamilton Watch

"The Watch of Railroad Accuracy"

The Lifted Veil

[*Continued from page 24*]

husky voice, "God bless you, Arthur!" at a moment when her husband's back was turned.

But he walked home in a sort of waking trance. Clorinda Gildersleeve had never been in love before! The information was startling. It brought her nearer to him; it made her almost accessible; it removed the haunting dread he had carried away from each meeting with her that there was something in her experience that made her different from other women—something tragic, or remorseful, or broken-hearted, that put her beyond his reach. She was beyond his reach in any case; he knew that; of course! A woman of her position and freedom — a woman who carried with her an air of charm and wonderment that might have gone with some legendary princess or some heroine of poetic history — would never become the wife of a commonplace working clergyman in a city like New York. But it didn't do away with the fact that he loved her, or make his love one shade less of a glorious, noble, exhilarating thing.

He had never said to himself that he loved her before this minute. He did it as he turned out of Sixty-ninth Street to go down Fifth Avenue, and caught the red-yellow glow thrown up by the city, and resting on it like an aureole. There was a magic in this splendor akin to what he felt within. It was luminous and mighty; it was beautifying, transforming, tremendous; it was the radiance that turns the ugly into loveliness, and broods and soothes and uplifts. It spread itself above spire and tower and cube like incense ascending, like strength coming down. "Every good gift," he quoted to himself, "and every perfect gift, cometh down from the Father of Lights." In the very quotation he reached the conclusion that come what might, and no matter what should be the result, it was for him part of that Highest Possible which he had always made his aim, that he should love Clorinda Gildersleeve.

The Father of Lights! He uttered the exclamation joyously under his breath, as he descended the long slope, with lights flaring before him, above him, and on either side. In long double lines they trailed off into what seemed like the infinite distance of the lower stretches of the city; they twinkled through the trees on his right; they threw out broad shafts from the doorways on his left; they banked themselves in stupendous masses and rows, high up and sky-like, in the hotels and apartment houses south of the Park. It was not like a wonderland; it was like the great heart of the world, the heart of the human race, the heart that is all fire and passion and love, gazing through wide-open eyes, looking out, looking on, while he entered into his heritage. The Father of Lights! Every good gift and every perfect gift came down, could only come down, from Him; so that Bainbridge took his love as a boon.

He dreamed of it that night. In the morning he looked over his cards of invitation to see if he was asked to any houses where he might possibly meet Mrs. Gildersleeve. He went to the Cloudsleys', where a daughter was being brought out; but Clorinda wasn't there, and his day grew sombre. It gave him, however, a feeling that his time had not been wholly thrown away when he had a talk with Miss Higgins over a matter which he deemed of some importance.

He had noticed her almost from the moment of his entrance into the great Cloudsley drawing-room, chiefly because of the way in which she verified Maggie Palliser's description given to him two months earlier. She was standing in a corner, gaunt and grimacing, in spite of a dashing, fashionable hat and a trim, tailor-made suit of gray. His eyes sought her at intervals for the reason that she exercised on him a sort of fascination. He found her at once pitiful in her isolation and sinister in the kind of watchfulness with which her small, cold, smiling eyes roamed about the company. Feeling it his duty to speak to her, if for no other reason than that she was a parishioner, he found himself greeted with the over-emphasis of welcome which his former meetings with her had led him to expect.

And yet when it came to actual conversation he was obliged somewhat to revise his opinions and put aside his antipathies. Indeed, she plunged into a subject that would have interested any clergyman, and Bainbridge more than most, without undue loss of time.

"Oh, Mr. Bainbridge, I've been most anxious to meet you. I want to consult you about a young girl. She's been a little servant of mine — Oh, the tiniest kind of a maid! — and I never have more than one! — my means will not permit of it! — but Pansy was such a sweet little thing, and devoted to me — simply devoted — I never should have suspected her of moral delinquency."

With this as a preamble his interest was assured in such a way that he forgot to keep more than a desultory watch for Clorinda Gildersleeve.

The story was of the kind which never fails to be absorbing, even though he had heard it in varying forms ever since the beginning of his work. Pansy Wilde was the eldest daughter of a poor, respectable widow who went out to work to maintain her five children. The family had become known to Miss Higgins when the father, the janitor of the apartment house in which she lived, had died. After giving occasional help to the mother Miss Higgins had taken Pansy, at the age of fifteen, as a regular member of her establishment. That had been two years earlier, and though in the meantime Pansy's experiences had been such as to preclude further waiting on her patroness, Miss Higgins's interest in the girl had not been relaxed. The trouble was to know what to do, since Pansy had shown a tendency to be a law unto herself.

"And I have to be so careful, in my position, living alone," Miss Higgins explained, modestly. Her eyes fell. "It was — it was a man, you understand — a man — and then poor Pansy had — well, I can only call it by its right name — Pansy had — a child. She's run away from home — and refuses to give her mother the name of the child's father — and I don't know what other dreadful things may not happen to her. If there was only some place where the poor girl could be put — and taught something — that's what I say — taught something. The trouble with our lower classes is that they're so helpless — there are so few things that they can do — even if they're paid for it. And poor little Pansy now — she wasn't bad — not naturally. She was just young and pretty and dissatisfied — unsatisfied, as you might say — and this is New York — and there you are! Oh, Mr. Bainbridge, if you only knew of some place where they'd take her — if we can find out where she is — and if she isn't *too* far gone to be tided over this wilful period in her life. . . ."

BAINBRIDGE found his respect for Miss Higgins increasing, and his suspicions, in so far as they were suspicions, melting away. It was precisely the sort of instance that touched him. Moreover, he knew of just the right institution for Pansy Wilde, if her mother would entrust her to its care. Yes, it was an institution — the world had not outlived that kind of mechanical solicitude yet! — but it was an old foundation for New York, dating, that was, from the eighteenth century, and very well managed and endowed. He himself was a member of the board of directors, of whom there was to be a meeting that very week. In the meantime he would send Miss Merry, the deaconess who worked on such cases for St. Mary Magdalen's, to see the mother and consult with her. After putting down the address in his notebook he took leave of Miss Higgins with a warmth that won her heart, and was due to the fact that he had previously been unjust to her.

He roamed again about the reception rooms, greeting an acquaintance here and there, exchanging a word or two with Mary Galloway, with Maggie Palliser, with Mrs. Endsleigh Jarrott, and nodding to Leslie from a distance. Not till it became evident that Clorinda wouldn't come did he take his departure.

On Tuesday there being no such event he was tempted to call on her, and actually, as the lamps were being lit, strolled by her house; but motives of discretion, of fear of being misinterpreted, kept him from going in. Again that night he dreamed of her, wildly and feverishly, making up his mind that he would call on her next day, however

VOGUE

suggests:

that before you spend a penny on your new clothes, before you even plan your wardrobe, you consult its great Autumn and Winter Fashion Numbers.

© Vogue

***The* FORECAST *of* AUTUMN FASHIONS NUMBER**
(READY NOW)

is the most important of the autumn fashion series. During the next few months, while these numbers are appearing, you will be spending hundreds of dollars for the suits, hats, gowns, and accessories that you select.

The gown you buy and never wear is the really expensive gown. Gloves, boots, hats, that miss being exactly what you want, are the ones that cost more than you can afford. Ask any reader of Vogue, and she will tell you that:

$2 Invested in Vogue
a tiny fraction of your loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown
Will Save You $200

Consider, then, that by the simple act of mailing the coupon below, and at your convenience forwarding $2 (a tiny fraction of your money loss on a single ill-chosen hat or gown) you insure the correctness and economy of nearly a whole year's wardrobe.

Not only will you have before you now—at this important season—Vogue's Great Autumn Fashion Numbers, but you will also have the benefit of Vogue's fashion guidance in selecting your wardrobe all through the Winter and Spring.

Here Are Your 12 Numbers:

Forecast of Autumn Fashions, Sept. 15
The earliest and most authentic forecast of the Winter mode.

Paris Openings Oct. 1
The complete story of the Paris openings, establishing the mode.

Smart Fashions for Limited Incomes Oct. 15
First aid to the fashionable woman of not unlimited means.

Winter Fashions Nov. 1
Showing the mode in its Winter culmination—charming models smart couturiers evolve for their private clientele.

Vanity Number Nov. 15
Those graceful little touches that make the smart woman smart, where to get them and how to use them.

Christmas Gifts Dec. 1
Vogue's solution of the Christmas gift problem. A new idea.

Holiday Number Dec. 15
More gifts and practical ideas for holiday entertaining.

Lingerie Number Jan. 1
Fine linen for personal use and for the household.

Motor and Southern Jan. 15
The new fashions in motor cars and the new wardrobe for the southern season.

Forecast of Spring Fashions Feb. 1
Earliest authentic news of Spring styles. Fully illustrated.

Spring Millinery Feb. 15
Hats, bonnets and toques from the famous milliners of Paris.

Spring Patterns Mar. 1
Working models for your Spring and Summer wardrobe.

***Paris Openings** Mar. 15
(See Special Offer) A full account of the spring Paris openings, establishing the summer mode.

The Vogue gowned woman never follows the fashion; she leads it.

***SPECIAL OFFER**

THE forecast of Autumn Fashions Number of Vogue is now ready. If you mail the coupon and enclose $2 now, we will start your subscription to Vogue with the Forecast Number and send you 12 additional numbers, making in all 13 issues of Vogue.

(OR) If it is more convenient for you to open a charge account with us, send us the coupon now without money. We will start your subscription to Vogue with the Forecast Number and send you 11 additional numbers, making in all 12 numbers of Vogue.

VOGUE, 443 Fourth Avenue, New York City
Send me 13 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Forecast Number, for which I enclose $2 herewith. (OR) Send me 12 numbers of Vogue, beginning with the Forecast Number, and I will remit $2 on receipt of bill Oct. 1st.

Name .....
(Please write very plainly)
Street .....
City .....
State .....
McC10'16

Our Kitchen
Is Equipped With Guns

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are made for you with this unique equipment.

These bubble-like grains, thin, fragile and flaky, are actually shot from guns. And a hundred million steam explosions have occurred in every kernel.

Prof. Anderson's Way

Puffed Grains were invented by a famous food expert—Prof. A. P. Anderson. This process was invented to break up the food cells, and make every atom of the whole grain feed.

So he seals the grains in guns. Then applies an hour of fearful heat. The moisture in the grain—inside of each food cell—is thus changed to steam.

The guns are then shot, and the steam explodes. Each food cell is blasted. The result is the grains as you see them—airy, toasted bubbles—eight times normal size.

And the result is that taste—like toasted nuts—which millions of folks enjoy daily.

Puffed Wheat *Except in Far West* **12c**
Puffed Rice *Except in Far West* **15c**
Corn Puffs—Bubbles of Corn Hearts—15c

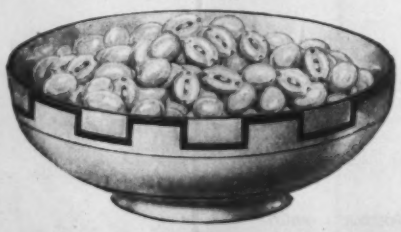
Scientific Dainties

Puffed Wheat means whole wheat made wholly digestible. So with Puffed Rice. Digestion is made complete and easy. Not an element is lost.

You regard them as food confections. You like them with sugar and cream. You mix them with fruit, use them in candy, scatter them over ice cream. You float them in bowls of milk or cream, because they are fascinating.

But the best fact is that every food cell feeds. Every scientific man will recommend them to you.

There are so many uses for such foods as these that you should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.



The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
(1384)

serious the mistake. During the two months he had known her she had so pointedly refrained from asking him to come that to do so required some temerity, and called on him to run a risk. Very well; he would run it. It might be — it was no more on his part than a mad hope which there was nothing, or almost nothing, to justify — but it might be that she wanted to see him so much that she dared not ask him to come.

But on Wednesday morning he remembered the meeting at Maggie Palliser's, which would take place just at the moment when he might expect to find Clorinda at home. His spirits were dashed again, much as those of a boy whose holiday has been postponed. On Thursday his engagements would render it impossible for him to make the call, and this would also be the case on Friday. The week might go by without his seeing her, and so might another week. He wondered why his points of contact with her should be so few, when he could meet almost anyone else at any time he chose. Did she avoid him? He could have brought himself to think so, had it not been for a certain kind of pleasure — a something that was not far removed from joy — she betrayed each time of seeing him.

Gloomily making up his mind to his disappointment he was attempting the second best by going early to his meeting, on the chance of a half-hour with Maggie Palliser. which might be spent in a renewal of confidential talk. Suddenly as he turned from Fifth Avenue into Sixty-ninth Street he felt a kind of inner faintness. At sight of a tall distinguished figure descending from a motor that drew up at Maggie's door he stood stock still. Clorinda spoke to the chauffeur and dismissed him. The machine was already moving eastward along the street, and she was ringing at the door, before Bainbridge could take the few necessary steps and join her.

Not having noticed his approach she turned with a quick, startled flush at sound of his voice. In her eyes, too, there was a misty look of terror which cleared almost before one could notice it, into reassurance and welcome. It was her customary greeting. He could not remember that he had ever come near her without seeing that swift preliminary token of fear, which flashed out as quickly as it flashed in, as her acknowledgment of his presence. It had been so at their first meeting, and continued to be so still. It preceded her smile, and the way she had of holding out her hand — a way that was at once timid and frank, lofty, gracious, and condescending, and yet seemingly half afraid that he might reject it.

"Are you going in to see Maggie?"

He felt that her words were merely on the surface; the realities between them were in their flushes, in their eyes, in obscure emotions for which no language had as yet been coined. He replied mechanically: "I'm going to the meeting."

She started again. "The meeting? What meeting?"

He explained.

"Then I shall not go in." She said so to the footman, who answered her ring. She had come about nothing — just to see Mrs. Palliser and have a cup of tea — but she would return another day.

Bainbridge endeavored to persuade her; they had plenty of time; the meeting would not begin for another half-hour; he himself had come early.

But she began to move away from the door. "No, no; I shall go home — or somewhere else. I shall walk down the avenue. It will do me good. I love walking on these crisp afternoons. That's why I sent away the motor. I meant to walk in any case. Do give my love to Maggie, and say I didn't want to see her about anything important. I was just a little — just a little lonely, and I thought I should like a chat."

With that inclination of the head which he always compared to the bend of a lily on its stalk she was about to leave him when he took his courage in both hands. "Then mayn't I walk a little with you? I'm too early for the meeting, and Maggie will only be bored by having to entertain me. I'd much rather go down the avenue with you — if you'll let me."

"Why, of course — if you like."

Again he knew her words were only surface words. What she really meant was written in the flashing, undecipherable language of her face. That was something to which he had no key. Displeasure was not in it so much as misgiving, and misgiving not so much as a tremulous acquiescence. That this exquisite being, whom he could scarcely approach without a sense of reverence and awe, should give him the permission for which he asked, not carelessly or indifferently, but with something like emotion on her own part, swept him upward into regions such as he had never before dreamt of.

When they were actually side by side, walking toward Fifth Avenue, he found himself with nothing to say. The situation had changed so rapidly that he was at a loss not merely for language, but for thought. And yet outward conditions were so photographed on his faculties as to make the moment memorable. He saw everything, though he seemed to be taking note of nothing. He saw the double rush of motors, swinging from and into the Avenue, twisting before and behind each other, seemingly in danger of collision, but veering off to marvelous escapes. He saw the same stream in the distance, up and down Fifth Avenue itself, continuous, continuous, like a river flowing two ways at once, and giving out a low monotonous rumble. He saw the flare of a red winter sunset at the end of the street, over the trees of the Park — the descent of darkness through the air — the occasional lighting of a lamp. He saw the homing of sparrows to their perches, and heard the warbling twitter that preceded their settling for the night. He saw the pedestrians who went by — a butler smooth-shaven and smug, a lady in rich furs, a nursemaid with three children, a boy with a bundle of packages, another who threw the evening paper into doorways, two smartly dressed girls of the neighborhood, a negro, a tramp. All these impressions registered themselves swiftly and subconsciously during the minutes — it might have been only seconds, though the time seemed long — in which he was without the capacity for speech.

His mind came back actively to Clorinda last of all, for it was only last of all that he dared again to look at her. She wore the same brown velvet, with the same brown plumes shading into green, as on the day when she had confronted him in the lift. The muff was of sable, while a broad sable stole, of which an end was thrown over her left shoulder, emphasized the slender distinction of her figure as she walked. As she walked, too, there were glimpses of green, where the lining of the coat was flung outwards.

IT was she who spoke first, doing so before they reached Fifth Avenue. "What sort of meeting are you going to have? Something connected with your church?"

It relieved what he felt as the almost unbearable tension in his heart to be able to answer a commonplace question in a commonplace way. It was nothing connected with the church, though it was something philanthropic. The meeting was to be at Maggie's because most of the directors lived in that neighborhood, and her house was a well-known headquarters of good works.

"What sort of good works is this?"

He continued to explain. In the late seventeen hundreds some worthy citizens of New York had founded a home for incorrigible girls, and attached to it a piece of property at that time of small value, but now in the heart of the city. Its rental was sufficient to take care of the thirty girls, to which number at any one time they were limited, in such a way that they could be taught to earn a living, to respect themselves, and come out at the end of two or three years as useful members of the community. Some of them went back to an irregular life; but about eighty per cent. remained true to the training they had received, generally marrying and settling down.

"Poor things! And what makes them go wrong in the first place? Is it that they —" she seemed to find some difficulty in formulating her question — "is it that they fall in love?"

"Not generally — not often. Love, as a matter of fact, has very little to do with it. They're too young, as a rule, to know anything about it, beyond some sort of vague romantic dream."

She walked on, without looking at him. "Then what is it?"

"Bad homes — bad parents — bad examples — loneliness often — poverty always ——"

"So that it isn't really their fault."

"Not primarily. It is their fault in the second place, since you can't take responsibility away from any human individual; and yet ——"

"And yet you can't blame them much, can you?"

"I don't believe we think about the blame. We're too busy finding the cure to

What are these great singers doing?

ZENATELLO
Great Lyric Tenor of the Boston Opera, recently knighted by the King of Italy

MARIE RAPPOLD
Famed Soprano of the Metropolitan Opera

CHRISTINE MILLER
Celebrated Concert Contralto

They are not listening to their records

In talking machine advertisements it is quite common to show pictures of artists *listening* to their talking machine records. The great artists whose portraits you see on this page are doing an entirely different thing.

They are *singing* in direct comparison with Edison's Re-Creation of their voices by his new invention

The NEW EDISON

This is the acid test which Thomas A. Edison invited for the purpose of determining whether he had achieved his ambition to re-create music so perfectly that the keenest ears could not distinguish the Re-Creation from the original. The music critics of over two hundred of America's greatest newspapers have heard these comparisons (exactly as shown on this page) and have fully conceded in the columns of their papers that the New Edison re-creates music with such literal fidelity that it is impossible to distinguish the Re-Creations from the singers' voices.

None But Edison Will Submit to this Test

Do you know of any talking machine manufacturer who has invited great artists to sing publicly in direct comparison with his talking machine reproduction of their voices and has defied trained ears to distinguish a difference? There is no such case on record.

The New Edison is not a talking machine. It is the world's most wonderful instrument; an instrument which brings into your home the living personality of every great artist; an instrument which literally re-creates all forms of music.

Watch your local papers. They will contain the announcement of a dealer licensed by Mr. Edison to sell this new invention. Go to him and investigate The New Edison. Write us for the brochure "Music's Re-Creation," and the booklet, "What the Critics Say."

THOMAS A. EDISON, INC., Dept. 1027, Orange, N. J.

URLUS
Of the Metropolitan Opera the World's greatest Wagnerian Tenor

ANNA CASE
The Miracle Girl of the Metropolitan Opera

ELIZABETH SPENCER
A Favorite Soprano

The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.

EUGENE CHRISTIAN

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the cooperation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90 per cent of all sickness is traceable to the digestive tract.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and the brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 39 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103 per cent during the past few years!

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every-day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds under weight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50 per cent efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds over weight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decompositon—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Dept. 1010, 460 Fourth Ave., New York city. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit $3.00, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY, Dept. 1010, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days after receipt or send you $3.

Name..... City.....

Address..... State.....

dwell on the way the patients have caught the disease."

"And what cure do you find?"

"One cure is work. It often happens that girls go wrong from sheer lack of anything to do in which they can take an interest. Once you've given them intelligent occupation it's astonishing what a change comes over some of them."

The warmth with which she spoke took him by surprise. "I don't see that it's astonishing. If you only knew what it is *not* to have intelligent occupation——"

He was moved to ask: "Do you?"

She shot him a sidewise glance in answering. "I've never had it and I hardly expect to have it — now."

"Why do you emphasize the now?"

"Because if I ever had any such hope you've taken it away."

"*I?*" The knowledge that he counted for anything in her life brought an element of joy into his amazement.

"I had thought I might do something," she declared, in a tone of reproach, "'till you told me I couldn't."

"Told you you couldn't? When?"

"That evening at dinner, at Maggie's. You said that till one had done impossible things for oneself one couldn't do anything for anyone else."

"Did I say impossible things?"

"They're impossible to me."

"How do you know, if you haven't tried them?"

"I have tried them. It's the bringing every thought into captivity — that's the expression, isn't it?"

"Did I ever tell *you* to do that?"

In some confusion she stopped short before a flower-shop near the corner of Fifty-ninth Street. "How beautiful!" she said, rather tremblingly. "Things are already brightening up for Christmas. It seems terrible for us to be enjoying ourselves, doesn't it, when there's so much misery in the trenches?" The digression enabled her to regain the necessary tone, as they walked on again. "If you haven't said it in so many words it's what I've inferred. I've heard you preach a good many times——"

He accepted the explanation. "Even so, it's not anything that can be accomplished easily or all at once. It's a life work."

Having to run counter to the up-current of the city's life they were separated for a minute or two, which gave her time to think over these words. When they had again come together she turned on him suddenly with a fierceness which he had only suspected as an element in her character. "How should you feel if the most serious thing you ever had to think about was dress?"

He laughed. "I suppose I should feel like a man who has neither legs nor arms; but that can't be your situation."

"It is — almost."

"Oh, but only — almost. That lets you out, doesn't it?"

"No, because —" She hesitated long, pausing again before a convenient bookshop in a way that made him also pause. He noticed that, for the first time since he had known her, her eyes which were darker than hazel and deep with a baffling profundity, looked straight into his own. He knew she wanted to tell him something, to make a confession; but he knew, too, that she would make it only in suggestion, leaving him to draw his own conclusions. "No," she repeated, "because the only serious thing I have to think about I don't think about any more . . . I shut my mind to it . . . It's no use . . . I've thought about it so much — and so helplessly — and always round and round in a circle, that now . . . At least," she went on, in another tone, "it would be *quite* useless — my thinking about it — if it weren't for — weren't for — some of the things you said."

Before he could group these broken phrases together, or bring out of them anything like coherent sense, she had hastened on again in such a way that the crowd divided them once more.

Though there were but a few paces between them he made no effort to rejoin her till he had pondered on what she had said. The inference was plain. It was what he had suspected. Maggie Palliser was wrong in saying Clorinda had never been in love. She had been in love — and unhappily. That was what he had seen in her from the first; it was the something heart-broken, the secret, which was not quite a secret, she had been trying to conceal. And yet the truth had scarcely come home to him before he found himself tingling in every nerve at the discovery that she wanted him to know it.

He had allowed her to keep a step or two in advance of him, while a flying wedge of pedestrians intervened between them. She walked so swiftly as to give the impression of a person in flight. She might have been trying to run away from him, or from something in her thought. When he was again beside her, she spoke rapidly, and without looking round.

"I wonder if you have any idea as to what I mean?"

"I can guess," he returned, quietly. He felt himself privileged to add: "I rather think I saw it from the first."

She seemed to quicken her pace. "I thought you did. From that very night at Maggie's I was sure you could see right through me." Before he could take these words up in any way, she added, breathlessly: "I'm glad. It's the more kind of you to treat me as you have. I — I shall never forget it."

He allowed himself to say, as if speaking casually: "It's been the most wonderful thing in my life to know you at all."

She gave no indication of having heard these words, going on to say, with the rapidity of subdued excitement: "But I've lived through it now. I've lived some of it down . . . not all of it . . some of it only . . . and if you could go on helping me. . . ."

"If I've helped you in any way——"

"You've helped me in more ways than you can know anything about; and now if I could only *do* something . . . get out of myself. . . ."

"Well, you shall."

"These poor girls, for example. . . . Don't you see? . . . If I could do anything for them . . . however little. . . ."

He thought it tactful to follow the lead with which she glided away from her own deeper experience to something in the nature of a consequence. "How should you like to come and see them? You might be interested."

"Oh, if I might!"

"It isn't that they're on show, or anything of that kind." He reflected for a few seconds before making his next suggestion. "I go to talk to them every few weeks. Perhaps you might care to come then. Maggie is sometimes there, or one or another of the women directors; and they have a sort of tea with the girls afterwards, for the purpose of getting to know them. They'll probably be afraid of you at first——"

"Not half as much as I shall be afraid of them."

"But you'll get used to each other; and then you'll see how slight is the difference between them and oneself."

"Oh, but I see that now," she exclaimed, with what was almost fervor. "I'm ready—ready to learn from them."

"One does learn from them — at least I do. They're very touching, in their way, with an innocence that persists in spite of everything. You see, they're all under twenty; and just at present the oldest is not more than nineteen."

SO they passed from the personal topic to the more general; and after crossing Forty-second Street they scarcely spoke at all. At Thirty-ninth Street they turned toward Madison Avenue, stopping before one of the smaller houses on the slope of Murray Hill. As it was nearly dark by this time the outer vestibule, into which they could see through a glass door protected by a wrought-iron grille, was lighted up. It was a white vestibule that seemed the more spotless because of the strip of red carpet running up the steps, and the two pointed box-trees in tubs in the corners. Bainbridge had often, as he went by, looked at it enviously. It seemed a fitting threshold to mark the home of one so exquisite, so simple, so fastidious, so pure, so much the soul in search of the higher things while remaining a woman of the world. At the same time it was like a barrier which he had still to pass. Others went in and out over it for whom it had no meaning. For him it *had* a meaning; perhaps it had a meaning, too, for her. He guessed this when in bidding him good-by she said: "I can't ask you to come in, because you'll be late for your meeting. I'm afraid you'll be late as it is,"—and yet refrained from asking him to come on any subsequent occasion.

"But it can't be because she doesn't want me," he declared, to himself, as he called a taxi to take him back to Sixty-ninth Street. He added, with that thumping of the heart which gave him again a feeling of inner faintness: "It's because she does."

Who's Your Tailor?

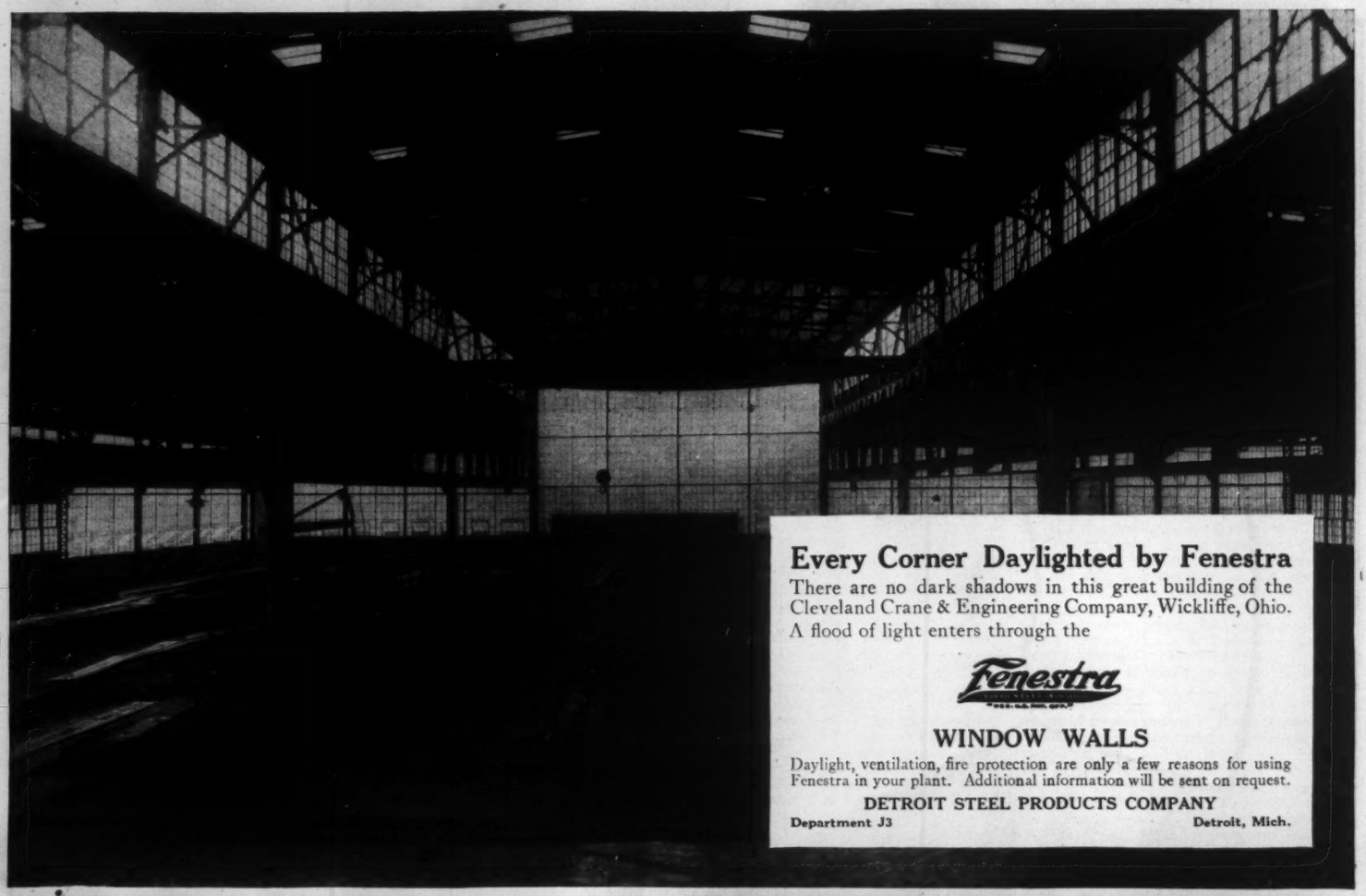
You'll get the individual expression of your own ideas about a Suit and Overcoat—the right combination of comfort, style and service—with all the advantages of high-grade tailorship and exclusive woolens if you'll have our dealer in your city send us your measure—*Today*.

You can duplicate a suit price any place but a PRICE SUIT only one place

Price Building — E. V. Price & Co. — Chicago U.S.A.

Largest tailors in the world of GOOD made-to-order clothes

If you don't know who our dealer is, write us for his name and address



Every Corner Daylighted by Fenestra

There are no dark shadows in this great building of the Cleveland Crane & Engineering Company, Wickliffe, Ohio. A flood of light enters through the

Fenestra

WINDOW WALLS

Daylight, ventilation, fire protection are only a few reasons for using Fenestra in your plant. Additional information will be sent on request.

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY

Department J3 Detroit, Mich.

Goodness, man! I hardly recognized you—I never saw you looking so well—been away?

"No sirree! I've been as hard at it as ever, but I take what I call my concentrated vacation, golf, rest cure and exercise with every meal and before I go to bed." "Give me the recipe — or is it a prescription?" "No—it's a liquid-food-tonic. As you know, my Doctor ordered a complete rest—when I showed him *that* was impossible he said

ANHEUSER-BUSCH'S

Malt-Nutrine

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. TRADE MARK

Liquid-Food-Tonic

An aid to digestion—a nourishing, strengthening tonic. Taken before retiring, an aid to sound sleep. Recommended for the overworked, the anæmic and the undernourished." Don't let anyone tell you there's something as good. There *are* some cheaper preparations—calling themselves malt preparations—they are *beverages*, not tonics. Malt-Nutrine is rich in malt—that's what makes it cost more than imitations and what gives it its value to you. Insist.

All Druggists—Most Grocers

Malt-Nutrine declared by U. S. Internal Revenue Department to be a pure malt product, not an alcoholic beverage Contains 14.50 per cent malt solids--1.9 per cent alcohol.

Interesting Booklet on Request

Anheuser-Busch, St. Louis, U. S. A.

Charming Style With Double Durability

© H H. Co.

SIXTEEN years ago mothers expected to darn about one day a week. But along came Holeproof and set up a new-day standard. It exposed darning to be needless drudgery, and it forced improvements in other brands of hose. Still no other maker has ever equaled Holeproof's double durability. Millions of pairs and thousands of voluntary letters from all classes of wearers prove that.

Holeproof Hosiery

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Some styles are knit of superfine Japanese silk; others of fine-spun Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarns, lusterized by our exclusive process. This adds strength and lasting beauty.

Men's, 25c Per Pair and Up
Women's and Children's, 35c and Up

Any obliging dealer will supply you. We ship direct, charges paid, if he fails to do so. Write for booklet FREE.

The genuine has this mark. Look for it.

HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., Milwaukee, Wis.
London, Canada (839) Liverpool, England

EARLY on an afternoon in the week before Christmas Bainbridge was returning from a business visit to Philadelphia. In the parlor-car he was almost alone, except for two or three people who sat with their backs to him at the distant end. Tired, idle, and happy in his dreams he felt at liberty to be undignified. He lounged, therefore, in his armchair, and occasionally closed his eyes. To make himself more comfortable he pulled round the revolving-chair in front of him, in order to rest a foot on it, while he tried to doze. On the seat there lay a paper which a passenger had left behind him on getting out at Trenton.

It was a journal which Bainbridge recognized at once for the reason that it might almost be called a national institution. It could be purchased anywhere between Miami and Seattle or Bangor and Los Angeles. In all parts of Europe where Americans congregate it was also to be found, bringing the exile into intimate personal touch with his compatriots at home.

Once a week it appeared in New York, and was of a moral and elevating character sustained with a great big manly heartiness. Its aim was briefly indicated by the motto on its title-page: *The whole truth, and nothing but the truth,* to which it adhered as strictly as, in a world where truth is such an elusive quality, could have been expected. Its style was bluff and trenchant, and at the same time confidential. It could be as light as a feather in its persiflage, and as fierce as Jeremiah in its castigations. It had a way, too, of taking the reader to its heart, and giving him that sense of self-importance which the fledgling gets when the man-about-town sits beside him in the smoking-room and tells him piquant anecdotes. By talking to you familiarly of other people's sins it brought your own virtues into prominence, while assuring you that within its columns you were — sin or no sin! — in very select company. No organ could have been more characteristic of a democratic country, since by its means the veriest outsider could feel, as the English like to put it, "in the know." Being in the know meant being in the secrets of wealthy or distinguished persons, whose hearts, for a multiplicity of reasons, might be otherwise shut against you. The same useful gift that enabled the prophet to tell the King of Israel what the King of Syria whispered in his bedchamber made it possible for this particular periodical to keep a passionately interested public informed of flirtations, escapades, and scandals quite as soon as the principals themselves knew they were involved in them. The interval between the crime and the chronicle was scarcely longer than that between the lightning and the thunder, if it was as long. Indeed, there had been instances when the chronicle had come before the crime, making the prophetic analogy even more exact.

It was not often that Bainbridge scanned these paragraphs, but he did it now, not from interest in their contents so much as from ennui and a vague contemptuous amusement. He was still turning the pages listlessly, and with an inward smile, when his attention was attracted by a name. It was a name which at first merely danced before him, without context or coherence with the lines in which it occurred. He required a few seconds to get his eyes focussed and his faculties into play, so as to read with comprehension.

"I am sorry to hear that all is not well between the Leslie Pallisers, which is no more than those of us who have known Maggie for most of her five-and-thirty years have been expecting. That she shouldn't always be able to tie the decorative Leslie to her apron-strings anyone with the social instinct might have been able to foretell. I saw them at the Cloudsleys, on the day when poor plain little Edith made her bow to the world, and a husband more bored or a wife more suspicious it has never been my lot to contemplate. It is a pity, I think, that married people should air their jealousies in public; but then Maggie always had a temper. Now, too, that a certain interesting, dark-eyed woman is again in New York we may look for dramatic surprises."

Bainbridge read this composition, first with amazement, then with incredulity, and last of all with horror. His sense of outrage was limited to the fact that anything so crudely and so cruelly audacious should find a place in a print that could be called American. There was no reason in it, nothing to justify so gross a violation of ordinary decency. Since it dealt with those who were dear to him he treated it as something new. It was like a new crime — a crime against the liberties ensured by the protection of the Stars and Stripes. He forgot that it was a crime committed with impunity as long as he could remember. The sheet he held in his hand had been doing this very thing since before he had gone to Harvard, before he had gone to school. Even to himself, with his ready instinct to fall back on the privileges of the private individual, its offence was not in the paragraph in the abstract, but in its attack on people whom he knew. In the case of people whom he didn't know he would have allowed, with American indifference to the common weal, malignancy to go unrebuked, either mentally or in act.

His chief misgiving was as to the amount of circulation such slanders could receive. That it would be wide he had no doubt. That among Leslie's and Maggie's extensive acquaintance there would be few who would not believe them to be at variance before the week was out was all too probable. That Maggie, were she to hear of it, would be bitterly angry with Leslie, whether he was to blame or not, was the result he held least in dread. What he feared was her own humiliation. Whether true or false these statements would wound her to the quick. Proud and high-handed, but quiveringly sensitive where Leslie was concerned, she would not get over the effect for years. She might never get over it at all.

Before nightfall he had an opportunity to test his apprehensions. As it was his duty to report to Dr. Galloway what had happened in Philadelphia he called at the rectory immediately on returning to New York. The rector was not at home; but Mrs. and Miss Galloway were in the drawing-room knitting for the Red Cross. Gifts at St. Mary Magdalen's being lavished on the church rather than on the rectory the room was worn without being shabby, while there had been little or no attempt to harmonize colors and styles according to the modern taste in furnishing. It was cheerful, however, with a fire on the hearth, and a soft bright spot thrown out by an electric lamp through a vellum shade painted in fruits and flowers.

IT was not difficult for Bainbridge to introduce the subject on his mind, to which Mrs. Galloway responded in a deep contralto that was almost bass:

"I don't allow such stuff to lie about. My own copy never leaves my room, through fear of its falling into the hands of the servants."

A dimpling, dumpling little bundle of a woman, her former prettiness was scarcely marred by an eyelid that drooped lower than its fellow, and a mole with a tuft of hair at a corner of the upper lip.

"Oh, as to the servants," Miss Galloway replied, "they've generally a copy of their own. I often see it when I go to the kitchen."

Bainbridge felt his fears confirmed. "I was afraid it was rather widely read."

"It's a sin and a shame," came with mock severity from Mrs. Galloway. "People ought to boycott the thing. Then they'd stop printing it."

"Why don't you do that yourself, mother?"

"What would be the use of my doing it when other people wouldn't?"

"You'd be one reader the less."

"I shouldn't care anything about that." She turned toward Bainbridge with a coquettish, wayward toss of the head. She was accustomed to being the centre of the room. "What are you going to do with a woman like me? I simply won't and can't and shan't reform. I'm a stone around my husband's neck, and a shocking example to my daughter. But what can anyone do?"

Mary Galloway smiled gently and distantly, her eyes on her needles. "They can only allow you to be a privileged character, mother dear." She leaned forward to examine her parent's work. "Oh, what are you doing? You're not purling already!" she exclaimed.

Mrs. Galloway laughed with an irresponsibility that seemed to come from tipsiness because of the droop of her eyelid. "I got tired of that everlasting knitting stitch. I thought I'd do something different."

The daughter took the work into her own hands. "It will all have to come out, right down to there."

During the task of readjustment to which Mrs. Galloway submitted her work without protest, chuckling like a naughty child, Bainbridge had time to notice the change that had come over the girl during the past month or two. She had grown thin; she looked tired. Some of her pretty color had wasted away, and her eyes, in which there

DO YOURS LOOK LIKE THESE?

Brown-faced, vigorous, healthy youngsters—sickness never troubles them.

Do yours look like these?

Or does constipation, the chief foe to a healthy childhood, handicap them and make them the prey of the many ills that less sturdy little folk are heir to?

NUJOL is particularly valuable for relieving constipation in children, as well as in grown-ups because it doesn't upset the stomach, cause diarrhoea or form a habit. It acts as a simple internal lubricant, encouraging and facilitating the natural activity of the bowels.

Your druggist has NUJOL. Avoid substitutes and imitations. Sold in pint bottles only.

Dept. 5

STANDARD OIL COMPANY
(New Jersey)

Bayonne New Jersey

Send for booklet, "THE RATIONAL TREATMENT OF CONSTIPATION." Write your name and address plainly below.

Name..... Address..... City..... State.....

Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy

© Hearst's Magazine

"No human being ever has a future unless he or she had a past—and the severer the past the more splendid the future."

Brent put into words her own inarticulate thoughts. God himself only knew what she had been through. But she held her head high. Never once had she surrendered her soul to the despoiler. Proven was her right to a career high above the common lot.

This was *her* day. Not for a moment had she allowed herself to doubt that it would come. Here lay her opportunity. Brent, eminent playwright, successful producer, man of the world, understood her; saw in her eyes the expression that meant so much of bitter experience, cruel hardship and suffering. He recognized possibilities in her far beyond the ordinary theatrical material. In

"The Story of Susan Lenox, Her Fall *and Rise*" by David Graham Phillips

this marks the beginning of the upward path. Susan Lenox rises into the white light of success, wins the comradeship of great men and women. You will want to read and profit by this second chapter in the life of Susan Lenox. It is a story of poignant feeling, firm resolve, supreme courage; a strong noble woman reaching her high destination gloriously.

Start "The Story of Susan Lenox, Her *Rise*" today. It is but one of the many big features that throng every issue of Hearst's, among which are such fine novels as "Marion, the Story of an Artist's Model" by the author of "Me", Rex Beach's "Rainbow's End", and "The Castaways" by W. W. Jacobs. Brilliant stories and superb illustrations by Robert W. Chambers, Penrhyn Stanlaws, E. Phillips Oppenheim, James Montgomery Flagg, George Randolph Chester, Howard Chandler Christy, Larry Evans, A. B. Wenzell, Melville Davisson Post, Henry C. Rowland, Clarence F. Underwood, "Buffalo Bill", etc.

Hearst's—10 Months for $1. If you act immediately you can secure a long subscription to Hearst's at a special bargain price. A dollar bill, pinned to the coupon below, will bring Hearst's to your home regularly for the next 10 months. Tear off and mail today to

Hearst's MAGAZINE 1-9 W. 40th St. New York

Hearst's Magazine, 119 West 40th Street, New York City. Gentlemen:—I want to take advantage of your special bargain offer. For the $1 enclosed please enter my name to receive Hearst's Magazine for the next 10 months.

Name..... City .....

Street..... State .....

McC 10-16

had always been a sparkle of fun, seemed to have grown larger and softer and vaguer. The dash of disdain had gone from her manner, its place being taken by a listlessness against which she strove by spurts and sallies that subsided suddenly, as if she forgot to keep them up. Since she was unaware of the thoughts he had entertained toward her for a day or two, and of the way in which Clorinda Gildersleeve had dispelled them, it comforted him to think that the change could have nothing to do with him.

As she unraveled her mother's work he reverted to the topic of the Pallisers. "Of course no one who knows Leslie and Maggie will take such rubbish seriously——"

"I shall," Mrs. Galloway interrupted, gaily. "I believe it. I'm prepared to accept the worst."

"It's no more than has been said about a good many other people," Miss Galloway observed, "and not as bad as they've said of some. I often wonder why it is that we Americans are more subject to this form of outrage than any other people. A paper like this wouldn't have a public in any other country in the world."

"And who can possibly be the contributors? They must be people with some means of knowing what goes on."

As he spoke his glance encountered Miss Galloway's; and it was perhaps because each read the mind of the other that they looked hastily away. Mrs. Galloway laughed with chuckling gaiety.

"How do you know I'm not one? I'd write for them if they'd pay me well enough—and give them their money's worth."

"If Maggie stays at home," Mary Galloway remarked, her eyes on her knitting, "she's sure to hear of it. She mayn't read the thing herself—everyone isn't so keen on the higher literature as mother—but some kind friend will let it out. If Leslie could only be persuaded to take her away over Christmas! I know she's out of sorts, and rather dreading the big family party they'll have to go to at somebody's house. Leslie could be tired, too, and make it an excuse for spending the holiday at Aiken or White Sulphur Springs. I'd drop him the hint, if I knew him well enough."

On reflection it seemed to Bainbridge a wise step to take. Returning to his house, therefore, he telephoned to Palliser, asking him to look in on him during the evening, should he find himself without an engagement. Summoning Wheelock he commissioned him to go out and buy the current issue of the journal which had caused so much friendly perturbation.

Wheelock shuffled, proceeding to hem and haw. The typical decent English valet, getting on toward middle life, he hesitated at spanning the gulf that parted master from man. "If I might make so bold, sir," he began, at last, "not meaning any offence, or to take a liberty that you might be against my taking, in a manner of speaking, sir, but if I don't offend you, or go out of my place——"

"You won't go out of your place or offend me either, Wheelock. What is it?"

"Well, sir, me and Mrs. Wheelock, not wishing to be more intimate with our betters than we've a right to be—but seeing we're in service, in a manner of speaking, and liking to know what's what, and how our betters carries on——"

"Do you mean that you've got a copy in the house?"

"Well, sir, in a manner of speaking, yes—that is, if it wouldn't be a liberty, or take me out of my place——"

"Even Wheelock reads it," Bainbridge thought. Aloud he said: "Then lend it to me. It will save your going out."

"HAVE you seen this?"

Palliser answered scornfully. "Why no. Never read the rag. But it's queer; you're the second man who has asked me that to-day."

They were sitting in Bainbridge's study, in the same relative positions and chairs which he and Malcolm Grant had occupied about two years before.

"Then you'd better look at it."

Palliser, who had lighted a cigarette, paused, with the match still burning between his fingers. "There's nothing in it about me, is there?"

Bainbridge passed the journal to his friend, the paragraph marked in pencil. "You can see for yourself."

Putting his cigarette to his lips at intervals, while he blew out light puffs of smoke, Palliser scanned the lines rapidly. Bainbridge watched the cloud descend on the romantic face, though the sudden exclamation at the end took him by surprise.

"My God, who could have got hold of that?" Dashing the paper to his knee he crumpled it in his hand. But the expression changed instantly, becoming guarded and alert. "I mean," he began to stammer, "what are they—what are they trying to put over on us?"

The revelation Bainbridge had received was so much more than he was expecting that for a minute or two he was at a loss as to what to say. "You don't mean to tell me," he asked, finding it difficult to put the question into words, "that there's—there's truth in it?"

Palliser answered absently. "No; no; that is—well, perhaps if I said—" He broke off, impatiently. "Oh, hang it all, Arthur! This is New York. What do you suppose?"

Bainbridge took his time. "Well, I hadn't supposed *that*," he said, simply, when he could articulate the words.

Palliser's thoughts again went wandering. "No; no; you wouldn't." He burst out eagerly. "If I can only keep Maggie from hearing about it! I don't mind for myself—the gossip and that kind of rot—but Maggie's another matter."

"Quite so; it's why I asked you to come round this evening. Maggie's the type of woman not to distinguish clearly between the true and the false, the minute the thing has been said." He added, softly: "I took it for granted that it *was* false."

Palliser seized the opportunity to deny what he could. "Some of it is false—see? There's nothing wrong between Maggie and me. I've taken care of that. Maggie's not jealous—at least, not more than any other married woman—just by fits and starts—but nothing serious or permanent. That's pure invention."

From sheer eagerness Bainbridge leaned forward, an arm resting across his knee. "I suppose we may as well talk frankly, Leslie, now that we're on the subject. Whatever has happened, or is still to happen, I can't be anything but your friend."

"I know that; but—" he rose and began to pace restlessly about the room—"but how *can* I be frank? I'm not—not the only one involved."

Bainbridge's eyes followed him. "You mean that there *is* this—this other woman?"

Palliser came to a standstill in the shadow of the bookcases on the other side of the room. He answered with deliberation and unusual distinctness. "There was; there isn't now." He continued, in a more broken tone: "She's—an—an actress. You wouldn't know her name, so it's no use to tell you anything about her."

"I'm not asking you anything about her. I don't want to know. For the minute Maggie is our only consideration. Everything else can wait till you want to take it up—if you ever do."

"I never shall," Palliser declared, huskily, "because it's all over. Been over and done with for three years and more. Thought it was not only dead and buried, but that nobody knew it had ever been alive. How the devil this confounded rag can have got hold of it——"

"When once you choose to do that sort of thing, Leslie, you never know who——"

Palliser stepped forward from the obscurity in which he had taken refuge. "I didn't choose to do that sort of thing," he interrupted, fiercely. "I never thought of it. Neither did she. It—it flared up."

"Does anything ever flare up unless there's something out of which to make a fire?"

The words were scarcely out of Bainbridge's mouth before it came to him that he had used them on some similar occasion. He had used them, too, in response to some such remark as this. When? Where? The recollection eluded him. It was like a memory that is not a memory—that may be a hint of a previous existence, or no more than something imagined or dreamed. For the instant he had no time to give to it, since Palliser went on:

"No, I dare say nothing does flare up unless there's something out of which to make a fire, but at present that's not the point. The fire is out—to all intents and purposes. What I've got to provide against is Maggie's seeing there are ashes."

Bainbridge perceived his opportunity. "Why shouldn't you take her away—over Christmas?"

"What good would that do? Wherever she went she'd see this cursed thing in the bookstalls for another week."

"You could keep her from that, and by

the time you came back you'd find that no one had paid it any attention — unless they keep at you. If they do, and Maggie discovers there has been an actress in your life ——"

Palliser came forward, resolutely, throwing his half-smoked cigarette into the fire. "I think I'll be off. But before I go, Arthur, I've a favor to ask you. Don't —" He seemed hung up for words, or for the exact thought he was trying to express — "Don't," he began again, "don't say anything to me about — about the — the actress — till I give you the tip. See? It's all over, you understand — but I can't talk of it — not even with you — not yet a while, at any rate."

Bainbridge rose, laying a hand on his friend's shoulder. "All right, Leslie. I shall never speak of it unless you do; but I shan't keep it a secret from you that I'm thinking a lot."

They were in the hall, where Palliser, who had thrown a handsome fur coat over his dinner-jacket, stood thoughtful and sombre and more than ever ornamental. Suddenly he looked up. "Arthur," he exclaimed, sharply, "don't get married."

Bainbridge was taken by surprise. "What makes you think I've any idea of doing it?"

Palliser moved toward the door. "Never mind that; but — but *don't*. You're well enough off as you are." He had turned the knob and was passing out when he added: "Or if you do — marry Mary Galloway. She was cut out for you."

Before he could make any retort to this Bainbridge found himself alone. Going back to his study he fell to meditation. He did so, leaning against the mantelpiece, with his back to the dying fire. He was reckoning up the time. It was all over, Leslie had said, three years before. That meant it had been going on during the first few months in which he himself had been at St. Mary Magdalen's, at the very time when Leslie had been showing so much interest in all that affected the parish life. He could do that — he could seem to live happily with Maggie — he could seem to be at peace with his conscience — and still be keeping up an affair, that had plainly cut deeply into his heart, with someone on the stage. Bainbridge wondered how men who were not depraved — as Leslie certainly was not — could combine blends of conduct so incongruous. If there was any palliation of the guilt it lay in the fact that it had not been a matter of premeditation. It had flared up.

He was thrown back on that elusive, tantalizing memory. These words had certainly been spoken to him once before, and in circumstances that bore a resemblance to those of this evening. But when — and where? — and by whom?

And yet as he searched his recollections of the past four years his mind revolted against the task. It was like going back into a jungle; stifling, smothering, miasmatic. So much had been told him! So many hearts had been poured into his! Had he not had wholesome counter-agents within himself — had he not been able to dismiss and forget — he must have been sickened, poisoned, by the inflow of nauseating confidence.

In the end he gave the effort up. He did so not from lack of interest in the matter, but because he dropped again into his armchair to indulge in happy dreams. They were dreams of Clorinda Gildersleeve, whom on the next day, at her own invitation, he was to see for the first time at home.

In the next chapter, occurs a dramatic scene, with Maggie Palliser as the chief figure. Bainbridge finds his love for Clorinda growing, and swift and moving events bring him to a sudden decision

The Gun-Runners

[*Continued from page 27*]

far and who might forget, in the zest of the chase, to ask again the question she dreaded to answer.

Charlie Horne backed out of the bush and squatted on his boot-heels, watching the two until they were hidden in the cloud of dust they kicked out of the trail. Of course the girl would have her way and take the Kid to Mineral Spring — she was shrewd enough to run in that direction now, and judging from what Charlie had seen and heard, he thought she would manage to keep him there. He stood up and watched the dust cloud roll on down the trail and then turned his attention to his own affairs. The Kid had fallen into the trap — whatever it was. Margy Wheeler would keep him away from the ranch ——

Why? What was the sudden objection to having Van Dillon ride home with the girl? Why didn't Fred Dallam want him in the neighborhood that day?

Granite Peak, as we have explained, was merely a huge, egg-shaped mound of granite, barren as rock can be; jagged and forbidding like most of the volcanic upheavals in the Southwest. Charlie mounted and rode close to the southern wall where the broken slope promised a fair foothold; cached his horse in a brushy hollow, hung his spurs over the saddle-horn, took his carbine from its boot and began to climb.

At the top he sank down breathless and perspiring in a sheltered nook where he would not be seen from below. The little uneven valley to the north lay spread before him, Dallam's ranch in the foreground, five hundred feet below. He took his field glasses from their case, adjusted the focus and began a slow, critical survey of the ranch from the stables and corrals to the farthest pasture fence.

A little world in itself it looked, absorbed in its own peaceful pursuits. Besides the adobe ranch house with its vine-covered porch and high, white-curtained windows, a bareheaded woman was kneeling, prodding with an old fork at the roots of some plants that looked like "bachelor buttons" just coming into quaint bloom. A yellow hen squeezed through a wide space in the paling fence and came toward her, stopping now and then with one foot uplifted, to watch the woman with perky, sidelong glances. The woman rose stiffly, spied the hen and flapped her apron at it, and the hen went fluttering here and there trying to find the place where it came through the fence.

He turned the glasses upon the corrals and saw four calves lying asleep under a shed, at peace with their world. A few pigs rooted boredly outside. Along the trail beyond the buildings where the road was fenced into a lane, a man was jogging townward in a spring wagon drawn by a pair of high-hipped work horses. Nothing, absolutely nothing to excite curiosity or suspicion.

Immediately below him, too close to the hill for him to see unless he moved his position, voices rose in desultory talk. The rattle and clank of a hay-baler told that work was going on; pressing the harvest of the broad meadowland into bales of fragrant hay that brought better prices from the Mexicans than it did in the Texas market. Charlie knew all about that. He had frequently talked with the haulers, easy-going fellows with twinkling eyes and a joke always on the tips of their tongues; old-time range riders whom age or accident had shelved to the high spring seat of a hay wagon to drive four or six, as the load might warrant, down to the ford and a mile or so beyond; chewing and shouting back and forth and giving no thought of the morrow — Charlie knew them, every one.

And right down here below him was the baling crew that kept the haulers supplied with wired, hard-packed squares of *secate* — which is the Mexican word for hay. For the life of him, Charlie could not see why Fred Dallam should be so anxious to insure the Kid's absence from the ranch that day. So far as he could see there was nothing unusual going on — and he had to admit to himself that when he climbed the peak he had expected to see something besides every-day ranch work going on at Dallam's.

But Charlie Horne was a thorough young man, and since he had exerted himself to climb Granite Peak he would not go down without having seen all there was to be seen. He let himself down into a fissure from where he could see the baling crew at work.

Inside a large corral of adobe that had for one side of it the bare, seamed side of the bluff, stood the press beside a long stack of hay. From the fissure Charlie could look down on the men, and into the baler itself. He settled himself with his back against one

Enters a new business at $100,000 a year

The Board of Directors of a gigantic wholesale grocery concern had gathered to select a new president.

A keen broad-minded director arose. "I know the man we want," and he named the president of a great National Bank.

"What!" cried one astonished director, "What does a banker know about *our business?*"

"This man knows more than just banking," was the answer. "Banking, like wholesaling, is only one phase of business. This man is not limited to any one field. He knows all the departments of business—finance, economics, organization, selling, accounting." They discussed the matter from all standpoints. Finally they all said, "Let's get him if we can."

The banker accepted the presidency of the wholesale grocery concern at a salary of $100,000.

In a surprisingly short time he had completely reorganized the whole concern.

New, well-planned office short cuts replaced the old, roundabout methods.

The former sluggish office force was snapped into a wide awake, powerful organization with a capacity to handle enormous business.

The inspiring success of this banker, in a business totally new to him, was the result of his broad business training. His greatness lay in his knowledge of business fundamentals. He knew the *why* and the *how* of the problems he had to solve.

The problems this man had to face were far more complicated than those listed here. Yet these comparatively simple problems are the very rocks upon which business careers are smashed. Sooner or later, you, too, will meet these questions. How will you answer them?

Do you know why most inexperienced promoters fail trying to raise money for a new business, and how to avoid their mistakes .....?

Do you know what facts to get in order to figure the percentage of its sales that a business can afford to spend for advertising .....?

Do you know how to satisfy a bank as to your deserving a loan ...?

Do you know the vital difference to a business man between "getting a loan" and "discounting his note," and when each is necessary .....?

When you hire a man do you know what questions to ask and what to leave unasked in order to get a line on the applicant's character without his realizing it .....?

What are the six things a business man should watch for and satisfy himself on before he signs his name to a business paper .....?

Can you figure how much of any particular article a retailer should order, by the number of turn-overs per year, necessary for profit in that line .....?

Could you apply the principles of Scientific Management to a new job .....?

Can you analyze a product so as to show what style of advertising is best for it .....?

Can you analyze the market of a proposition so as to tell accurately whether it will be cheaper to sell direct by mail, or through usual trade channels .....?

Do you know how the manager of a business keeps tab on just how profitably each department is being run .....?

The Knowledge That Carries Men Through

You cannot catalog the answers to these broad questions. Circumstances vary. But the big underlying principles always remain the same. It is the knowledge of the basic principles that carries men through to success.

It is this broad grasp of the broad fundamentals of business and the application of them to the individual case that the Alexander Hamilton Institute is giving to more than 40,000 business men today.

The Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute gives you a logical foundation on which to build your future business knowledge and experience. All departments of business are covered and presented to you in interesting, practical form.

The Kind of Men Enrolled

Presidents of big corporations are often enrolled with the Alexander Hamilton Institute along with ambitious young clerks in their employ. The following are some of the subscribers to the Modern Business Course and Service of the Alexander Hamilton Institute: Alfred I. DuPont, of the DuPont Powder Companies, capitalized at $120,000,000; Melville W. Mix, President of the Dodge Mfg. Co., a $1,500,000 corporation; Geo. M. Verity, President of the American Rolling Mills, a $5,000,000 corporation; Wm. H. Ingersoll, Marketing Manager of the biggest watch company in the world; N. A. Hawkins, General Sales Manager of the Ford Motor Car Co.—and scores of other equally prominent men.

Advisory Council

Business and educational authority of the highest standing is represented in the Advisory Council of the Alexander Hamilton Institute. This Council includes Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank; Judge E. H. Gary, head of the U. S. Steel Corporation; John Hays Hammond, the famous engineer; Joseph French Johnson, Dean of the New York University School of Commerce, and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

"Forging Ahead in Business"

A careful reading of this 128-page book, "Forging Ahead in Business," copy of which we will send you free, will repay you many times over. It will help measure what you know—what you don't know, and what you should know—to make success *sure*. It will make you want to get the study habit. If you feel uncertain of yourself, if you long for bigger responsibilities, power, influence, money—this Course and Service will fit you to grasp the opportunities that are bound to come to those who are prepared.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE
399 Astor Place New York, N. Y.

Send me "Forging Ahead in Business"—FREE

Name.....

Business Address.....

Business Position.....

"The Threshold of the South"

This is the first of a new series of "American Adventures" by Julian Street, illustrated by Wallace Morgan. All those who read the same author's delightfully humorous "Abroad At Home" stories will welcome the new series. The first one will appear in the September 16th issue of

5¢ a copy
Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

wall of the fissure and his feet braced against the opposite side and proceeded to watch the process of baling hay. It looked simple enough to Charlie, up there in the shade and more or less at his ease. A Mexican crew this was, and for greasers Charlie considered that they showed a great deal of industry — especially since they were working without a boss. Fred Dallam probably had charge of the work, but it was plain that he could safely leave them without much fear of their shirking.

Whatever questionable business might take place at the Dallam ranch, Charlie had no clue to it. Just now it was very quiet, very peaceful. Now and then a laugh arose, or a snatch of song. Charlie began to feel that his climb had been labor wasted.

Then, idly watching the hay press at work, he leaned forward and stared down into the corral. One bale, two bales — a good half-dozen were pressed and tied with wire and dragged to the pile where the haulers loaded their wagons, before Charlie moved any part of him but his eyelids. "Well, what do you know about that!" he muttered at last, with a little, satisfied smile twitching at the corners of his lips. He leaned forward and watched another bale come out of the press, and then began a cautious retreat from his hiding place.

He reached his horse, mounted and rode down the side toward Cobra, rounded the end of the peak nearest the town, hid his horse in another clump of bushes and began to make his way back toward the corral, keeping under cover of rocks and bushes, and taking advantage of every little gully and every dry wash.

The hay-baler was still at work, the voices of the men still chattered good-naturedly above the clank of the press. Charlie stood close to the corral wall where it joined the bluff and listened for a minute, searched with his eyes for foothold above him, and with his carbine held in his right hand he climbed up and over.

By the positions of the men at their work he knew none of them would be facing this way — he had made sure of that while he was up on the peak — so that he had not much fear of being seen too soon. Still it was a ticklish moment for him while he was pulling himself to the top of the wall and getting his legs over, ready to jump down inside. But he had the haystack between himself and the crew as soon as he was on the ground inside, and the man on the stack had been looking down on the other way at the baler, and had not seen him. No one saw him, in fact, until he stepped around the end of the haystack with his rifle looking their way menacingly.

"Put up your hands, boys," he said, by way of announcing his presence, and grinned at the way their jaws dropped when they whirled and faced him. "I'm a State Ranger."

His eyes went coldly over the group, and wherever they rested for a second or two, there a man turned a shade more sallow and lifted his trembling hands higher. The last to feel the weight of his glance was the man who had been tying the bales with wire. Charlie looked at him so hard the fellow's knees bent under him. Texas Ranger — only too well they knew what that meant.

"You wire and tie these men," Charlie commanded sharply. "Turn around, the rest of you, and back up here. Farther — over this way. Stop there. You next the baler, take down your hands and put them behind you. You with the wire, see if you can do as well as you done on the hay — Never mind the long ends — take a turn or two around his middle and give it a tie. . . . That's right — fine; now the next one, same way. Good. . . . Number five, put yours behind you. Put — your — hands — *behind* you! . . . I thought you would. Tie him, you — here, give that wire an extra twist. . . . That's the way.

"Now, you with the wire, take a piece of it and back up here to me. . . ."

"Oh, señor, please ——"

"Would you rather get shot? I thought not! Put your hands back here. All right — fine and dandy. Stand still, all of you — the show ain't quite over yet."

He shifted his rifle to the hollow of his arm and went down the line behind them, gleaning what weapons they had. Then he took a length of baling wire and wired them all together, a loop around the neck, a twist or two that held it like a collar; a foot of space and a loop around another neck with a couple of twists. Six in a row, one behind the other — and when he had finished, little Charlie Horne backed off and surveyed his work with a grin of approval.

"I sure ought to take out a patent on that neck-yokin' with wire," he told them quizzically. "Don't hurt yuh, does it?"

"No, señor," quavered the hindmost one who, being farthest from the dreaded Texano, found courage to use his voice. "Still, if out on the collar of the shirt. . . ."

"Why, sure!" Charlie went down the line, pulling sweaty shirt collars up to protect grimy necks from chafing with the wire. He had no desire to be more cruel than he must, and he told them so good-humoredly.

He was fumbling with the collar of the man in front when something — it may have been a flickering, a sidelong glance of the fellow's eyes — warned Charlie. He wheeled suddenly and faced the gate, his hand dropping to his gun, and saw Fred Dallam standing there. At the same instant Fred fired, and the bullet pinged past his face, it was so close. Charlie fired from the hip before Fred had time to aim again, and his shot went true. Fred dropped his gun and wobbled a minute before he sagged to the ground, one hand going up to his shoulder.

The six Mexicans exclaimed under their breaths, naming a saint or two supplicatingly. After that they stood very, very still, lest this terrible little man turn upon them in anger. Charlie went over to the fallen man, lifted him and, grunting with the weight, dragged him into the shade of the wall. He carried loose hay and strewed it hurriedly for a bed, got him upon it and raised his head upon an improvised pillow.

"That's all I can do for you right now, *hombre*," he said regretfully. "You ain't hurt as bad as you might be, at that. I can tell by your color, which is healthy, considering. I'll have to tie you up — but I'll be back with a doctor just as quick as I can make the trip to town and back."

Whereupon he marshaled his six yoked Mexicans and drove them before him at a trot toward Cobra. By a short cut it was not more than a mile — and such was his driving ability that he had them panting up the street to the jail in no more than half an hour or so. In another ten minutes he had found the doctor and started back with him.

"Hey, where yuh goin'?" shouted a voice from out a cloud of dust just where the road forked outside the town. "I'd like a little help with these here fellers, Charlie. I've been herdin' 'em along alone — and it ain't any snap!" The Kid, his round face purple with heat and excitement, rode out from behind a string of four-horse wagons and stared after the doctor's machine.

"Go on, doc. I'll be with yuh soon as I can," yelled Charlie, and jumped. He landed like a cat, on his feet; ran a rod before he could stop himself and returned to the Kid, who was marching three men ahead of him, while a fourth one, looking scared to death, drove the head wagon. The hay-haulers, Charlie saw when he gave them a second glance.

"What d' yuh think, Charlie?" the Kid began excitedly, "I found out how the guns was gittin' acrost! I was riding along behind the last hay wagon and a bale bounded off the top of the load and busted wide open — and say! There was *four guns* in the middle of the bale!"

"Uh-huh," Charlie grunted. "I saw how the baling crew was packing rifles in the middle of every bale — had their press-board fixed to leave the center hollow, so they could stick in the rifles and press a full flake on top — you know carbines is just the right size. I just now throwed 'em in jail. How'd you turn the trick, Kid?"

"Me?" The Kid pursed up his lips, his round eyes fixed upon his prisoners. "Why, I just made 'em git off and walk — I took away their guns and made 'em hitch the leaders of every team to the wagon in front till they was all strung out like this — and then I took the scaredest one and made him drive the hull outfit in. And just to keep him thinkin' about me, I sent a bullet over his head once in a while."

That night, when the two could sit down once more for a comfortable smoke and talk the thing over, the Kid looked at Charlie queerly for a minute.

"Say," he began in a boyish, off-hand way to hide his deeper feelings, "I don't give a darn whether she's engaged to Fred Dallam or not. Serves her right if she is! She lied to me. She ain't the kinda girl I thought she was."

NEXT MONTH: "The Marvellous Cassie Chadwick," another one of those truth-is-stranger-than-fiction articles by C. P. Connolly. You remember the one about the American youths who robbed the Bank of England. Cassie's career is even more remarkable.

Why Can't I Get Any Fun Out of Life?

400 pp. Half Leather Gold Top Leaves

It's a fair question you are asking yourself. Why can't *you* find any time for play? Why must you be chained to a desk or work-bench from dawn to dark? Why should you be a wage slave, with never a moment for recreation.

What faculty do your big money-making friends possess that you lack? Are they really so much more brilliant than you are? You *know* they are *not*.

True, they have brains, experience, ability, knowledge, energy, but so have you. But besides those qualities, every successful man has cultivated and developed his Power of Will—for will power is the key to success.

For a few dollars a week you can hire men of genius and talent to work for you—if you have power of will to command and direct them. You can find time for play, you can command respect, recognition, rewards from the men who now ignore you, by intelligent exercise of your will power. All the poor men, all the failures you know are men who never developed their will power.

A New Road to Success

Today the door to prosperity stands wide open for you. For the first time the magic power of the human will is exposed and explained. Until now this wonderful force has been little understood. No method was known for cultivating it. But men of science now agree that by intelligent exercise the will can be trained just as successfully as the memory can be trained.

If you had your arm in a sling for two years, the muscles would become powerless to lift a feather. That is exactly what happens when you neglect to exercise daily the will power of your brain. To recover the use of an atrophied muscle you would begin with a systematic and progressive course of exercise and training. To recover and to develop your will to the full limit of its powers, you must give it daily exercise and progressive training. And for this you need instruction and guidance—the help of the most remarkable book of recent years. Through "Power of Will" Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., the wizard developer of self powers, holds out a helping hand to you.

Personal Experiences

Among 100,000 users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, Ex. U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Assistant Postmaster General Britt; Lieut. Gov. McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Co.; E. St. Elmo Lewis, former Vice-Pres. Art Metal Construction Co.; Gov. Ferris of Michigan, and many others of equal prominence.

Here are just a few extracts from the thousands of voluntary letters from owners telling what the book has meant to them.

800% Increase in One Year

"I recommended 'Power of Will' to a young man and his salary has increased 800% within a year."—*W. M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert, Willys-Overland Co.*

$1,500 to $50,000 Yearly

"Three years ago I was making $1,500 a year and working day and night. Today I make $1,000 a week and have time for other things as well. To the lessons in the book 'Power of Will' do I owe this sudden rise."—*(Name on request.)*

Worth $3,000 to $30,000

"From what I have already seen I believe I can get $3,000 to $30,000 worth of [illegible] out of it."—*C. D. Van Vechten, Gen. Agent North Western Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.*

$897 Profit First Week

"'Power of Will' is a compilation of mighty forces. My first week's benefit in dollars is $900—cost $3; profit $897."—(Figure what his yearly profit would be.)—*F. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.*

50% Increase

"More than a year ago I purchased 'Power of Will' and I firmly believe that it—and it alone—has enabled me to increase my salary more than 50% in that time."—*L. C. Hudgens, Principal Mayhew Consolidated Schools, Boswell, Okla.*

Sensational New Book

The talk of the hour among men in every walk of life who have read it. Already it has made dreams of fortune, happiness and success come true almost overnight for hundreds of men like you. Get in line with the fellows who are winning out, who find time to get some fun out of life, even while piling up their fortunes. YOU CAN DO IT, TOO.

SENT FREE—Mail Coupon

We want every man and woman who reads this page to see and examine "Power of Will" and so we make this unprecedented offer. If you will fill out and mail to us the coupon in the corner, we will promptly send you, all charges prepaid, a copy of this beautiful 400-page leather bound book, absolutely free for five days' examination. We reserve the right, however, to withdraw this extraordinary offer without notice. So do not delay. Send today—before you forget.

Never in the whole history of self-help literature has there been such a success. Bear in mind, the author of "Power of Will," Frank Channing Haddock, Ph. D., is a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce. This new work is the first thorough, systematic, practical course in Will Power development ever produced—the result of more than twenty years research and study. Yet you will find every page written in language so simple that any one can understand and apply the principles and methods so clearly explained—and you can see results from the very first lesson!

Don't Wait—

Remember, you are under no obligations of any kind in sending the coupon—not one penny to pay for the privilege of keeping and reading the book for five whole days. Then if you decide you want to own it, you can send us only $3.00, our Special Low Introductory Price and the book is yours. Or, if you prefer, mail it back. You take no risk at all. Tear off the coupon or write a letter now and mail it.

PELTON PUBLISHING CO., 12-S Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

Pelton Pub. Co.,
12-S Wilcox Block
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit $3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... STATE.....

Say That Again Please!

I Want To Jot It Down!

So many things to remember when you are shopping, it saves lots of time and annoyance to have a record of what must be purchased.

LOOSE-LEAF

Ring Books

are just the thing in which to keep such records. Made in every conceivable size and shape, and for vest pocket, coat pocket, hand bag, or desk use. Ruled to suit; Finest Leather Covers. Pages easily renewed. Appropriate and most acceptable as Xmas gifts.

Memo Books — Price Books
Data Books — Diaries
Household Accounts
Shopping Lists — Minute Books — Personal Accts
Talking Machine Indexes
Salesman's Record Books, Etc.

Your Stationer will be glad to show you our line, or we will mail you Catalog 52 on request.

IRVING-PITT MANUFACTURING CO.
Largest Loose Leaf Manufacturers in the World.
410 Eighth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

ONLY $1.00

Postage 10c.
In plain wrapper

SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE

By Dr. WINFIELD SCOTT HALL, Ph.D.
Illustrated — 320 Pages
SEX FACTS MADE PLAIN
What every young man and Every young woman should know
What every young husband and Every young wife should know
What every parent should know
The Only Sex Book by a Noted Authority
Money back if not satisfied.
AMERICAN PUB. CO., 1006 Winston Bldg., Philadelphia

ADVICE FOR A SICK CANARY

"I see that a lady asks what to do for a sick bird. If you will allow me to suggest, tell her to get from a druggist 'Bird Manna,' for 15c., and she will find all directions how to use it.

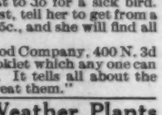
"The Philadelphia Bird Food Company, 400 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa., publish a booklet which any one can have free by writing for it. It tells all about the little bird's ills and how to treat them."

Horsford's Cold Weather Plants

are not injured by severe winters. His fall and spring lists offer about a thousand kinds of shrubs, trees, vines, bulbs, wild flowers, hardy ferns, orchids, fruits, stock, &c., which you ought to know about. Ask for catalogue G.

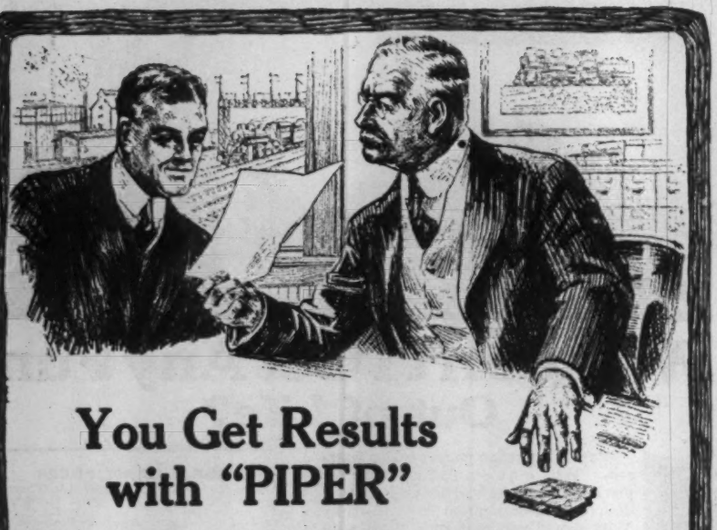
F. H. Horsford, Charlotte, Vt.

AGENTS If you make less than $1200 a year; you should get in touch with us, the largest manufacturers of transparent handled Knives and Razors in U. S. and we will show you how to make more. Special outfit offer.



$100 a Month Sure

NOVELTY CUTLERY CO., 5 Bar St., CANTON, OHIO



You Get Results with "PIPER"

That altogether-different taste of "PIPER" is an incentive to the hard-thinking and concentration called for by big affairs. That's why men who "do things" chew "PIPER." It gives them the comfort and satisfaction that make for a clear mind and quiet nerves. Chew "PIPER"—it's a wholesome habit.

PIPER Heidsieck
CHEWING TOBACCO

The exclusive "PIPER" flavor—sweet, spicy and fragrant—is slowly and evenly pressed through the mellow, sun-ripened White Burley leaf of which "PIPER" is made. In this way the world's choicest chewing leaf is made still more tasty, fruity and delicious. Get a cut of "PIPER" and see for yourself what a wonderfully good, satisfying chew it is.

5c and 10c cuts, foil-wrapped, in slide boxes. Also 10c cuts, foil-wrapped, in metal boxes. Sold everywhere

THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

BANKING BY MAIL AT 4% INTEREST

ASSETS OVER 55 MILLION DOLLARS

TO meet the needs of thousands of people in all parts of the civilized globe who desire to place their money where it will return a liberal income without being subjected to the insecurity of untried investments, this large, safe bank has for years maintained a Banking by Mail Department in which it receives deposits, small as well as large, by mail, paying interest thereon at the rate of 4%, compounded twice a year.

Send today for Booklet "D"

THE CITIZENS SAVINGS & TRUST CO.
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS 7 MILLION DOLLARS

Save Your Worn Tires

GET 5,000 MILES MORE

service by "half-soling" them with Steel Studded Treads the same as European Motorists have been doing for over 3 years. 30,000 American Motorists have done this in the last 8 months and are saving $50.00 to $200 a year in tire expense.

5,000 Miles Without Puncture is the signed guarantee you get with every Durable Steel Studded Tread.

We Deliver Free without a cent deposit, pre pay the express and allow you to be the judge.

Special Discount offered to motorists in new territory on **first** shipment **direct from the factory.**

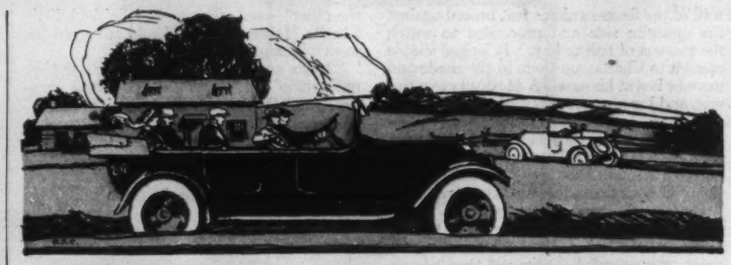
Stop throwing away your worn tires—mail the coupon below for details—**be sure and put in your tire sizes.**

Get 5000 More Miles

MAIL THIS COUPON
The Colorado Tire & Leather Co.
1029 Tread Bldg., Denver, Colo. J-29 Transportation Bldg., Chicago, Ill.
720-2910 Woolworth Bldg., New York City

Without obligation send me free catalog, copy of guarantee, sample and booklet "10,000 Miles on One Set of Tires."

Name .....
Address .....
My Tire Sizes are .....



Riding on Bubbles

By Waldemar Kaempffert

Editor of Popular Science Monthly

"AND the Prince sped away with his Princess in a magic chariot, the wheels of which were four bubbles of air."

Suppose you had read that in an Andersen or a Grimm fairy tale in the days when you firmly believed that Cinderella went to a ball in a state coach which had once been a pumpkin and that Little Red Riding Hood was taken out of a voracious wolf's stomach and a few stones substituted for her with a surgical skill that seems to be taken for granted, you would have accepted the magic chariot and its four bubbles of air without question.

What a pity it is that we have lost the credulity and the wonder of childhood! We have our automobiles — over two and a half million of them — but they have ceased to be magic chariots to us. And as for their tires, they are mere "shoes" and "tubes" — anything but the bubbles of air that they are.

In the whole mechanism of modern transportation there is nothing so paradoxical, nothing so daring in conception as these same bubbles of air which we call tires. They are at once strangely nonsensical and strangely practical—nonsensical because they must endure great strains and yet are necessarily made of unendurable material, practical because nothing can match air as a shock absorber. For all the tales that we hear of tire costs and tire repairs, let it not be forgotten that automobiling as we know it became possible because the art of riding on bubbles of air had been discovered.

What happens when the old-fashioned iron-tired, wooden buggy-wheel strikes a small stone in the road? It simply rises, and the entire load resting on the wheel is lifted. There is loss of power — more work for the horse; for whenever you or a horse lifts a weight, energy must be expended. What happens when an air-tube strikes a stone? The tube is simply punched in, as it were, momentarily; the wheel need not be lifted over the obstruction.

In order to secure this extraordinary result the air must have a chance to compress. If it were possible to build a tire with a wall as thin as a soap bubble's and yet so tough and elastic that it would both yield to blows and resist punctures and blow-outs the ideal would be attained. One of the hardest technical tasks ever set was that of demanding from the rubber industry a tube which would hold air and which would also be resilient. It seems easy enough to make a circular tube of rubber and to provide it with a valve through which the inflating air is blown. But we are apt to forget that the tube must resist the internal air pressure to which it is subjected, the weight of the automobile and its load, the thrust of the motor, the reverse strain set up when the brakes are applied, the blows of thousands of pebbles and obstructions against the inner air, and the transverse forces applied by the act of steering. Air-tires serve not only to make automobiling luxuriously comfortable, but to protect the car itself. Were it not for them, engines would not perform their work so efficiently; gasoline would not be so economically consumed; high speed would be unattainable; steering would not be so easy; shocks would not be completely absorbed.

Why not use a wheel with springs in the spokes? Wouldn't the springs be compressed when the obstruction is encountered? And wouldn't they expand again after it was overcome? Of course they would. And so, dozens of inventors have invented spring-wheels to take the place of pneumatic tires. The spring wheel is a mechanical will-o'-the-wisp. Suppose you could find a dozen spring spokes of equal tension, in itself almost an impossibility; suppose that the springs would remain uniform, which is still more impossible. When the spring is compressed, work must be performed. No spring-wheel has ever been devised which will satisfactorily respond to resistance offered in every direction. Usually, it is intended to cope with resistance in the direction of travel.

Since there is no salvation in springs, since the pneumatic tire is so efficient, so perfect a shock-absorber, a thousand and one inventors have reconciled themselves to it and have patented devices to increase its life. If you care to look through the Official Gazette of the United States Patent Office, you will find recorded many a curious and ingenious method of attaining that end. You will find, for example, descriptions and illustrations of tires built in arc-shaped sections, any one of which may fail and be removed without deflating the others; and tires that look like bundles of rubber hose, lying side by side on a rim, so that one hose may be injured without affecting the others. Why aren't they made? Chiefly because they would cost so much that automobiling would be a millionaire's sport and because repairs could not be made with the ease that a mechanically untrained driver has a right to demand. Moreover, most of the inventors have forgotten that a pneumatic tire owes its wonderful properties, not to the rubber of which it is made in part, but to the air which is confined within the rubber. Increase the amount of rubber inordinately, and you cut down the air and therefore recede farther and farther from the ideal pneumatic tube.

India rubber has the curious property of digesting almost all kinds of earth, metallic oxides and even vegetable substances. It is fortunate that it does. A tire made of pure rubber would be a failure. Pure rubber does not endure as long as rubber combined with a percentage of metallic oxides; it would tear too easily. Some ingredients help the rubber to resist oils, and assist in the delay of the destructive action of acids and hot water; some herbs give it a soft putty-like consistency; others make rubber hard and only slightly

THE name—"Florsheim" in a shoe assures satisfaction through the same standard of quality, style and fit as heretofore. Pay $5.50, $6 or $7 for your next pair—the advance is slight considering what you get.

There's a dealer ready to show the style you prefer. We'll give you his name and mail booklet, *"Styles of the Times."*

The Florsheim Shoe Co.
Chicago, U. S. A.

The Seneca—Full Dress. One of two hundred styles—Look for name in shoe.

Only those who are intimate with Douglas Fairbanks know with what care he selects each item of his dress. His wardrobe always contains two or three pairs of

PARIS GARTERS

These garters fit his legs comfortably and hold up his socks neatly. *25 and 50 cents*

To be sure you are getting the genuine look on the back of shield for the name PARIS.

A. Stein & Co.
Makers Children's Hickory Garters
Chicago New York

elastic. A tire depends for its strength not upon its rubber, but upon the fabric with which it is combined. The rubber serves simply to make the tire elastic, air-proof and water-proof.

A tire must be elastic, so that the air within may perform its shock-absorbing function; yet it must also resist puncture. If a tire is made very thick, it will not puncture easily, but it will lose in elasticity; if it is made very thin it will be elastic, but it will not withstand its own internal pressure. Clearly, two conflicting ideals must be attained. Since that is impossible, a compromise is made. The tread is thick; the sides are made as thin as possible. Thus the tire is enabled to yield whenever an obstacle is encountered and yet to resist the grinding and wearing of the road.

Ask a tire-maker why tires break down and he will promptly answer "Under-inflation," or "overloading," which is the same thing. A highly-inflated tire is almost as hard as solid rubber. Let out some of the air, and its springiness increases. Since most of us ride for the joy of it, we are inclined to pump air into our tires too sparingly. The car bowls along easily; the tire absorbs all the shocks. But all the time the under-inflated tire fabric is bending and bending at the sides, thousands and thousands of times, until at last the heated interior walls weaken and a loud explosion breaks upon the air.

That incessant bending and straightening of side walls to which a tire is subjected generates heat. Bend a piece of wire back and forth in your hand many times, and it will become so hot that your fingers cannot hold it. Heat, similarly generated, breaks the chemical union between the inner fabric and the outer rubber and reduces a tire to separate layers. No longer are the strains equally distributed. One layer is pulled this way, another that way—moreover, with unequal forces. Blisters, corrugations, bumps large and small, appear on the surface.

Tires are popularly supposed to blow out because they have been heated by the sun. No tire manufacturer makes allowances for hot weather. It is true that heat expands; but the amount of expansion due to the sun alone is negligible. A certain degree of heat is generated in running over the road. But even that does not increase the air pressure as much as automobile owners believe. If the temperature of the air is thirty-two degrees Fahrenheit (cold enough to freeze water), if the tire is blown up to a pressure of seventy-two pounds a square inch, and if the rise in the tire's temperature at the end of a run is thirty-five degrees, the total pressure within the tube will be seventy-eight pounds, an increase of only six pounds. But if the thermometer records ninety degrees, as it often does on a summer's day, the rise in temperature at the end of an equivalent run will be only thirty-three degrees, and the total air-pressure seventy-seven and a quarter pounds, an increase of only five and a quarter pounds. Paradoxical as it may seem, the increase in pressure due to the sun's heat is not nearly so great as automobile users suppose. For a given distance, it is actually less on a hot than on a cold day.

How very much more destructive is the heat due to utter disregard of everything but speed, the tire bills of record-breaking drivers abundantly prove. The maximum life of a racing tire at the Indianapolis Speedway is about three hundred miles; the minimum about fifty to sixty miles. Rushing along at an average speed of eighty miles an hour on a day when the thermometer stands at ninety degrees in the shade, the temperature of the tire surfaces reaches three hundred degrees. The rubber is actually burned.

Like the "one hoss shay," a tire is intended by its manufacturer to wear out in all parts at the same time—an ideal which he never quite attains. It would obviously be foolish to provide a tread so excellent that much of it would be left after the carcass had failed. It would be equally foolish to provide side walls which would outlast everything else.

Suppose that a manufacturer thought that his tires failed because of rim-cutting. He evolves a method of remedying the fault. Another defect then becomes the predominant cause of failure. Forthwith that, too, is eliminated. A third defect appears and is removed. And so, the making of a tire reduces itself to a skilled judging of materials, methods and workmanship. Mileage is literally built into a tire. It is the driver's task to obtain that mileage. The manufacturer has foreseen everything but temperament.

Note: McClure readers who own a car, or who expect to own a car, will be interested in the McClure Automobile Year Book just published by McClure's Magazine and described on page 75 of this issue

Is There a Royal Road to Health?

By WALTER WALGROVE

I MET a friend the other day who two months ago had been discharged from the hospital after an operation, and during our conversation he happened to say: "For the first month after I left the hospital I never felt better in my life. My mind was as clear as a bell, I grasped things better than usual, and in all my life I never got up in the morning feeling as eager for the day's problems nor as competent to cope with them.

"Now, although I feel well enough to say perhaps that I am in my usual health, I don't experience that clearness of mind and sureness of judgment, and haven't that virile enthusiasm that was mine a month ago."

"Did they give you any treatment at the hospital," I asked, "that would account for your condition immediately following your discharge?"

"They gave me no treatment whatever in the shape of medicine," he replied—"the operation itself was about the only 'treatment' that I remember particularly."

"Didn't they do anything before the operation was performed?"

"Not very much—they gave me a series of Internal Baths which they told me was to thoroughly cleanse the Large Intestine."

"I see. And did they give you any of these Internal Baths while you were convalescing?"

"Yes; but only about once a week."

"Well, do you realize, my friend," I asked, "that nearly one million Americans are now taking Internal Baths once a week, and are eager to testify that it keeps them always in the same happy condition that you were in during the first month after you left the hospital?"

No, he hadn't "realized that, or even dreamed it." But I could wager if that were responsible he'd quickly get himself back to where he was and keep himself in that condition—

And if there is "A Royal Road to Health," this is it!

Auto-Intoxication is very properly defined as "Self Intoxication, or poisoning by compounds produced internally by oneself."

The Medical Profession thoroughly realize and agree that there is no more fruitful nor vicious source of Auto-Intoxication than accumulated waste in the Lower Intestine.

Under our present mode of living we all have more or less of this accumulated waste, and the reasons that every particle of this be removed before an operation, are—first: because of its highly poisonous nature—second, with it removed the system works perfectly and gives the patient infinitely greater chances of recuperation and recovery.

Under normal conditions, the bowels act naturally, at least once a day. In this day of rush and hurry, of perverted living, of sedentary pursuits, we do not live normal lives. Hence, we must resbrt to outside agents. The one that is without harmful results is a full warm flushing, applied in the right way. Nature is gently aided by it, not forced to violent action. By the proper system, warm water can be introduced so that the colon, or large intestine, can be perfectly cleansed and always kept pure. There should be no violence in the process—flooding the intestines should be as harmless and beneficial as external bathing and it is vastly more important.

Now, it would be obviously ridiculous to state that every person with an accumulation of waste must be ill; if that were true we would all be incapacitated. But it is true, and you yourself probably know that this condition, when only moderate, makes us dull, dispirited and in every way about fifty per cent. efficient—when acute it brings on Biliousness, Indigestion and Fever, and so weakens our powers of resistance that we are easy prey for the contraction of any serious disease which may be prevalent.

The clearest proof of the universality of this trouble is the fact that more drugs are used in an endeavor to correct it than for all other complaints combined—

But drugs are habit-forming and are only partly effective at best; and the only reason they are effective at all is because they are noxious to the system and cause it to make a supreme effort to throw them off—Every dose, therefore, is a jolt to Nature instead of an assistant.

Note the opinions on drugging of two most eminent physicians:

Prof. Alonzo Clark, M.D., of the New York College of Physicians and Surgeons, says: "All of our curative agents are poisons, and as a consequence, every dose diminishes the patient's vitality."

Prof. Joseph M. Smith, M.D., of the same school, says: "All medicines which enter the circulation poison the blood in the same manner as do the poisons that produce disease."

How much better to remove the entire cause of the trouble with Nature's own cleanser and purifier, Warm Water— That's what they did and do in the hospitals when they want to remove *all* the waste— And if drugs were adequate for this purpose, they would be infinitely easier to give than the baths. Physicians are not looking for more work; they are seeking the highest possible efficiency, and have found it in the Internal Bath. Not that an Internal Bath is difficult to administer, but naturally it takes a little more time than it does to swallow a pill— But it more than pays for the little additional time.

This system already has over half a million enthusiastic users and advocates, who have found it the one effective and harmless preventive of Auto-Intoxication, and a resulting means of consistently keeping them clear in brain, bright in spirits, enthusiastic in their work, and most capable in its performance.

The one great merit about this method, aside from the fact that it is so effectual, is that no one can quarrel with it, because it is so simple and natural. It is, as it is called, nothing but a bath scientifically applied. All physicians have for years commonly recommended old-fashioned Internal Baths and the only distinction between them is that the newer method is infinitely more thorough, wherefore it would seem that one could hardly fail to recommend it without stultifying himself, could he?

As a matter of fact, I know that many of the most enlightened and successful specialists are constantly prescribing it to their patients.

Internal Bathing should become a cult. Everybody should know and understand its great significance, its health-insuring value. An interesting treatise on the subject is to be found in Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell's little book, "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing." It is, without question, the best and most informing book on the subject that has ever been placed within the reach of the lay reader. Internal Bathing, in that little book, is treated exhaustively and in a manner to awaken interest in this important subject.

Twenty-five years ago Charles A. Tyrrell, M.D., of New York, was given up as a hopeless case by several physicians, but persisted in taking Internal Baths, because he calculated they could do him no harm, and would at least give his functions the best possible opportunity for asserting and strengthening themselves.

He recovered, and his experience and indications at that time were such as to induce him to specialize on intestinal troubles and Internal Bathing. For twenty-five years he has been treating these troubles and perfecting the system of Internal Bathing.

The results of these many years of research and practical experience are summed up in a little book which he has called "The What, the Why, the Way of Internal Bathing," and which will be sent free for the asking if you will address Dr. Chas. A. Tyrrell, 134 W. 65th St., New York, and mention having read this in McCLURE's.

If you are interested to know just how and why nearly a million progressive Americans have found and are now travelling the "Royal Road to Health" it will be well worth your while and that of your family to write for this free book.—Advertisement.

House of Daniel W. Nye, Esq., Kew Gardens, Long Island, N. Y. Aymar Embury II, Arch., New York

FIGURING value in terms of service, the most economical wood for home-building is

WHITE PINE

Lumber men, architects and carpenters have for generations agreed that no other wood gives such long and satisfactory service, when exposed to the weather, as White Pine.

It does not shrink, swell, crack, twist, warp or rot—and once in place it "stays put," after years of exposure, even in the closest fitting mitres and in delicate mouldings and carvings.

These are not mere claims—every one has been proved by three centuries of building experience in America.

If your lumber dealer is unable to supply White Pine, we would appreciate the opportunity of being helpful to you in securing it.

"White Pine in Home-Building" is beautifully illustrated, full of valuable information and suggestions on home-building. Send for it now. Free to prospective home builders.

"Helen Speer's Book of Children's Toys and Furniture"—a fascinating children's plan book, from which a child may build its own toys and toy furniture. Prepared by Helen Speer, the toy expert. If there are children in your home, sent free on request.

Address, WHITE PINE BUREAU
2022 Merchants Bank Bldg., St. Paul Minn.

The Giant Heater

Will heat any ordinary room in zero weather at almost no cost

Applied to round wick lamp, or gas jet (open flame or mantel burner).

HEAT and LIGHT at ONE COST

Easy to apply; clean and odorless. A handy, economical, positive heater that insures comfort wherever and whenever wanted. Just the thing for sick-room, bath, bed-room, heating water for shaving, making tea or coffee, etc. Mr. Homer Smith, Wyoming, Del., writes: "We have used your Giant Heater in our home five years and are certain it saves us a ton of coal a year, besides its convenience."

On Gas Flame

On Round Wick Lamp

Price: Black Iron, $1.00; Polished Brass, 1.50; Nickel Plated, 2.00

By mail or express prepaid

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded if returned in ten days. BOOK FREE.

GIANT HEATER CO., Inc., 941 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

WORK SHOPS

OF wood and metal workers without steam power, equipped with

BARNES' FOOT POWER MACHINERY

allow lower bids on jobs and give greater profit on the work. Machines sent on trial if desired. Catalogue free.

W. F. & JOHN BARNES CO.
200 Ruby Street Rockford, Ill.

Press Your Trousers over night at home BEFORE AFTER

Send for booklets and price

Use it sixty days. Money returned if not satisfactory.

Perfect Pants Presser Co.
230 South 5th Ave., Maywood, Ill.

A PERFECT WALL FINISH SHOULD BE

Sanitary
Washable
Beautiful
Soft In Tone
Durable
Economical
Up-To-Date

SUCH A FINISH IS

Lucas
Lu-Co-Flat

Outside the Law

[*Continued from page 29*]

Their high-power machines tore past the caretaker's lodge. A breakdown at its gate resulted in the cross-questioning of the caretaker as to the identity of the mysterious owner of the bungalow with its rose gardens. Ned had to ride in unpopular trains. I had to travel in thick veils, avoid groups of well-dressed men, and often ride beyond our station and then motor back to the farm. At the end of the first month, Ned announced that it would be safer for me to settle down permanently in Little Paradise. He would come out each week earlier and remain later.

For the first time I found myself completely cut off from intercourse with my little world in town. I made a brave pretense of starting on a summer's journey. In Little Paradise, I tried to fill the days when Ned was in town with new books, painting, roses and household duties, thrilling at the thought that I was there because Ned wanted me apart from the world, and that he was counting the hours until he could join me.

Yet I could not force happiness. It was not that I was denied the mid-week pleasures which we had enjoyed together the year before in town — the little dinners a-top the fashionable hotels, the summer opera season, the swift rides through gathering twilight to nearby beaches or suburban homes of friends. Nor did I begrudge Ned those recreations with our friends. But I often myself compared my existence to that of certain women who I knew roamed restlessly from one uptown apartment house to another, changing their names as they changed their telephone numbers, waiting dully, numbly for the appearance of the men who had to steal off to visit them. The women who appeared in pairs, unescorted, at the theatre. The women who filled the semi-smart cafés and restaurants at luncheon and tea hours, because drawing-rooms did not exist for them.

And bit by bit, I saw Ned turn restless under the ban of seclusion. He was proud of Little Paradise's increasing beauty. He wanted his friends to see it. He wanted to entertain as he was entertained at the country homes and the glorified farms of his friends. But for my sake it could not be done.

ONE Sunday morning in early September, we were called to the caretaker's lodge by the old man's sudden illness. I was indoors, brewing special tea for the patient. Ned hung over the fence, smoking his favorite pipe. A car filled with golf-players shot round the bed of the road. I saw Ned stoop suddenly, with an affectation of tracing the progress of a ground-mole's burrowing.

He did not dare let the occupants of the car recognize him!

When the car had passed and he straightened up, I read in his face the longing of the male creature for his own kind. And in that illuminating instant, I realized that we were no longer sufficient unto each other. Like husbands and wives, we had reached the point where our natures demanded social ties. Yet with whom could we share our secret? Whom could we invite to share the paradise which was beginning to stifle us with the heavy sweetness of its love?

With the return to town, some of this morbidness passed, but my happiness in Ned, my pride in his growing success, were marred by the sense of danger and uncertainty, petty incidents and gossip which took on large significance in my eyes.

Where I had once reveled in the very secrecy of our romance, I now caught myself picturing a freer life, lived openly before the world; guests gathered round our table with Ned as their host, where now he was of their number, the re-building of Little Paradise to proportions which would permit us to entertain those whom for two years we had avoided.

Then the day when Sadie Marshall invited me for a Sunday-morning breakfast at eleven! It was an innovation in our set. Sadie flushed slightly and, after a perceptible hesitation, said:

"I must tell you that Tony Chandler and Belle Tyler will be here. If you don't care to meet Belle — if you think that Ned would object to your mixing with them, say so. I won't be hurt. I know the affair is getting pretty open, but nowadays a woman past thirty doesn't mind that sort of thing, and I've got to do something for them. Tony is one of my husband's best clients ——"

I stumbled over the words of reassurance. She had included me so naturally among the socially immaculate. And what if she should offer the same apology to Ned?

Then I heard her say:

"Of course, it's an odd hour, but it's the sort of thing they like, and this is my chance to entertain them, while Ruth is at Craig's for the week-end."

Ruth is Sadie's flower-like daughter. She was just seventeen at the time.

"I can't let her meet Belle Tyler ——"

With a sudden desire to turn the knife in the wound, I demanded:

"But you have Tony here to dinner when Ruth is home?"

"Oh, but he's a man — and Belle — why, it's altogether different. You've got to draw the line. Oh, no, I couldn't let Ruth come in contact with Belle."

And that's what she would say about me — what all mothers would say — if they knew.

In March, however, all such petty anxieties faded before an overwhelming terror. Ned fell ill with pneumonia. Physicians and nurses guarded his bed. Friends were barred. I came under that head — I, the woman who loved him and whose presence might have calmed him in pain or delirium — I could not assert my right to be at his side. His nearest relative, a sister, had been summoned. She was ultra-conventional. She could not understand any woman's daring to love and to serve a man still tied by marriage vows to a wife. So while she calmly and efficiently presided over nurses and servants, I lay prone upon my bed or crouched near the telephone, waiting for that monotonous report, "No change."

As soon as he could speak, he asked for me. Each day I had a few precious minutes with him, by the cool, disapproving permission of his sister. His glance assured me that he understood how I had suffered, but never did he fully appreciate the depths of that Gethsemane through which I moved during those long bitter hours when I pictured him passing into the Great Unknown without the steadying pressure of my hand, without hearing me murmur just once more, "I love you. You have been all in all to me."

His convalescence was slow. As soon as he could travel, he sailed for Europe by slow boat over the Mediterranean route. I started ostensibly for Honolulu, doubled back to Halifax, caught an English steamer, and raced across the continent to meet him in a primitive Italian town. There I nursed him back to health, and when hot weather drove us north we took refuge in a quaint old house near Garmisch, in the heart of the Bavarian Alps.

Here for a time we re-lived the idyllic life of Little Paradise in its first summer. Most of the pilgrims to Garmisch are musical artists and students, worshiping at the shrine of Richard Strauss. Our acquaintance with the musical element was slight. We felt very safe. We renewed our acquaintance with German, read its masterpieces, studied the folk-lore of the picturesque region and walked through its wonderful, revivifying air.

It was on one of our long walking-trips that we met John Statler, similarly engaged. He was a fellow member of the bar, and the clubs to which Ned belonged. He betrayed no surprise at finding us together. As through a gathering mist, I heard Ned invite him to come home and stop with us. Our home — our home! The end had come, I said to myself. The world must know!

But I was wrong. John Statler remained with us for a week. He treated me as if, back home in our own city, he had often been our guest. When he started for his train he bowed over my hand. Ned drove with him to town. When he returned, he took my face between his hands and said very gently:

"We are to forget that John has been here at all. He has been merely resting in a quiet inn. Do you understand, dear?"

"That is because he is a *man*," I murmured chokingly. "But some day it will be a woman. And Ned, I must be with you always — those hours when you were ill. We can never be separated again."

Nevertheless, a year passed before the woman came. And she stumbled unwittingly on Little Paradise, where we had gone to spend a fortnight. We had given up the old plan of week-end stays.

Searching for a lost dog, she had walked over from the country club to the north. The caretaker, dozing under an old apple-tree, the men at work in the fields, had not seen her. And so she came upon us among our roses, Ned reading aloud, I mending a rent in his corduroys.

Her poise was perfect. She drank of our tea and broke our bread, there among our roses. She brought her call to a close deliberately, without haste. But when she rose to go, Ned knew that the hour had come and he spoke quietly, as he had spoken of John Statler:

"When Elsie and I return to town, we will settle in the old Fahnestock house, which I am having re-modeled. I hope you'll drop in."

And she met his glance levelly enough.

"Thanks — it should make a lovely home."

But we knew she would never come. She was that sort. And again when our visitor had left, Ned took my face between his hands and spoke gently.

"We have had to choose, my girl, and I can't live without you."

Brave words — yet they did not heal the widening wound.

That night I wrote to two women. One was an old family friend, a matron of influence. The other was the dearest friend of my girlhood. I told them that the doctors held forth no hope that death would relieve Madeline's misery and break Ned's chains. We loved each other too dearly to live apart any longer. He needed me. The golden years were passing. I had decided to live in his home and his heart, openly. He was the man I loved and he would always be found in my home. I wanted my old friends to come there — if they were willing to meet him in our present relations. But my decision was irrevocable.

So began a new phase of our life. I was never cut by an acquaintance. Ned's position and the dignity and inevitableness with which I announced my determination to take my place at his side probably prevented this experience. For a time, I felt a strange relief, and wondered why I had fretted so long under forced and unnecessary secrecy. Then gradually I began to feel certain vague, indefinable changes in our social relations. We were invited to large affairs, but not to small and intimate dinners. I never received a card to the teas and receptions for debutantes. I was never asked to pour tea in the homes of old, conservative friends. When we settled for the summer in Little Paradise, now increased in acres and buildings, with a superintendent and experts in charge, groups of married people motored out for dinner or the week-end, but they never brought their young sons and daughters.

Quite as sharp and penetrating was the electric current which seemed to run over the congregation when I entered the church of which, like my family for several generations, I was a member. Patently, those around me felt that in attending any religious service I was more than inconsistent — I was defiant. Yet on all sides, were other offenders, men who, sitting with their wives and children, were known to support more than one domestic establishment — an ex-bank teller whose defalcation had been made good by his family, a beautiful wife whose affair with an out-of-town man was more than a matter of gossip. All these were free to worship, but I who had not hidden behind the protecting veil of marriage was an alien.

So it came about that when I was weary, when the man I loved was far from me, perhaps in danger, when I felt the need to pray that the price of my offense might not be the undoing instead of the making of Ned, I made my way to a church which was always open for rest and meditation, and at an hour when its worshipers fewest.

With each year, Ned became more prosperous. His practice and influence increased. His investments turned out well. And with growing prosperity came the man's natural longing for children, sons to bear his name, daughters to be proud of their father. And these I had to deny him for the sake of the unborn. Not that he ever expressed his yearning. But the keen eyes of love read his soul. So I drew on all my powers to lessen the loss, to make his life worth while in other ways. But despite the beauty of Little Paradise, our reputation as hosts, the charm of our town house and its clever if unconventional circle of guests, I began to feel the strain of the struggle to hold Ned's love against the traditional nature which was reasserting itself with advancing years.

It was just about this time that he settled Little Paradise upon me, together with investments that would make me independent in case of his death. Not that I had no means of my own, but he wished me to have the same settlement that the state laws give a legal wife. It made me shiver, the conference over property and investments. For weeks I found myself searching the papers morbidly for the tragedies of women who had lived outside the law. The case of that poor creature immured behind the offices of a country lawyer. She had not been brave enough to face public opinion. Or perhaps he had demanded secrecy as the price of the love for which she hungered. And the wretched woman who had slain her children rather than let them face an unfathered youth. Each of these women had loved as I had loved. Each had thought, with me, that hers was the exceptional case! And each had paid, and paid, and paid.

In a panic, I begged Ned to take me to Europe. I had a fancy to spend a month where we had been so happy, near Garmisch. The war drove us back. And the day we landed in New York, Ned received a wire. Madeline had died. He was free to marry.

It was the first thing he said as he folded the message into a tiny square, as a magician causes paper to vanish up his sleeve.

"I am free to marry you, Elsie."

But is he? Can we ever marry as other people marry who have lived within the law?

Will marriage eradicate the social stain which has been spreading over our happiness bit by bit during the past fifteen years?

Will the old friends come back, and the old joy re-enter our hearts.

Should I accept this sacrifice, or set Ned free, to marry one who can give him what he desires — children?

Ned looks forward to our marriage as a settled event. Whether this is from a sense of duty or because love for me and life with me have become a habit, I cannot say. I feel that he loves me. But the children — the children! If we have them now, stalwart sons, flower-like daughters!— what of the day when they must learn that for fifteen years their mother lived outside the law?

Mrs. Richardson has just finished the most extraordinary article she has yet gathered from the marital and almost marital experiences of men and women. She calls it "Parasites Lost," and in it, she finishes the job she began in "Easy Alimony."

Putting the Motor on the Counter

[*Continued from page 21*]

There is an entirely new type of automobile dealer emerging, and he is falling into one of three groups:

First — He is a dealer of the repair shop kind, who sees the light and hits the sawdust trail into the new era of automobile merchandizing.

Second — He is a young fellow who has watched the auto business from outside, and decided he would like to get into it, and does get into it by one of several openings.

Third — He is an automobile salesman who has shown such capacity on the road that some manufacturer gives him important territory and helps him financially in making a start as a dealer.

Most of the chances for young men are in the second group, and also most of the hope of the automobile industry in getting merchants to handle its products.

Let us picture a typical candidate for that group, and follow him as he develops into an automobile dealer.

He will be a young man of twenty to thirty, with ambition, character, attractive personality and some business experience. College and a few years in Dad's bank, with Dad's financial backing, makes a good start. High

Karpen Furniture

presents the perfect combination of beauty and comfort. Your visitors are certain to appreciate the artistry of its lines and the luxuriousness of its upholstery. You will find no more satisfying lifelong companions than KARPEN furniture.

THE KARPEN BOOK OF DESIGNS

If the KARPEN trademark is not on the furniture shown you by your dealer, write us for our new book of designs G-10. We will be glad to send you this interesting and instructive book on receipt of fourteen cents in stamps.

S. KARPEN & BROS.

Karpen Building, Chicago
37th Street & Broadway, New York

No. 4885 - Arm Chair
Karpenesque upholstery in velours and tapestries

Polish Mirrors with 3-in-One Oil

Just a few drops in the wash water will clean perfectly. Then a dry cloth will polish beautifully. Do the same with windows and cut glass. 3-in-One is a highly refined, specially compounded oil without greasy qualities. It *cleans* while it polishes.

Use on the frames of mirrors as well as on the glass. Use on all fine woods and on hardwood or parquet floors. Leaves no disagreeable smell and no residue to soil the hands.

At all stores: In bottles, 10c, 25c and 50c. In Handy Oil Cans, 25c.

FREE—If you are not up on 3-in-One, send for free sample and Dictionary of Uses.

Three-in-One-Oil Co., 42KNF, Broadway, N. Y.

The Economical KIDDIE-KOOP

COMBINATION CRIB, PLAY PEN and BASSINET

A New Crib

For thousands of good mothers and babies. Comfort for mother and baby, safety for crowded cities...springs and mattress raise as desired and fold instantly into Kiddie-Koop to carry anywhere.

WRITE FOR FREE FOLDER and 10-DAY TRIAL OFFER. *Dealer's name appreciated*

Patented—Accept No substitute

E. E. TRIMBLE MFG. CO.
22 Carthage Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
Leo-Trimble Mfg. Co.
Toronto, Ont.

KEITH'S Big $1 Offer

1st—A 100 page number of Keith's Magazine, a special number devoted to bungalows.

2nd—A big book containing up-to-date designs for

140 Bungalows and Cottages

3rd—A six months' subscription to the well known and leading authority for home builders, Keith's Magazine, $2 a year, 20c copy. ALL THE ABOVE, SPECIAL $1.00.

M. L. KEITH, 931 McKnight Bldg., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10c

USE FOR PAPER WORK

Tearing Up a Million Dollars

THERE is only one man in the world who ever tore up a $1,000,000 a year salary contract.

When the Steel Corporation took over the Carnegie Company it acquired as one of its liabilities—it really was an asset—a contract to pay Charles M. Schwab that unheard-of sum annually.

J. P. Morgan didn't know what to do about it. The highest salary on record was $100,000. He was in a quandary.

Finally, he summoned Schwab, showed him the contract and hesitatingly asked what could be done about it.

"This," said Schwab.

He tore it up.

That contract had netted Schwab $1,300,000 the previous year.

"I didn't care what salary they paid me. I was not animated by money motives. I believed in what I was trying to do and I wanted to see it brought about. I cancelled that contract without a moment's hesitation." Thus did Mr. Schwab explain his action to me.

There was a sequel. Morgan later told Carnegie how magnanimously Schwab had acted. Carnegie remarked: "Charlie is the only man I know who would have done that."

And he promptly sent Schwab in bonds the full amount of the contract.

This is a quotation from "The Men Who Are Making America," a series of articles on America's big business men by B. C. Forbes which is appearing in Leslie's.

In its entirety this series constitutes the greatest history of modern American enterprise ever written.

B. C. Forbes, before beginning his great series, "Men Who Are Making America," wrote to ten thousand successful business men, ranging from the great multimillionaires themselves to the presidents of country banks.

He asked them each to name the fifty greatest living builders of industrial America. Their votes have decided who these fifty are. There is no half-knowledge, no bias or prejudice, in such a choice.

Mr. Forbes, who is recognized as one of the ablest and most *interesting* financial writers in America, has drawn on the knowledge gained from years of financial experience and acquaintance, with a careful study of the *real* life of each man chosen, to write the hitherto unwritten story of each of these great men. One of these business stories will run in Leslie's every week.

$5.00 brings Leslie's for a year. Indicate on the coupon whether you wish to have your subscription start with the first Forbes article or with the current issue.

McC. Oct. '16

LESLIE'S
225 Fifth Ave.
New York City

Enclosed find $5.00. Please send me Leslie's for one year beginning with (the issue of July 27th) or (the current issue).

Name .....

Address .....

Leslie's
Illustrated Weekly Newspaper
225 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

school and a few years in business is excellent, especially if there has been selling experience of any sort. It is highly important that the candidate have initiative, enthusiasm, the knack of dealing with people, and determination to get somewhere. Job-holders need not apply.

This candidate is apt to find his field in a small town, rather than a city. It may even be a "one-gallus" town of less than a thousand population. A few years ago the demand for automobiles was centered in cities. But nowadays the heaviest percentage of sales is being made to farmers. Places that five years ago were just lumped into the territory of the big city dealer, and neglected by him, are now profitable sales points in themselves. The greatest need of the industry is for the merchant type of dealer in those places, because the cities are already well covered. The dominant idea today is intensive working of small territory.

The first qualification that the candidate needs is knowledge of the automobile business. Not so many years ago he would have started with a thorough course in mechanics, probably working in the factory for several months, to learn how cars are made and how to repair and keep them running. Today, this course would be very brief indeed, if it were needed at all. For the merchant type of dealer has abilities too valuable to squander on mechanical details. Shooting jinxes is a job for trained mechanics, anyway.

HOLBROOK BLINN, *often spoken of as America's foremost actor, was recently playing in a motion picture with George Le Guere, who is the youngest-looking juvenile in New York. The studio was just outside the city limits, and Le Guere was in the habit of taking the Third Avenue Elevated each morning.*

"'You'd better not do that, George,' said Blinn one day. 'You may catch infantile paralysis.'"

Some young fellows, situated like our typical candidate, get into the auto business simply by taking a header. They are "native sons" in their community, know all the people, and are known to everybody. That gives them a marked advantage over an experienced outsider, provided they have the other qualifications. Their character and credit enable them to finance the sale of a carload of automobiles. Dad's money often backs the enterprise. They make sales to people right at home, and get a-going and learn details as they develop, through contact with the manufacturer's salesmen.

Another good way of starting is to get a position in the sales organization of some auto manufacturer, working for six months or a year to learn the game, even if one has to work for nominal wages at the start. This not only gives practical training, but the man who really makes good can be sure of the help of the manufacturer in establishing himself as a dealer. This means credit, and assignment to productive territory.

Still another way is for the candidate to get in touch with a big automobile dealer in a nearby city. The agent for a given car in a city of several hundred thousand population will often have several hundred square miles of territory around him which he admits is inadequately covered by his organization. If the candidate demonstrates ability he can begin selling automobiles in an outlying district, get a good profit on each sale, and let the big dealer do all the financing.

In many cases the candidate who wakes up to the possibilities of automobile selling will find that the popular cars are all represented in his town. Some of the dealers may be indifferent salesmen, carrying cars as a side line to some other business. Perhaps the car he thinks he would like to handle is in the hands of an old fogy merchant who is not doing the manufacturer justice. He hurries to the manufacturer, and tells him so, and expects that it will be easy to get that agency for himself.

But usually he meets with disappointment. The manufacturer is slow to change agents and break old connections. Two or three experiences of that kind may make it look as though there were no chance for a live newcomer.

The chances are there, however. It is necessary to prove that he is a better dealer than the old one, that's all. Let him go to work under the dealer and prove that he can sell cars, and the manufacturer will be keen in helping him make satisfactory arrangements. Sometimes he can get other territory, or again become a partner with the old dealer, or buy him out. There are many ways of adjusting things, and the manufacturer will find a satisfactory arrangement.

Next to ability, the principal qualification for a good man is credit. A carload of automobiles, containing six cars selling for one thousand dollars each, retail, calls for four to five thousand dollars investment, with freight. Manufacturers seldom extend any credit, because all the capital they can get is needed to build cars. A few years ago, after the wave of speculation and promotion among auto manufacturers, credit was a problem for the dealer. Bankers regarded the automobile as an undesirable purchase for the average man, and especially the farmer, and not only advanced money cautiously on automobile transactions, but did considerable preaching about the folly of owning automobiles. But that has all changed, because experience has taught the bankers that the buying of automobiles is a far-reaching neighborhood improvement, bringing better roads, higher land values, increased earning power on the farms, and a wider life for the farm folk.

Let an ambitious man get the sales representation for a standard car, and make a start by finding customers, and the bankers in almost any community will now finance his operations up to eighty per cent. of the net cost. It is no longer a question of using Dad's money. The basis of credit is the car itself, plus the ability of the dealer to sell it. In special cases, where the car is of a make that enjoys prestige in the neighborhood, and the dealer is buying from the manufacturer during the fall and winter, to deliver to assured customers in the spring, banks have gone so far as to lend the full net cost, plus freight, and also pay storage.

"Ninety-five per cent. of the problem of selling automobiles is *men*," said one manufacturer. "A boneheaded job-holder could neither sell a good car nor keep the owners happy afterwards if he did sell. The man of ability with a good car sells largely upon his character, and character is the basis of credit. So the possession of this ability means also the possession of credit."

When it comes to profits, the dealer has by far the most comfortable margin in which to turn around. His discount is usually about twenty-five per cent. off list price. If a car is sold to the owner for one thousand dollars, f. o. b. factory, the dealer gets it for seven hundred and fifty dollars, and pays the freight, which he charges to his customer. The manufacturer's profit on that car will probably be less than fifty dollars, or five per cent. of the list price. These profits approximate those on the average run of general merchandise.

With his retail profit, the dealer is nowadays expected to be a real retail merchant, and also to take care of his customers after they have purchased.

In other days, a profit of two hundred and fifty dollars was pocketed on a thousand-dollar car sold by somebody who came after it and paid cash to take it away. But today, the dealer must do many things with his profit.

One of the first is to set aside five per cent. as a fund with which to give his customers service. Much has been said about car performance after purchase, and now every wide-awake manufacturer places great emphasis on dealer performance. The dealer must be ready to replace defective parts, correct shortcomings, keep the car running and the customer happy, and do it all instantly, without question. In many cases the manufacturer finally stands the expense of replacement and repair. But this involves a period of investigation and adjustment. Once upon a time the dealer simply shrugged his shoulders, and threw the customer back onto the manufacturer for service. Now he is like any other merchant, taking goods back across the counter, adjusting trouble on sight, and making everything satisfactory out of his own pocket, if necessary.

He must also maintain a better selling system. It costs money to locate and keep track of prospective automobile purchasers, for they may take a year or two to finance the investment in a car, and at any time are

Choose—But Choose Quickly, For Winter Is On Its Way

Your choice lies between the drudgery of minding the fire, of trudging down and up the cellar stairs to open damper doors, of getting up in the cold darkness of a winter morning—or **installing a Dunham Vapor Heating System and living in heat security and economical comfort.**

DUNHAM THERMOSTAT

As ornamental and useful as a clock. Fits on the wall—connects electrically. Can be set so that the house will be at any desired temperature any hour.

Dunham Heating automatically keeps every room at either of any two desired temperatures—without a step to the cellar.

Where there is Dunham Heating there are no banging, hissing, half-cold, half-hot, coal-wasting, nerve-wracking radiators.

A Dunham Vapor Heating System eliminates leaking, hissing inlet valves, wrist-tiring twisting to turn the heat on or off—homely radiator fixtures.

Dunham Heating, of course, costs more to install than does an old-fashioned system. But its slight added first cost is paid for in economical operation.

Send for our book, **"The 3 H's,"** and learn the whys and wherefores of Dunham Heating. It's a helpful little book that shows the way to home comfort and coal economy—it tells the tale of the wonderful **Dunham Radiator Trap, Inlet Valve and Thermostat.**

The DUNHAM VAPOR HEATING SYSTEM

C. A. DUNHAM CO., Marshalltown, Iowa

DIVISION SALES OFFICES: Chicago, New York, San Francisco

BRANCHES:

Boston	Pittsburgh	Davenport	Cheyenne
Rochester	Cleveland	Des Moines	Salt Lake City
Albany	Detroit	St. Louis	Spokane
Philadelphia	Indianapolis	Kansas City	Portland, Ore.
Washington, D. C.	Louisville	Fort Worth	Seattle
Birmingham	Milwaukee	Dallas	Los Angeles
	Minneapolis	Denver	

C. A. DUNHAM CO., Ltd., Toronto, Canada

Branch Offices:

Halifax Montreal Ottawa Winnipeg Vancouver

Send a 2c Stamp *For a Sample Cake*

For your skin's sake we would like you to become acquainted with the soft delicacy and delightful cleansing qualities of this purest of transparent soaps.

Distinctive in its elusive perfume, it imparts a creamy rich lather that makes its use a real treat.

No 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap

This perfect soap has been the choice of refined women for many generations—both here and abroad. And you, too, will find it best. At your druggist or dry goods store.

For the sample cake, send 2c stamp; or for 10c in stamps we will send you a package containing a sample cake of No. 4711 White Rose Glycerine Soap, a sample bottle of No. 4711 Bath Salts, and a sample bottle of No. 4711 Eau de Cologne.

MÜLHENS & KROPFF, Dept. D, 25 West 45th Street, New York

likely to switch from one make to another. But the live dealer knows that it pays to follow all the waiting and shifting of preferences. He knows who will buy a car for the first time next spring. He knows who should be open to a proposition to trade in an old car for a new one this spring. He studies his community, and locates future customers before they themselves are quite ready to think of owning an automobile.

Much of his work is done among women. The live dealer has discovered that he must get his car into the good graces of Madame, and keep it there in spite of competition and prejudice. The feminine mind has a tendency to select motor cars by elimination. A man will come and announce, enthusiastically, "By golly, when I buy an auto it'll be a Complex!" Madame has ridden in a Complex, and dislikes some detail—the doors did not open easily, or the driver bumped her over the thank-you-ma'ams. "You'll do no such thing!" says Madame, and the Complex is eliminated unless the dealer can restore it to favor.

One of the strongest selling influences for motor cars is the small boy. Small boys grow quickly, and a few years from now may be buying cars for themselves. Meanwhile, a boy is a tireless investigator, and collector of facts, and motor cars and garages fascinate him because they are such centers of affairs. The man who is ashamed to admit to himself that he made a wrong selection in a motor will confide weak points to an inquisitive boy. The boy is apt to be a storehouse of information on makes and models. So, when Dad comes home and announces that it is to be the Complex, perhaps his son bursts out scornfully, "Aw! That's a piece of cheese!" And he has facts to back up his opinion.

The new type of dealer maintains an attractive salesroom—a real store. Purchasing a motor car is about the second most important transaction in the life of the average man or woman. Only the purchase of a home is of greater magnitude. A good showroom gives proper atmosphere for such a transaction. It also makes the purchaser feel that he will be taken care of if anything happens to his car after he is an owner.

He is apt to be pretty keen on accounting. A large percentage of men who fail in business can blame lack of careful accounting. The auto dealer of the past rather ran over the percentage in neglect of this fundamental. The new type of dealer builds his business on good bookkeeping.

He has a real organization around him, even if it is small. If you want a spare part worth forty cents, or have brought in a tire for adjustment, you can find him at his desk or in the salesroom, and he presses a button for an assistant to take care of you instead of running around doing forty-cent chores himself.

If he is in a small town, he makes a profitable business out of the countless accessories made for motoring folk. In the cities, these accessories tend to become a separate business, because men who specialize in them carry better stocks, and give better service. He may not be able to show as wide an assortment, but what he has will be well-selected, and shown, and the stock systematically maintained.

In other words, he is on the job, a wide-awake distributor for the most modern business in the country.

All the automobiles made in the United States are turned out by not more than one hundred and fifty manufacturers. Half of them are standard cars, ranging in price from about six hundred dollars upward, and the other half cheaper cars. Eighty per cent. of the standard cars are made by about seven, or perhaps eight, manufacturers. These seven or eight are the ones that the public knows, and prefers. To be a successful dealer, one must practically measure up to the sales standards set for a popular car, and get the immense aid of its reputation. Otherwise, one must fall in the rear of the procession with a little-known car. The good cars and the good dealers are growing together everywhere, and the increase in output of leading manufacturers is such that there is plenty of room for ability. At the same time, the business of distributing automobiles is narrowing down so that within a few years there may be room for nothing else.

Waldemar Kaempffert, editor of the Popular Science Monthly, conducts a regular department in McClure's for automobilists. Also, in November, will be an excellent business yarn, "The Rube," by Frank Goewey Jones. McClure's leads them all in business stories and articles.

MOTT'S PLUMBING

Plan your bathroom with this new book

It answers these questions:

How can a bathroom of any size be planned for greatest comfort and beauty?

What will the essential fixtures cost? What are the different grades?

What kind of solid porcelain bath tub costs no more than one of high-grade enameled iron?

What are the advantages of a built-in shower-and-bath?

Why is a lavatory of vitreous china so durable?

What are the inexpensive accessories that add so much to bathroom comfort?

What gives a closet its "quiet action"?

What is the best ware for the kitchen sink? Why?

And many others.

This practical book just published gives all the information needed for intelligent bathroom planning—including the essential fixtures of various grades at a wide range of prices. Also gives valuable hints on tiling and decorations. Send 4c for copy of "Modern Plumbing."

THE J. L. MOTT IRON WORKS
Fifth Avenue and 17th Street New York

1828—Eighty-eight years of Supremacy—1916

†Boston	Cleveland	Columbia, S.C.
Pittsburgh	†Detroit	New Orleans
†Chicago	†Des Moines	Denver
Minneapolis	†Toledo	†San Francisco
Atlanta	Portland, Ore.	†St. Louis
†Philadelphia	†Washington, D. C.	†Montreal, Can.
Seattle	Dallas, Tex.	San Antonio

†Showrooms equipped with model bathrooms

"NEW-SKIN"

—to prevent infection

An antiseptic liquid for cuts, scrapes, and little hurts. It forms a water-proof covering that protects the cut and allows it to heal. Carry it with you always.

At all druggists (10c., 25c.). Or send us 25c. in stamps for the larger size by mail.

Be sure to get the genuine. Always in glass bottles; red and gold paper cartons.

NEWSKIN CO., NEW YORK

The Powder She Uses

is chosen—not simply because it looks fine and light in the box or feels fine between the fingers—BUT, because it proves it's merits on the face, where the real test comes. You too, should use this fairy-scented Beautifier

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream 50c Everywhere

CARMEN Complexion Powder

In the Red Trimmed Orange Colored Box—Sold Everywhere

blends so perfectly with the tones of the skin and adheres so closely that you never have to worry about it rubbing or blowing off, or failing under glaring light or perspiration. It is distinctly different.

STAFFORD-MILLER CO.
513 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

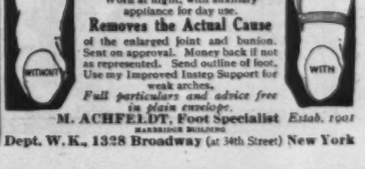
STRAIGHTEN YOUR TOES BANISH THAT BUNION

ACHFELDT'S
Perfection Toe Spring

Worn at night, with auxiliary appliance for day use.

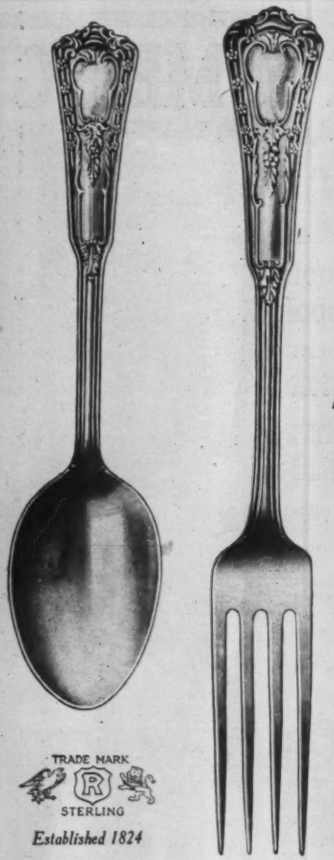
Removes the Actual Cause

of the enlarged joint and bunion. Sent on approval. Money back if not as represented. Send outline of foot. Use my Improved Instep Support for weak arches.



Full particulars and advice free in plain envelope.

M. ACHFELDT, Foot Specialist *Estab. 1901*
HARRIDGE BUILDING
Dept. W. K., 1328 Broadway (at 34th Street) **New York**



The REMBRANDT

A beautiful new pattern in Reed & Barton sterling silver. Its graceful outline and rich ornamentation reflect with fidelity the art of the period in which its name-giver flourished.

Reed & Barton silverware serves homes of taste, and passes from one generation to another.

TRADE MARK
STERLING
Established 1824

REED & BARTON
Taunton Massachusetts

Represented at FIFTH AVE. & 32d ST—4 MAIDEN LANE, NEW YORK
Boston Chicago San Francisco London Paris

Send
Whitman's
Sampler
if you would surprise and please!

Altogether unique is this quaint, original Sampler box with its old-time atmosphere and its charming variety of the leading Whitman chocolates and confections—famous since 1842.

At the nearest Whitman's agency (usually the leading drug store) or from us for $1.00. Ask for booklet.

Stephen F. Whitman & Son, Inc.
Philadelphia, U. S. A.
Makers of Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate, Cocoa and Marshmallow Whip

The Diamond Mine

[*Continued from page 11*]

I sat down at the piano and busied myself with the manuscript for some time, while Cressida dashed off necessary notes and wrote checks in a large square checkbook, six to a page. I supposed her immersed in sumptuary preoccupations when she suddenly looked over her shoulder and said: "Yes, that legend, *Sarka*, is the most interesting. Run it through a few times and I'll try it over with you."

There was another, "*Dans les ombres des fôrets tristes*," which I thought quite as beautiful. They were fine songs; very individual, and each had that spontaneity which makes a song seem inevitable and once for all "done."

"I wish he'd indicated his tempi a little more clearly," I remarked as I finished *Sarka* for the third time. "It matters, because he really has something to say. An orchestral accompaniment would be better, I should think."

"Yes, he sent the orchestral arrangement. Poppas has it. It works out beautifully—so much color in the instrumentation. The English horn comes in so effectively there," she rose and indicated the passage, "just right with the voice. I've asked him to come next Sunday, so please be here if you can."

CRESSIDA was always at home to her friends on Sunday afternoon unless she was billed for the evening concert at the Opera House, in which case we were sufficiently advised by the daily press. Bouchalka must have been told to come early, for when I arrived on Sunday at four he and Cressida had the music-room quite to themselves and were standing by the piano in earnest conversation. In a few moments they were separated by other early arrivals, and I led Bouchalka across the hall to the drawing-room. The guests, as they came in, glanced at him curiously. He wore a dark blue suit, soft and rather baggy, with a short coat, and a high double-breasted vest with two rows of buttons coming up to the loops of his black tie. He spoke hurried, elliptical English, and very good French. I found him a fierce, a transfixing talker. His brilliant eyes, his gaunt hands, his white, deeply-lined forehead, all entered into his speech.

I asked him whether he had not recognized Madame Garnet at once when we entered the restaurant that evening, more than a week ago.

"*Mais, certainement!* I hear her twice when she sings in the afternoon, and sometimes at night for the last act I have a friend who buys a ticket for the first part, and he comes out and gives to me his pass-back check, and I return for the last act. That is convenient if I am broke." He explained the trick with amusement but without embarrassment, as if it were a shift that we might any of us be put to

I told him that I admired his skill with the violin, but his songs much more.

He threw out his red under-lip and frowned. "Oh, I have no instrument! The violin I play from necessity; the flute, the piano, as it happens. For three years now I write all the time, and it spoils the hand for violin."

When the maid brought him his tea, he took both muffins and cakes and told me that he was very hungry. He had to lunch and dine at the place where he played, and he got very tired of the food "But since," his black eyebrows nearly met in an acute angle, "but since, before, I eat at a bakery, with the slender brown roach on the pie, I guess I better let alone well enough." He paused to drink his tea; as he tasted one of the cakes his face lit with sudden animation and he gazed across the hall after the maid with the tray—she was now holding it before the aged and ossified 'cellist of the Hampfstangle Quartette. "*Des Gateaux!*" he murmured feelingly. "*Ou est-ce qu'elle peut trouver de tels gateaux ici à* New York?"

I explained to him that Madame Garnet had an accomplished cook who made them,—an Austrian, I thought.

He shook his head. "*Austrichienne? Je ne pense pas.*"

Cressida was approaching with the Spanish soprano, Mme. Bartolas, who was all black velvet and long black feathers, with a lace veil over her rich pallor and even a little black patch on her chin. I beckoned them. "Tell me, Cressida, isn't Ruzenka an Austrian?"

She looked surprised. "No, a Bohemian, though I got her in Vienna." Bouchalka's expression, and the remnant of a cake in his long fingers, gave her the connection. She laughed. "You like them? Of course. They must seem of your own soil. You shall have more of them." She nodded and went away to greet a guest who had just come in.

A few moments later, Horace, then a beautiful lad in Eton clothes, brought another cup of tea and a plate of cakes for Bouchalka. We sat down in a corner, and talked about his songs. He was neither boastful nor deprecatory. He knew exactly in what respects they were excellent. I decided, as I watched his face, that he must be under thirty. His teeth were white, very irregular and interesting. The corrective methods of modern dentistry would have taken away half his good looks.

As we talked about his songs, his manner changed. Before that, he had seemed responsive and easily pleased. Now he grew abstracted, as if I had taken away his pleasant afternoon and wakened him to his miseries. When I mentioned Puccini, he held his head in his hands. "Why is it they like that always and always? A little, oh, yes, very nice! But so much, always the same thing! Why?" He pierced me with the despairing glance which had followed us out of the restaurant.

I asked him whether he had sent any of his songs to the musical publishers, and named one whom I knew to be discriminating. He shrugged his shoulders. "They not want Bohemian songs. They not want my music."

Most people cannot become utterly poor; whatever happens, they can right themselves a little. But one felt that Bouchalka was the sort of person who might actually starve or blow his brains out. Something very important had been left out of his make-up or his education; something that we are not accustomed to miss in people.

Gradually the parlor was filled with little groups of friends, and I took Bouchalka back to the music-room where Cressida was surrounded by late comers; feathered women, with large sleeves and hats, young men of no importance, in frock coats, with shining hair and the smile which is intended to say so many flattering things but which really expresses little more than a desire to get on. The older men were standing about waiting for a word *à deux* with the hostess. To these people Bouchalka had nothing to say He stood stiffly at the outer edge of the circle, watching Cressida with intent, impatient eyes, until, under the pretext of showing him a score, she drew him into the alcove at the back end of the long room, where she kept her musical library. Two persons could be quite withdrawn there, and yet be a part of the general friendly scene. Cressida took a score from the shelf, and sat down with Bouchalka upon the window-seat, the book open between them, though neither of them looked at it again. They fell to talking with great earnestness. At last the Bohemian pulled out a large, yellowing silver watch, held it up before him, and stared at it a moment as if it were an object of horror. He sprang up, bent over Cressida's hand and murmured something, dashed into the hall and out of the front door without waiting for the maid to open it. He had worn no overcoat, apparently It was then seven o'clock; he would surely be late at his post in the up-town restaurant.

After supper Cressida told me his story. His parents, both poor musicians — the mother a singer — died while he was yet a baby, and he was left to the care of an arbitrary uncle who resolved to make a priest of him. He was put into a monastery school and kept there. The organist and choir director, fortunately for Blasius, was an excellent musician, a man who had begun his career brilliantly, but who had met with crushing sorrows and disappointments in the world. He devoted himself to his talented pupil, and was the only teacher the young man ever had. At twenty-one, when he was ready for the novitiate, Blasius felt that the call of life was too strong for him, and he ran away out into a world of which he knew nothing. He tramped southward to Vienna, begging and playing his fiddle from town to town. There he fell in with a gipsy band which was being recruited for a Paris restaurant, and went with them to

Paris. He played in cafés and in cheap theatres, did transcribing for a musical publisher, tried to get pupils. For four years he was the mouse, and hunger was the cat. She kept him on the jump. When he got work he did not understand why, when he lost a job he did not understand why. During the time when most of us acquire a practical sense, get a half-unconscious knowledge of hard facts and market values, he had been shut away from the world, fed like the pigeons in the bell-tower of his monastery. Bouchalka had now been in New York a year, and for all he knew about it, Cressida said, he might have landed the day before yesterday.

Several weeks went by, and as Bouchalka did not reappear on Tenth Street, Cressida and I went once more to the place where he had played, only to find another violinist leading the orchestra. We summoned the proprietor, a Swiss-Italian, polite and solicitous. He told us the gentleman was not playing there any more, was playing somewhere else, but he had forgotten where. We insisted upon talking to the old pianist, who at last reluctantly admitted that the Bohemian had been dismissed. He had arrived very late one Sunday night three weeks ago, and had hot words with the proprietor. He was a very talented fellow, but wild and not to be depended upon. The old man gave us the address of a French boarding house on Seventh Avenue where Bouchalka used to room. We drove there at once, but the woman who kept the place said he had gone away two weeks before — leaving no address, as he never got letters.

It took us several days to run Bouchalka down, but when we did find him Cressida promptly busied herself in his behalf. She sang his *Sarka* with the Metropolitan Opera orchestra at a Sunday night concert, she got him a position with the Symphony Orchestra, and persuaded the conservative Hempfstangle Quartette to play one of his chamber compositions from manuscript. She aroused the interest of a publisher in his work, and introduced him to people who were helpful to him.

By the new year Bouchalka was fairly on his feet. He had proper clothes now, and Cressida's friends found him attractive. He was usually at her house on Sunday afternoons; so usually, indeed, that Poppas began pointedly to absent himself. When other guests arrived, the Bohemian and his patroness were always found at the critical point of discussion — at the piano, by the fire, in the alcove at the end of the room — both of them interested and animated. He was invariably respectful and admiring, deferring to her in every tone and gesture, and she was palpably pleased and flattered — as if all this were new to her and she were tasting the sweetness of a first success.

ONE wild day in March Cressida burst tempestuously into my apartment and threw herself down, declaring that she had just come from the most trying rehearsal she had ever lived through. When I tried to question her about it, she replied absently and continued to shiver and crouch by the fire. Suddenly she rose, walked to the window and stood looking out over the Square, glittering with ice and rain and strewn with the wrecks of umbrellas. When she turned again, she approached me with determination.

"I shall have to ask you to go with me," she said firmly. "That crazy Bouchalka has gone and got a pleurisy or something. It may be pneumonia. I've sent Dr. Brooks to him, but I can never tell anything from what a doctor says. I've got to see Bouchalka and his nurse, and what sort of place he's in. I've been rehearsing all day and I'm singing tomorrow night; I can't have so much on my mind. Can you come with me?"

I put on my furs and we went down to Cressida's carriage. She gave the driver a number on Seventh Avenue, and then began feeling her throat with the alarmed expression which meant that she was not going to talk. We drove in silence to the address, and by this time it was growing dark. The French landlady was a cordial, comfortable person who took Cressida in at a glance and seemed much impressed. Cressida's incognito was never successful. Her black gown was inconspicuous enough, but over it she wore a dark purple velvet carriage coat, lined with fur and furred at the cuffs and collar. The Frenchwoman's eye ran over it delightedly and scrutinized the veil which only half concealed the well-known face behind it. She insisted upon conducting us up to the fourth floor herself, running ahead of us and turning up the gas jets in the dark, musty-smelling halls.

We found the sick man in a great walnut bed, a relic of better days which this lodging house must have seen. The grimy red plush carpet, the red velvet chairs with broken springs, the double gilt-framed mirror above the mantel, had all been respectable, substantial contributions to comfort in their prime. The fireplace was now empty and grateless, and an ill-smelling gas stove burned in the sooty recess under the cracked marble. The huge arched windows were hung with heavy red curtains, now pinned together and lightly stirred by the wind which rattled the loose frames.

I was examining these things while Cressida bent over Bouchalka. Her carriage cloak she threw over the foot of his bed, either from a protective impulse or because there was no place else to put it. As I approached, after she had greeted him and seated herself, the sick man reached down and drew the cloak up over him, looking at it with weak, childish pleasure and stroking the velvet with his long fingers. "*Couleur de gloire, couleur des reines!*" I heard him murmur. He thrust the sleeve of the coat under his chin and closed his eyes. His loud, rapid breathing was the only sound in the room. If Cressida brushed back his hair or touched his hand, he looked up long enough to give her a smile of utter adoration.

The nurse was gone for an hour, and we sat there quietly, Cressida with her eyes fixed on Bouchalka, and I absorbed in the strange atmosphere of the house, which seemed to seep in under the door and through the walls. Occasionally we heard a call for "*d'eau chaude!*" and the heavy trot of a serving woman on the stairs. On the floor below somebody was struggling with Schubert's *Marche Militaire* on a coarse-toned upright piano. Sometimes, when a door was opened, one could hear a parrot screaming, "*Voila, voila, tonnerre!*" The house was built before 1870, as one could tell from windows and mouldings, and the walls were thick.

When the nurse returned and we rose to go, Bouchalka was still lying with her cloak under his cheek, and Cressida left it there. "It seems to please him," she murmured as we went down the stairs. "I can go home without a wrap. It's not far." I had, of course, to give her my furs, as I was not singing *Donna Anna* tomorrow evening.

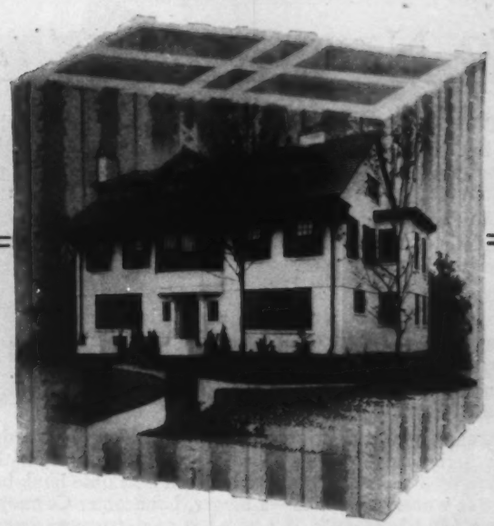
After this I was not surprised by any devout attitude in which I happened to find the Bohemian when I entered Cressida's music-room unannounced, or by any radiance on her face when she rose from the window-seat in the alcove and came down the room to greet me.

Bouchalka was, of course, very often at the Opera now. On almost any night when Cressida sang one could see his narrow black head — high above the temples and rather constrained behind the ears — peering from some part of the house. I used to wonder what he thought of Cressida as an artist, but probably he did not think seriously at all. A great voice, a handsome woman, a great prestige; these, added together, made a "great artist"—the common euphemism for success. Her success, and the material evidences of it, quite blinded him. I could never draw from him anything adequate about Straka, Cressida's Slavic rival, and this perhaps meant that he considered comparison disloyal. All the while that Cressida was singing reliably and satisfying the management, Straka was singing uncertainly and making history, though her voice was primarily defective, and her immediate vocal method was bad.

Bouchalka was not a receptive person. He had his own idea of what a great prima donna should be like, and he took it for granted that Mme. Garnet corresponded to his conception. The curious thing was that he managed to impress his idea upon Cressida herself. She began to see herself as he saw her, to try to be like the notion of her he carried somewhere in that pointed head of his. She was exalted quite beyond herself. Then if ever in her life, she heard the bird sing on the branch outside her window; and she wished she were younger, lovelier, freer.

One April day when we were driving in the Park, Cressida, superb in a green-and-primrose costume, hurried over from Paris, turned to me, smiling, and said: "Do you know, this is the first spring I haven't dreaded. It's the first one I've ever really had. Perhaps people never have more than one, whether it comes early or late." She told me that she was overwhelmingly in love.

Our visit to Bouchalka when he was ill had of course, been reported, and the men about the Opera House had made of it the only story they have the wit to invent. They could no more change the pattern of that



Safety Surrounds This House!

It is built—walls, floors, ceilings and partitions—so that the most dreaded of all dangers cannot touch the family it protects. It is more than a beautiful house—it is safe—absolutely fireproof—built throughout of

NATCO·HOLLOW·TILE

When this owner was building of Natco, by the wise advice of his architect, he found it essentially economical—although Natco quality is such that it is widely specified for the greatest of skyscrapers. And when his home was done, he found it warmer in winter—saving his fuel bills, and cooler in summer—saving the health of his family. Natco is the most modern of all building materials.

If you are thinking of building, think just a little beyond mere beauty. Think of comfort and economy—and most of all think of safety. For without that the most beautiful house in the world is in constant danger of destruction, with all it contains.

Call upon the Natco Service—free to architects, engineers, contractors—and you. It will save you time and money, and enable you to avoid mistakes and waste. Send ten cents in stamps or coin for the new book, "Natco Houses"—and see what beautiful dwellings have been built of Natco—for wise people who think of safety as well as comfort and beauty.

NATIONAL·FIRE·PROOFING·COMPANY

304 FEDERAL STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Offices in all principal cities

23 Factories in the United States — Also at Hamilton, Ontario, Canada

Murphy's

UNIVERNISH

A first-class household varnish is elastic, tough *and* quick-drying.

A piece of glass was coated with Univernish and other household varnishes. A knife blade, scraped across the surface when dry, lifted a tough, elastic ribbon *of Univernish. The inferior varnishes scraped to a brittle powder. Try this yourself.*

Murphy Varnish Company, *Franklin Murphy, jr., President* — NEWARK AND CHICAGO

SEX QUESTIONS ANSWERED

The questions that we ask in childhood and all throughout life are answered in Stall's Books.

EIGHT SEPARATE BOOKS.

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know
What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

Price $1.00 net, each, per copy. Table of contents free. At all booksellers, or

Dr. Stall

Vir Publishing Co. 385 Church Building, 13th and Race Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

$10,000 A Year

Be an Expert Accountant. We fit you to pass the C. P. A. examination. Learn by mail, in your spare hours, Auditing, Banking, Brokerage, Certified Public Accounting, Cost Accounting, Corporate Secretary, Business Organizer, Advertising, Salesmanship, Bookkeeping, Investments, Real Estate. Prepare at home for larger incomes. Write for Book F, stating the business in which you are interested.

Universal Business Institute
17 Madison Ave., Dept. F.
New York, N. Y.

RENT OR BUY

Let us send you one of these visible writers on approval. You keep it only after 10 Days' Free Trial proves the

UNDERWOOD

the machine you want. *Rent* applied to purchase. Buy for cash or easy payments at Less Than Half Price. Write for particulars of sensational Bargain Offer and Special Free Offer No. 230.

10 Days' Free Trial

Est. 24 yrs. Typewriter Emporium, Chicago, Ill.

The New Cosmopolitan

COSMOPOLITAN appears in a new shape. We have changed the form but made it CosMOREpolitan than ever. Already the greatest magazine — now the largest, too. It wasn't possible to improve the standard — we had to make it bigger to make it better.

Hitherto, lack of room used to force us to leave out a few star contributors every now and then, but from now on they'll all shine regularly in the enlarged firmament every month.

A bigger page offers a better stage for author and artist.

There's an opportunity to do stunning things with pictures. There's abundant chance for bold, sweeping compositions. Everything possible has been done to interpret adequately the big work of America's first illustrators.

Cosmopolitan has been thoroughly redressed. We haven't merely added a few more stories; we've rebuilt it outright.

Paper-maker, engraver, and printer have pooled their knowledge to craft the comeliest periodical of all—a sturdy, graceful volume, with spacious, generously margined leaves, a square edge, and a flexible book-back so that the pages lie flat wherever opened—a bigger, handsomer Cosmopolitan, but none the less a *handier* one.

The dimensions are distinctive and practical—twelve inches long, eight and a half inches wide, and half an inch thick—not an ungainly, flappy affair, but an exceedingly comfortable format, very easy on the hand and eye, *this new standard size.*

The New Cosmopolitan has cost more to manufacture than even the first edition of a cloth-bound novel.

But the price stays the same. You will pay fifteen cents per copy and get a magazine and a half. Think of it, the equivalent of six extra magazines a year for nothing!

Of course there's a reason: *We want another million subscribers*—and the only way we know to reach two million circulation is to make a magazine which will deserve and command the increase.

Here's a table of contents, characteristic of forthcoming Cosmopolitans! Here's a list of contributors such as never appeared before at one time on one title page! Here's a package of literary radium for October—for fifteen cents!

The Dark Star

a new story by

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

A new Chambers story with all the old Chambers charm.

All the d'Artagnan of him, all the troubadour, all the whimsicality and fantastic charm of the rainbow painter, the sword-singer, the juggler of thistledown, have crept into this tale that tried to be a melodrama and just couldn't help filling itself with star-music and the lilt-o' dreams.

Be sure to start it with this issue.

Robert W. Chambers	The second instalment of *The Dark Star*
Jack London	Special article—*My Hawaiian Aloha*
Booth Tarkington	Short story — A *Penrod* adventure
George Ade	*Fable of the Civic Improver and the Customary Reward*
Gouverneur Morris	Short story — *Perfecto*
Samuel Merwin	Short story — *His Unconquerable Soul*
Charles G. D. Roberts	Short Story — *The Morning of the Silver Frost*
Arthur B. Reeve	Short story — *The Vital Principle*
Owen Johnson	Serial—*The Woman Gives*
Arthur Train	Serial — *The Moon-Maker*
Elinor Glyn	Serial—*The Career of Katherine Bush*
Edgar Lee Masters	Poem—*St. Francis and The Lady Clare*
Herbert Kaufman	*The Wheeled Hour*
Daniel Frohman	*The Life of Charles Frohman*

Be sure to begin your subscription with October

Special offer—4 months for 50 cents

(for new subscribers only)

Here is an unusual opportunity for you to get acquainted with Cosmopolitan—the magazine that is purchased every month by more than a million people. Send your 50c now and get the next 4 issues in the new size.

COSMOPOLITAN, 119 West 40th St., New York City.

You may enter my subscription to your special offer of Cosmopolitan for 4 months for which I enclose fifty cents.

Name ..... Address.....

story than the spider could change the design of its web. But being, as she said, "in love" suggested to Cressida only one plan of action; to have the Tenth Street house done over, to put more money into her brothers' business, send Horace to school, raise Poppas's percentage, and then with a clear conscience be married in Grace Church. She went through this program with her usual thoroughness. She was married in June and sailed immediately with her husband. Poppas was to join them in Vienna in August, when she would begin to work again.

When they returned in October, both Cressida and Blasius seemed changed for the better. She was perceptibly freshened and renewed. She attacked her work at once with more vigor and more ease; did not drive herself so relentlessly. A little carelessness became her wonderfully. Bouchalka was less gaunt, and much less flighty and perverse. His frank pleasure in the comfort and order of his wife's establishment was ingratiating, even if it was a little amusing. Cressida had the sewing-room at the top of the house made over into a study for him. When I went up there to see him, I usually found him sitting before the fire or walking about with his hands in his coat pockets, admiring his new possessions.

With Cressida's friends and guests, Bouchalka assumed nothing for himself. His deportment amounted to a quiet, unobtrusive appreciation of her and of his good fortune. He was proud to owe his wife so much. Cressida's Sunday afternoons were more popular than ever, since she herself had so much more heart for them. Bouchalka's picturesque presence stimulated her graciousness and charm. One still found them conversing together as eagerly as in the days when they saw each other but seldom. Consequently their guests were never bored. We felt as if the Tenth Street house had a pleasant climate quite its own. In the spring, when the Metropolitan company went on tour, Cressida's husband accompanied her, and afterwards they again sailed for Genoa.

DURING the second winter people began to say that Bouchalka was becoming too thoroughly domesticated, and that since he was growing heavier in body he was less attractive. I noticed his increasing reluctance to stir abroad. Nobody could say that he was "wild" now. He seemed to dread leaving the house, even for an evening. He published very little. One was given to understand that he was writing an opera. He lived in the Tenth Street house like a tropical plant under glass. Nowhere in New York could he get such cookery as Ruzenka's. Ruzenka ("little rose") had, like her mistress, bloomed afresh, now that she had a man and a compatriot to cook for. Her invention was tireless, and she took things with a high hand in the kitchen, confident of a perfect appreciation. Ruzenka was a plump, fair, blue-eyed girl, giggly and easily flattered, with teeth like cream. She was passionately domestic, and her mind was full of homely stories and proverbs and superstitions which she somehow worked into her cookery. She and Bouchalka had between them a whole literature of traditions about sauces and fish and pastry. The cellar was full of the wines he liked, and Ruzenka always knew what wines went with the dinner.

That winter was a very cold one, and I think the even temperature of the house enslaved Bouchalka.

"Imagine it," he once said to me when I dropped in during a blinding snowstorm and found him reading before the fire. "To be warm all the time, every day! It is like Aladdin. In Paris I have had weeks together when I was not warm once, when I did not have a bath once, like the cats in the street. The nights were misery. Here I waken up in the night so warm I do not know what it means. Her door is open, and I turn on my light. I cannot believe in myself until I see that she is there."

I began to think that Bouchalka's wildness had been the desperation which the tamest animals exhibit when they are tortured or terrorized. Those first beautiful compositions, full of the folk music of his own country, had been wrung out of him by homesickness and heart-ache. I now wondered whether he could compose only under the spur of hunger and loneliness, and whether his talent might not subside with his despair.

Some such apprehension must have troubled Cressida, though his gratitude would have been propitiatory to a more exacting task-master. She had always liked to make people happy, and he was the first one who had accepted her bounty without sourness. When he did not accompany her upon her spring tour, Cressida said it was because traveling interfered with composition; but I felt that she was deeply disappointed. Blasius, or Blazej, as his wife had learned to call him, was not showy or extravagant. He hated hotels, no matter how luxurious. Cressida had always fought for the hearthstone and the fireside, and the humor of Destiny is sometimes to give us too much of what we desire.

During the third season after her marriage Cressida had only twenty-five performances at the Metropolitan, and she was singing out of town a great deal. Her husband did not bestir himself to accompany her, but he attended, very faithfully, to her correspondence and to her business at home. He had no ambitious schemes to increase her fortune, and he carried out her directions exactly. Nevertheless, Cressida faced her concert tours somewhat grimly, and she seldom talked now about their plans for the future.

The crisis in this growing estrangement came about by accident — one of those chance occurrences that affect our lives more than years of ordered effort — and it came in an inverted form of a situation old to comedy. Cressida had been on the road for several weeks; singing in Minneapolis, Cleveland, St. Paul, then up into Canada and back to Boston. From Boston she was to go directly to Chicago, coming down on the five-o'clock train and taking the eleven, over the Lake Shore, for the West. By her schedule she would have time to change cars comfortably at the Grand Central station.

On the journey down from Boston she was seized with a great desire to see Blasius. She decided, against her custom and one might say against her principles, to risk a performance with the Chicago orchestra without rehearsal, to stay the night in New York and go west by the afternoon train the next day. She telegraphed Chicago, but she did not telegraph Blasius, because she wished — the old fallacy of affection — to "surprise" him. She could take it for granted that, at half-past eleven on a cold winter night, he would be in the Tenth Street house and nowhere else in New York. She sent Poppas — paler than usual with accusing scorn — and her trunks on to Chicago, and with only her traveling-bag and a sense of being very audacious in her behavior and still very much in love, she took a cab for Tenth Street.

Since it was her intention to disturb Blasius as little as possible and to delight him as much as possible, she let herself in with her latch-key and went directly to his room. She did not find him there. Indeed, she found him where he should not have been at all.

Ruzenka was sent away in the morning, and the other two maids as well. By eight o'clock Cressida and Bouchalka had the house to themselves. Nobody had any breakfast. Cressida took the afternoon train to keep her engagement with Theodore Thomas — and to think over the situation. Blasius was left in the Tenth Street house with only the furnace man's wife to look after him. His explanation of his conduct was that he had been drinking too much. His digression, he swore, was accidental. It had never occurred before, and he could only appeal to his wife's magnanimity. But it was, on the whole, easier for Cressida to be firm than to be yielding, and she knew herself too well to attempt a readjustment.

When she returned to New York she went to a hotel, and she never saw Bouchalka alone again. Since he admitted her charge, the legal formalities were conducted so quietly that the granting of her divorce was announced in the morning papers before her friends knew that there was the least likelihood of her even wanting one.

While the lawyers were arranging matters, Bouchalka came to see me. He was remorseful and miserable enough, and I think his perplexity was quite sincere. If there had been an intrigue with a woman of her own class, an infatuation, an "affair," he said, he could understand. But anything so venial and accidental — he shook his head slowly back and forth. He assured me that he was not at all himself on that fateful evening, and that when he recovered himself he would have sent Ruzenka away, — making proper provision for her, of course. It was an ugly thing, but ugly things sometimes happened in one's life, and one had to put them away and forget them. He could

have overlooked any accident that might have occurred when his wife was on the road with Poppas. I cut him short, and he bent his head to my reproof.

"I know," he said, "such things are different with her. But when have I said that I am noble as she is? Never. But I have appreciated and I have adored. About me, say what you like. But if you say that in this there was any *mépris* to my wife, that is not true. I have lost all my place here. I came in from the streets, a mongrel man, but I understand her, and all the fine things in her, better than any of you here. If that accident had not been, she would have lived happy with me for many years. As for me, I have never believed in this happiness. I was not born under a good star. How did it come? By accident. It goes by accident. She tried to give good fortune to an unfortunate man, *un miserable;* that was her mistake. It cannot be done in this world. The lucky should marry the lucky."

Bouchalka stopped and lit a cigarette. He sat sunk in my chair as if he never meant to get up again. When he had consumed his cigarette he turned to me again.

"I, too, have tried. Have I so much as written one note to a lady since she first put out her hand to help me? Some of the artists who sing my compositions have been quite willing to plague my wife a little if I make the least sign. With the Española, for instance, it is necessary to be very stern, *farouche;* she is so very playful. I have never given my wife the slightest annoyance of this kind. Since I married her I have not kissed the cheek of one lady! Then one night I am bored and drink too much champagne, and I become a fool. What does it matter! Did my wife marry the fool of me? No, she married me, with my mind and my feelings all here, as I am today. But she is getting a divorce from the fool of me, which she would never see *anyhow!*"

His view of his conduct and its consequences was fatalistic. He was meant to have so much misery every day of his life. For three years it had been withheld, had been piling up somewhere, underground, overhead. Now the accumulation burst over him. He had come to pay his respects to me, he said, to declare his undying gratitude to Madame Garnet, and to bid me farewell. He took up his hat and cane and kissed my hand. I have never seen him since. Cressida made a settlement upon him, but even Poppas, tortured by envy and curiosity, never discovered how much. It was very little, she told me. "*Pour des gateaux,*" she added with a smile that was not unforgiving. She could not bear to think of his being in want when so little could make him comfortable.

He went back to his own village in Bohemia. He wrote her that the old monk, his teacher, was still alive, and that from the windows of his room in the town he could see the pigeons flying back and forth from the monastery bell-tower all day long. Once he sent her a song, his own words and music, about those pigeons— quite a lovely thing. He was the bell-tower and *les colombes* were his memories of her.

JEROME BROWN proved, on the whole, the worst of Cressida's husbands, and, with the possible exception of her eldest brother, Buchanan Garnet, he was the most rapacious of the men with whom she had had to do. It was one thing to gratify every wish of a cake-loving fellow like Bouchalka, but quite another to stand behind a financier. And Brown would be a financier or nothing. After her marriage with him, Cressida grew rapidly older. For the first time in her life she wanted to go abroad and live — to get Jerome Brown away from the scene of his unsuccessful but undiscouraged activities. Brown, however, was not a man who could be amused and kept out of mischief in Continental hotels. He had to be a figure, if only a "mark," in Wall Street. Nothing else would gratify his peculiar vanity. The deeper he went in, the more affectionately he told Cressida that now all her cares and anxieties were over. To try to get related facts out of his optimism and cordiality was like trying to find articulated framework in a feather bed. All Cressida knew was that she was perpetually "investing" to save investments. When she told me she had to put a mortgage on the Tenth Street house, her eyes filled with tears. "Why is it? I have never cared about money, except to make people happy with it, and it has been the curse of my life. It has spoiled all my relations with people. Fortunately," she added irrelevantly, drying her eyes, "Jerome and Poppas get along well." Jerome could have got along with anybody; that is a promoter's business. His warm hand, his flushed face, his bright eye, and his newest funny story— Poppas had no weapons that could do execution with a man like that.

Though Brown's ventures never came home, there was nothing openly disastrous until the outbreak of the revolution in Mexico jeopardized his interests there. Then Cressida went to England — where she could always raise money from a faithful public — for a winter concert tour. When she sailed, her friends knew that her husband's affairs were in a bad way; but we did not know how bad until after Cressida's death.

Cressida Garnet, as all the world knows, was lost on the *Titanic*. Poppas and Horace, who had been traveling with her, were sent on a week earlier and came as safely to port as if they had never stepped out of their London hotel. But Cressida had waited for the first trip of the sea monster, and she went down on the road between the old world and the new. She had been ill, and when the collision occurred she was in her stateroom, a modest one somewhere down in the boat, for she was traveling economically. Apparently she never left her cabin. She was not seen on the decks, and none of the survivors brought any word of her.

On Monday, when the wireless messages were coming from the *Carpathia* with the names of the passengers who had been saved, I went, with so many hundred others, down to the White Star offices. There I saw Cressida's motor, her redoubtable initials on the door, with four men sitting in the limousine. Jerome Brown, stripped for once of the promoter's joviality, and looking flabby and old, sat behind with Buchanan Garnet, who had come on from Ohio. I had not seen him for years. He was now a man of sixty, but he was still conscious of being in the public eye, and sat turning a cigar about in his face with that foolish look of importance which Cressida's achievement had stamped upon all the Garnets. Poppas was in front, with Horace. He was gnawing the finger of his chamois glove as it rested on the top of his cane. His head was sunk, his shoulders drawn together; he looked as old as Jewry. I watched them, wondering whether Cressida would come back to them if she could. After the last names were posted, the four men settled back into the powerful car — one of the best made — and the chauffeur backed off. I saw him dash away the tears from his face with the back of his driving-glove. He was an Irish boy, and had been devoted to Cressida.

When the will was read, Henry Gilbert, the lawyer, an old friend of her early youth, and I, were named executors. A nice job we had of it. Most of her large fortune had been converted into stock in the most picturesque undertakings. The marketable property realized only one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. To defeat the bequest of fifty thousand dollars to Poppas, Jerome Brown and her family contested the will. They brought Cressida's letters into court to prove that the will did not represent her intentions, often expressed in writing through many years, to "provide well" for them.

Such letters they were! The writing of a tired, over-driven woman, promising money, sending money "herewith," asking for an acknowledgment of the draft sent last month, etc. In the letters to Jerome Brown she begged for information about his affairs and pleaded with him to go with her to some foreign city where they could live quietly and where she could rest; if they were careful, there would "be enough for all." Neither Brown nor her brothers and sisters had any sense of shame about these letters. It seemed never to occur to them that this golden stream, whether it rushed or whether it trickled, came out of the industry, out of the mortal body of a woman. They regarded her as a natural source of wealth; a copper vein, a diamond mine.

Henry Gilbert is a good lawyer, and he employed an able man to defend the will. We determined that in this crisis we would stand by Poppas, believing that it would be Cressida's wish. Out of the lot of them, he was the only man who helped her to make one penny of the money that had brought her so much misery. He was at least more deserving than the others. We saw to it that Poppas got his fifty thousand, and he actually departed, at last, for his city in *la sainte Asie*, where it never rains and where he would never again have to hold a hot-water bottle to his face.

The rest of the property was fought for to a finish. Poppas out of the way, Horace

Before the Price Goes Up As It Must Soon

—while it is still possible without the slightest inconvenience for you to take advantage of this unique opportunity—you must have for your own the twenty-four beautiful volumes of

The NEW INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIA
SECOND EDITION

Alone among works of its kind, the New International deals with the thrilling times in which you live as well as with the history of the past. It meets with the compelling need of knowledge on the part of every red-blooded American that has arisen since the Great War upset the world of ideas as well as the physical world.

The articles on Mexico, for example, give you a comprehensive view of that troublous country up to the time when Villa raided Columbus. From Aeronautics to Venizelos there is the same graphic, satisfactory treatment of men and affairs—not only that have made—but that are making today the fascinating history of the race.

80,000 articles. Think what it means to have in your library 80,000 articles covering the whole range of human activities, written in readable style, impartially yet never coldly.

Bibliography. At the end of every article is a complete list of works on the subject, invaluable for any one anxious to read further.

Maps. The maps are up-to-date, complete and above all else, accurate. Necessarily they are far in advance of the maps in any other encyclopaedia.

Illustrations. Of all varieties, in colors, and black and white, the selected illustrations are spread profusely through every volume.

Thin Paper. The paper is durable, thin and easily handled. A Special Library Edition is printed on regular book paper and bound in Library Buckram after specifications of the American Library Association.

Never before was the need of such a work more evident. It is a present as well as a pressing need for you and there is no better time than today to decide to have the New International for your own. Because it will be necessary to raise the price soon, economy dictates that you mail the attached coupon and mail it NOW. Such an opportunity comes rarely. Don't fail to make the most of it.

DODD, MEAD & CO., Inc.
Publishers

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON NOW

McCl 10-16

Dodd, Mead & Co., Inc. Publishers
449 Fourth Avenue, New York City

Send me full information regarding your Second Edition of the New International Encyclopaedia, with details of the special price, etc.

Name .....
Occupation .....
Bus. Address .....
Residence .....
Town ..... State .....

SHEET MUSIC

Including numbers used by Caruso, Paderewski, Farrar, Schumann-Heink and all great artists, may be had in

"Century" Edition—10c

the peer of *any sheet music, published anywhere, at any price.*

Here are a few random numbers from our "Century" Catalog of 2000 titles:—

PIANO SOLOS

Doll's Dream	Oesten	"Martha" Fantasie	Dorn
Fairy Barque	Smallwood	M'nlight Sonata	Beethoven
Valse de Concert	Mattei	Sonata Pathetique	Beethoven
Les Sylphes	Bachman	Up in a Swing	Montaine

PIANO DUOS

Poet and Peasant	Suppe	Shepherd Boy	Wilson
Pure As Snow	Lange	Silver Stars	Bohm
Qui Vive Galop	Gaus	Valse Bleue	Margis
Sequidilla	Bohm	Zampa Overture	Herold

VIOLIN AND PIANO

Flower Song	Lange	Serenade	Schubert
Traumerei	Schumann	Simple Confession	Thome
Humoresque	Dvorak	Spring Song	Mendelssohn

VOCAL SOLOS

Flower Song (Faust)	Gounod	Toreadore's Song	Bizet
Ave Maria	Mascagni	Barcarolle	Offenbach
Gypsy Song (Il Trov.)	Verdi	Home to Your M't's	Verdi

Ask your dealer to show you "Century" Edition and give you a catalog. If he can't, don't take a substitute, but send your order and remittance direct to us, with his name, and we will fill it and send you a complete catalog free.

CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING CO
225 W. 40th Street, New York

Ridpath's History OF THE World At a Bargain

Free
We will mail free a beautiful 46-page booklet of sample pages to all who mail the coupon.
NAPOLEON
Nine Big Vols.
4000 Pages
2000 Pictures

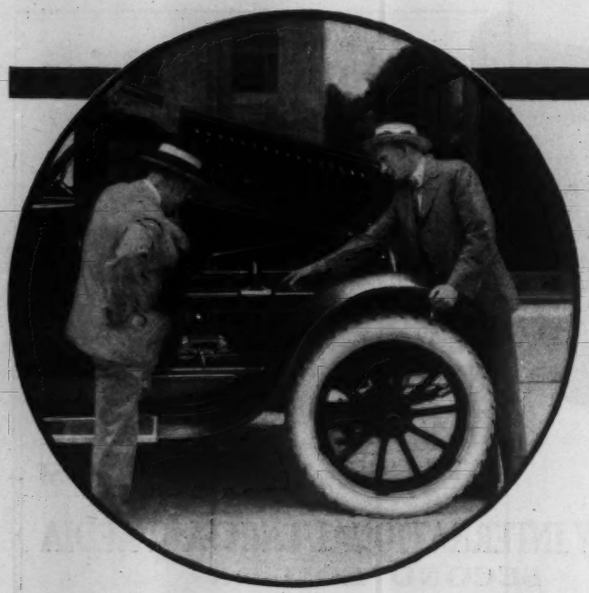
We will name our special low price and easy terms of payment only in direct letters to those mailing the Coupon below. Tear off Coupon, write name and address plainly and mail now before you forget it. The 46 Free Sample Pages will give you some idea of the splendid illustrations and wonderfully beautiful style in which the work is written. Thousands have already availed themselves of our offer and every purchaser is more than satisfied. Cut out Coupon and mail Now.

FREE COUPON

WESTERN NEWSPAPER ASSOCIATION 10-16
140 South Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Please mail your 46-page free sample booklet of Ridpath's History of the World, containing photogravures of Napoleon, Socrates, Cæsar, and other great characters in history, and write me full particulars of your special offer to McClure's Magazine readers.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....



The Owner of a DELCO Equipped Car is always a DELCO Enthusiast

DELCO

ELECTRIC CRANKING LIGHTING IGNITION

THE enthusiasm of the owners of Delco-equipped cars comes from the ease of operation and the complete dependability of Delco Electric Cranking, Lighting and Ignition. These owners have learned through practical service that Delco equipment inspires absolute confidence—that every function will be performed when desired and with the full measure of efficiency. They are always eager to testify to that fact.

These owners also know that Delco equipment means the maximum of comfort and security in driving. Service such as this increases the owner's pride in his car and adds to that car's prestige in the eyes of the public.

More than half a million cars equipped with Delco Cranking, Lighting and Ignition are now in operation—and the number is being added to at the rate of 1200 a day.

The Dayton Engineering Laboratories Co.
Dayton, Ohio

and Brown and the Garnets quarreled over her personal effects. They went from floor to floor of the Tenth Street house. The will provided that Cressida's jewels and furs and gowns were to go to her sisters. Georgia and Julia wrangled over them down to the last moleskin. They were deeply disappointed that some of the muffs and stoles, which they remembered as very large, proved when exhumed from storage and exhibited beside furs of a modern cut, to be ridiculously scant. A year ago the sisters were still reasoning with each other about pearls and opals and emeralds.

I wrote Poppas some account of these horrors, as during the court proceedings we had become rather better friends than of old. His reply arrived only a few days ago; a photograph of himself upon a camel, under which is written in German:

Trust and truth
only in the depths are found;
cunning and cowardice
thrive in the sun.

His reply, and the memories it awakens — memories which have followed Poppas into the middle of Asia, seemingly — prompted this informal narration.

Next month's Big Little Novel, complete in one issue, is "The Torpedo," by Wallace Irwin, a powerful story of love and adventure with the great war as background — intense, dramatic, satisfying.

Oh, You Robber!

[*Continued from page 13*]

Nettie was through fighting. Her nerves gave way and the corners of her mouth began to quiver. She dabbed her handkerchief in her eyes.

"I didn't mean to," she said in a quavering voice. "Honest, Mr. Krueger, I didn't know he'd take it so hard. I like Tim, honest I do. I guess — I guess — he's the best friend I ever had. I'm sorry; maybe I was wrong. Let me think it over. I don't want to hurt Tim's feelings. Tell him, Mr. Krueger, tell him, I ——"

She stopped suddenly, her face hardening as she looked past Benny. He turned. Tim was just stepping out of the elevator. His hat was tilted back. He swung a cane jauntily and he was whistling. With a carefree air he walked over to the cigar-counter and tossed down a quarter.

"Cigars, please, the same old brand," he said.

Wide-eyed, Nettie mechanically handed him out a package of ten-for-a-quarter cigars.

"Thank you," Tim said perfunctorily, and tore it open.

"Have one?" he asked, turning to Benny.

Benny, gasping, shook his head. Tim airily lighted one, flicked at an imaginary bit of dust on his coat sleeve and humming a tune, twirled his cane as he hurried out of the hotel.

"The nerve of him!" said Benny under his breath. "And he's got my new cane!"

NETTIE O'MALLEY was a bright girl. If she hadn't been she never would have been able to stay at the cigar-counter of the Hotel Republic where, under the constant fire of repartee from the leading minds of Commercial Clubs of some of the most prosperous cities of the Middle West, in New York for the spring buying, one must keep one's wits about one. Especially if one hopes to sell cigars and still keep one's character as white as the cheeks of a bush-league pitcher the first time he faces Cactus Cravath.

The patrons of the Hotel Republic used to show Nettie pictures of their children and repeat their bright patter. Nettie liked it. So you know she was all right.

Rather new to New York, Nettie unfortunately had been bitten by the villainous lobster-salad bug. She had looked upon the Castles and had promptly bobbed her hair. Added to this she suddenly had been fired with an enthusiasm for baseball.

Mr. Roger Miller was responsible. He was what is known as an awful good dancer.

SMITH BROTHERS'
S.B. COUGH DROPS

Absolutely pure. Just enough charcoal to sweeten the stomach

RAINCOATS and rubbers, storm shoes and 'brellas guard the body 'gainst rain and dampness. But when you *breathe*—! Chill, damp air goes straight to your voice-box and settles there. Smith Brothers' Cough Drops have been the storm-clothes-of-the-throat for three generations. An occasional Drop keeps coughs and colds away. Always put one in your mouth at bedtime; it will loosen the phlegm.

SMITH BROTHERS
of Poughkeepsie
Makers of S. B. Chewing Gum and Lasses Kisses
Your Grandpa Knows Us

One Nickel

Patents, Trade Marks, Copyrights
Thirty years' active practice. Experienced, personal, conscientious service. All business strictly confidential. Book explaining terms free. Address E. G. SIGGERS, Patent Lawyer, Box 7, N. U. Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS Write for How to Obtain a Patent. List of Patent Buyers and Inventions Wanted. $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Send sketch for free opinion as to patentability. Our four books sent free upon request. Patents advertised *Free*. VICTOR J. EVANS & CO., Patent Attys., 750 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

IVER JOHNSON

SAFE! Even Under the Blows of a Hammer

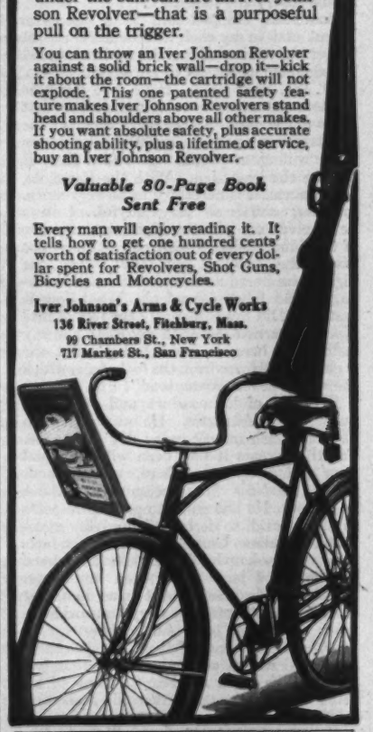
You can't bully an Iver Johnson Revolver! Only one thing under the sun can fire an Iver Johnson Revolver—that is a purposeful pull on the trigger.

You can throw an Iver Johnson Revolver against a solid brick wall—drop it—kick it about the room—the cartridge will not explode. This one patented safety feature makes Iver Johnson Revolvers stand head and shoulders above all other makes. If you want absolute safety, plus accurate shooting ability, plus a lifetime of service, buy an Iver Johnson Revolver.

Valuable 80-Page Book Sent Free

Every man will enjoy reading it. It tells how to get one hundred cents' worth of satisfaction out of every dollar spent for Revolvers, Shot Guns, Bicycles and Motorcycles.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
136 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.
99 Chambers St., New York
717 Market St., San Francisco



YOUR LANGUAGE TELLS WHAT YOU ARE

Grenville Kleiser (famous Speech Specialist) is giving a wider scope in life to hundreds of earnest men and women through his "wholly different" Mail Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency.

ENLARGE YOUR STOCK OF WORDS. Learn to use the right word in the right place. A limited vocabulary means limited thought, limited power and authority. Grenville Kleiser will give you a supreme command of words.

WRITE LETTERS, ADVERTISEMENTS AND STORIES THAT MOVE MEN TO "DO THINGS." The Kleiser Course will give you the fundamentals that lead to success in any style of literature. It teaches the kind of English expression that awakens attention and compels action.

INCREASE YOUR INCOME OR BUSINESS. There is scarcely any stronger impetus towards promotion and individual progress in business than the ability to express yourself in concise, grammatical English. The Kleiser Course will make you a bigger, more successful man by giving you this power.

BE A MAN OF CULTURE AND POWER. Good English is the "hallmark" of a gentleman. It enables you to enter good society and to feel at ease in the company of cultured people. The Kleiser Course in Practical English will awaken latent powers and ambitions. Not only will it give you a command of language, but it will develop personal magnetism, powers of concentration, will power, and build up a personality which will command recognition and advancement. It requires spare time only, and is free from involved rules.

Write to-day on a post-card for full information and free Booklet "How to Become a Master of English."

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, Dept. 698, NEW YORK

BE A BANKER

Prepare by mail for this high profession, in which there are great opportunities. Six months' term. Diploma awarded. Send for free book, "How to Become a Banker." EDGAR G. ALCORN, Pres. AMERICAN SCHOOL OF BANKING 406 East State Street, COLUMBUS, OHIO

Added to this, he once had lived in the same apartment with Mike Donlin.

These were the days of the tango bandits, and even at the Hotel Republic a detective must know all the new steps if he hoped to be allowed to associate with the best criminals.

So Nettie had fallen for Roger. He took her to the ball games, taught her to shake the soil of Iowa from her shoes and piloted her through the most intricate trots. In the meantime he whispered in her ear romantic tales of his prowess as a thief catcher. They were excellent stories. They should have been. A. Conan Doyle conceived them. Roger was a close student of Maurice, John McGraw and Sherlock Holmes.

In only a few weeks Nettie's memories of big-hearted Tim Patterson, umpire, gradually dimmed. Once they had had much in common. Nettie's father was a farmer, Tim's a country blacksmith. But now she blushed when she remembered that she often had boasted that she could milk a cow.

"She loves you," Benny told Tim as they rode out to the Polo Grounds that afternoon on the elevated.

"No!"

"Yaas!"

So Tim had one of the worst afternoons in his career. He couldn't keep his mind on the game. As the devil would have it, all his bad decisions favored the Cubs, and Nettie and Roger Miller were among the Giant fans who raged at him.

McGraw and his hired men were so insulting that Tim felt it necessary to clear the home bench, and twelve Giants, lockstepping their way across the field to show their derision, were sent to sit on the sunny side of the fence in right field. McGraw, ordered to disperse, withdrew to the little bat-room at the end of the bench and watched the remainder of the game by peeping furtively out of the tiny door.

The jeers didn't disturb Tim. He was in love and heard them not.

McGraw, of course, didn't realize this. However, even had he been conversant with all the facts he might not have withheld his vociferous complaint when Tim called a Chicago baserunner safe after even the man sitting atop the semaphore over near the elevated station could see that a quick throw from Benton to Merkle had caught the runner off the base by three yards.

That evening Benny spoke with Nettie. After hearing her purple comments upon the quality of Tim's umpiring that afternoon Benny hurried to find Tim and advise him to buy his cigars outside the hotel until further notice.

"In spite of everything," Benny consoled Tim, "you'll get her yet. But keep away from her now."

Such is the make-up of an umpire that he never lets himself suspect he has erred. It's too dangerous a precedent. And it is bad form for one umpire to speak of another's mistakes. So Benny refrained from explaining the true situation.

Baseball players delight in picking each other to pieces, but umpires — together they stand for a lot of things few but umpires would stand for.

"Why keep away from her?" Tim asked innocently. "You pan me for that I-don't-care-stuff I did and now you won't let me try to fix it."

"Didn't I tell you she was a bug about the Giants — and that umpires were touchy subjects with her? Well, the Giants lost this afternoon."

"So? I thought probably they did," he said innocently. It was not extraordinary, this ignorance. Umpires often work through games and at the end are in doubt as to which club won. "She still has the idea that we're to blame for the Giants' slump? She's crazy, Benny. I'm going right down and see if I can't square it with her."

"You won't do anything of the kind. We're goin' to be here for ten days, and there's plenty of time. Tonight we're goin' to a vaudeville show."

They sat in their seats until the trained monkeys had finished their last trick and fled into the open air only when the news weekly began to show the latest hats from Paris. Benny returned to the hotel. Tim thought he would walk around a bit.

It was long after midnight when he finally decided to turn in. He was fitting the key into the door of his room when he heard a woman scream. Someone was running toward him. He stood at the junction of four long corridors. In the dim light he saw a man swing around the corner. Tim leaped toward him.

"*Get the robber!*" the man yelled in a high, piercing voice. "Which way did he go?"

"I dunno," said Tim.

"You go that way and I'll go this," said the man, dashing down one of the halls, at the end of which a red light indicated a fire-escape.

The man's directions were indefinite, so Tim ran toward the source of the screams. The corridors were beginning to fill with half-dressed, excited guests. The door of a nearby room was flung open and a beautiful young woman in a nightgown burst out.

"A man! A man!" she cried. "He took my jewels!"

Roger Miller, the house detective, sleepy-eyed, pushed his way through the crowd.

"Which way did he go?" he asked.

Nobody seemed to know. Miller started down the hall toward the red light.

"He didn't get out there," Tim said. "A man's guarding that. He must have gone the other way."

"Who's guarding what?" Miller demanded. "This is the only fire-escape he could reach without going through somebody's room."

The crowd followed him to the end of the hall. No man was there.

Tim was astounded.

"A man was chasing the thief," he explained. "He told me to go the other way and he would watch here."

The detective for a moment was speechless. Then he burst out.

"That man was the burglar!" he roared. "You had him in your hands and you let him go!"

The woman who had been robbed stepped forward. She peered into Tim's face.

"He let him go?" she exclaimed. "I don't believe it." She shook her finger in Tim's blank face. "Search this man. He looks like the thief!"

AN hour later Tim dropped thankfully into his bed. Dragged from their sleep by the commotion, Benny, the hotel manager and the day clerk had established in the mind of the excited woman the undoubted honesty of Tim Patterson.

Benny had informed her that the man she accused was a "professional arbiter" and she quickly apologized. Roger Miller dressed and set out to look for the thief.

Tim and Benny rose rather early the next day.

"I looked like a sucker last night," Tim muttered to Benny at breakfast. "I had that guy and let him go."

Benny agreed that the situation was most unfortunate.

"If you'd caught him you'd have shown up that detective," he mused. "Woulda made you strong with Nettie."

"I'd like to catch him," Tim wished. "I'd like to run onto him on the street and grab him and take him to the police station."

"Did you see what he looks like?"

Tim couldn't say that he did. Both admitted that therefore conditions were rather unfavorable for any heroic detective work on Tim's part.

Tim worked behind the bat in the morning game. Benny was on the bases. The crowd was large, for a battle between the Cubs and Giants always is worth while.

The team went into the ninth with the score 2 to 1 in favor of the Giants. With Zeider on second, Vic Saier came up, pining for a hit that would tie the score and put the Cubs back in the running.

Poll Perritt slipped a fast one over the inside corner of the plate.

"Strr-ik hun!" cried Tim.

"Gimme a chance," Saier growled to Tim. "That was 'way inside."

"Strr-ik tuh!" yelled Tim, for Perritt had shoved over another while Saier was arguing.

"You're a hot umpire," sneered Saier, keeping his face toward the pitcher, however.

"Swing at 'em, son," Tim advised. "Ty Cobb never led the league by keepin' his bat on his shoulder."

Saier did swing at the next one, whanging a sharp single to left. Zeider rounded third and tried to score on the hit. George Burns, with a great throw to Rariden, nipped Zeider by inches.

"Yuh rout!" cried Tim, with a hook of his right arm.

The Giant fans whooped it up as several Cub players surrounded Tim. Heinie Zimmerman came running toward Tim from the third base coaching line.

"*What* did you call that?" he yelled, scandalized, as if he could not believe his ears.

Tim walked quickly down to meet him, swinging his mask in his right hand.

"You heard me, Heinie. Ask another question and out you go."

"You're a swell umpire," snarled Heinie.

Another Coal Bill Cut in Half!

GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED

Read the letter printed to the right. This time from Madison, Wisconsin—where winters are long and zero-cold. Yet the usual story of ample heat and coal bills cut in half—GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED!

Read this again—your coal bills cut ⅓ to ¾. GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED—no matter where you live—or whether you want to heat with warm air, hot water, steam or vapor!

WILLIAMSON NEW FEED UNDERFEED Furnaces and Boilers CUT COAL BILLS ⅓ to ¾

"I take great pleasure in informing you that the Williamson UNDERFEED plant installed in my residence, 1820 West Lawn Ave., Madison, has fulfilled all the requirements that could be desired. The plant is very easily handled, there has been no difficulty in keeping the rooms at an even temperature and the saving in fuel is approximately one-half of the fuel expenditure in any other house of approximately the same size that I have ever lived in.
(Signed) JNO. C. SALSMAN
Adjutant General
State of Wisconsin.

Coal cost is going up everywhere! But the UNDERFEED means a big saving because it burns the cheaper grades of coal cleanly and effectively—no clinkers—no partly burned coal—no ashes to sift!

And the UNDERFEED utilizes every vestige of heat because it feeds the coal to the fire *from below!* The hot clean coals are always on top—where they will do the most good—right against the heat radiating surfaces. Fire never "slacked" by new coal being dumped on—never chilled by the opening of top-feed doors—never exhausted by having to fight its way up against new coal.

Smoke, gas and soot are all consumed, because these valuable heat elements must pass *up through* the fire.

Thus we say "⅓ to ¾ saving in coal bills—GUARANTEED with the UNDERFEED—and backed by a million dollar concern."

Free Money-Saving Book

It is called "From overfed to UNDERFEED." Profusely illustrated. Tells all about the UNDERFEED. Write for it today. Having it handy will save you many a dollar later. Read that letter again. Simply send the coupon—NOW.

THE WILLIAMSON HEATER CO.
94 Fifth Avenue Cincinnati, Ohio

The Williamson Heater Co.
94 Fifth Ave., Cincinnati, O.

Tell me how to cut my coal bills from ⅓ to ¾ with a Williamson Underfeed.

Warm Air_____ Steam or Hot Water_____
(Mark X after System interested in)

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*My Heating Contractor's Name is*_____

Heating Contractors: Let us tell you about the Williamson UNDERFEED and our proposition. Both are winners.

How Present-Day Parents Keep the Hat-Rack Filled

These are times when the Home attractions must win against a host of outside allurements. Yet Carom and Pocket Billiards played at home are doing it.

You should send for our free color-book and learn the lifetime charm of playing billiards; learn the delight of parents, boys and girls.

$5 Brings a BRUNSWICK

HOME BILLIARD TABLE

$2.50 Monthly Soon Pays the Balance

As the nights grow longer, let your sons and daughters entertain at home. Let billiards brighten your own leisure hours and bring you perfect health.

You can afford a small payment now as well as later. So why postpone these hours of merry conquest? Complete high-class Playing Outfit of Balls, Cues, etc., included without extra cost.

Send This Free Coupon Today

Don't mistake toy imitations for scientific Brunswicks. These tables are built of beautiful oak and mahogany richly inlaid. "Quick Demountable" Brunswicks require no extra room. You can set them up quickly anywhere and take them down easily after play.

"Baby Grand" for homes with a spare room, attic, basement or den—is the finest, most popular table in the world.

If you are not sure which store in your town supplies the genuine, see these tables in our beautiful color-book, "Billiards—The Home Magnet." *It's free.*

Write or send this coupon at once.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Company
Dept. 37Y, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 37Y, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Send free, your color-photo book
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and tell about your home trial offer.

Name .....

Address .....

..... (568)

This Coupon Brings You Favorite Magazines at Prices "Way Down!"

The chance of the year to save big money on leading periodicals

CUT OUT—FILL IN—MAIL NOW!

"SAVE-MONEY" COUPON

READER'S MAGAZINE SERVICE,
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, McCLURE BUILDING, NEW YORK

Gentlemen: Here is $_____ Send me the following named magazines for a year.

1 _____
2 _____
3 _____
4 _____

Name _____

Address _____

(If magazines are to go to different addresses, attach directions on separate slip. Foreign and Canadian postage extra.) McC 10/16.

FOR OCTOBER ONLY—

McCLURE'S famous October sale of magazines at "rock-bottom" prices is now open to you. Co-operation between leading publishers enables us to offer you economies you cannot afford to let slip.

The colossal number of subscriptions that pour in on the publishers represented here during the last weeks of the year (far too great for their immense forces to handle) must be lessened—part of them must be secured in a less busy period. Profits have been sacrificed to induce early buying. Our need is your opportunity. Act now!

Each magazine listed is a first-class value at its regular price. Whatever club you select, you will secure, in addition to a host of other good things, several of the best serials of the year—novels that will sell later for $1.20 each in the stores. It pays big to be forehanded.

Here is your chance to secure splendid gifts for Christmas or other occasions in addition to the magazines you want for yourself. Subscriptions will be sent to different addresses if you desire and will begin whenever you say.

To accept, all you need to do is to clip, fill in and mail the attached coupon, together with the special price listed for the group you select. The magazines will come for an entire year.

HERE IS WHAT YOU SAVE!

	Price if bought by the copy.	Your price if you buy now.
McClure's Ladies' World	$2.40	$1.75
McClure's American	$3.00	$2.25
McClure's Woman's Home Companion	$3.00	$2.25
McClure's World's Work	$4.20	$3.00
McClure's Review of Reviews	$4.20	$3.00
McClure's Metropolitan	$3.00	$2.25
McClure's Everybody's	$3.00	$2.25
McClure's American Review of Reviews	$6.00	$3.75
McClure's Everybody's Metropolitan	$4.80	$3.50
McClure's American Everybody's	$4.80	$3.50
McClure's Christian Herald	$3.00	$2.15
McClure's American Woman's Home Companion	$4.80	$3.00
McClure's Harper's Magazine	$5.40	$4.50
McClure's Century	$5.40	$4.50
McClure's Metropolitan Review of Reviews	$6.00	$3.75
McClure's American Ladies' World	$4.20	$3.00
McClure's Metropolitan Ladies' World	See Special Offer elsewhere in this Magazine	
McClure's Scribner's	$4.20	$3.50

MAKE YOUR SELECTION AND MAIL THE ABOVE COUPON TODAY!
YOU SIMPLY CAN'T AFFORD NOT TO BE AN OCTOBER BUYER!

McCLURE BUILDING **McCLURE'S MAGAZINE** NEW YORK CITY

"Scared of McGraw, I guess. Afraid he'll get your job."

"Beat it, Heinie!" said Tim decisively.

"But I didn't ask, I only——" argued Heinie.

"Beat it. You can go home to lunch."

As it became evident to the populace that Heinie Zimmerman had lost an argument, a cheer rose from the stands. As it died down, from out the crowd back of third base came the high, piercing voice of a Cub supporter.

"*O-o-oh yew robber!*" he cried at Tim.

Usually an umpire takes no heed of abuse from the stands—at least he feigns indifference. But Tim involuntarily turned quickly and peered into the section whence the cry had come.

He seemed to have heard that voice before. Those words had been shouted at him many times, but that voice! That peculiar intonation and pronunciation of "robber." At Boston? No. Then he remembered. The burglar in the hall at the Hotel Republic!

The game was quickly ended. Tim stopped near the press box, hoping to recognize the figure of the man in the crowd. It was useless and he hurried to the umpires' dressing-room under the stand, where he told Benny all about it.

They laid their plans as they returned to the hotel for luncheon. Roger Miller was there and Tim, full of enthusiasm, told him all about it and enlisted him.

"We can catch him sure," said Tim, anxious to make good his mistake of the night before. "Go out this afternoon. Evidently this burglar's a baseball nut from Chicago. Vaughan's due to pitch against Tesreau this afternoon and no bug would stay away."

"But how will I find him in that mob?" Roger asked. "You don't know what he looks like."

"A bug always sits in the same place. There's only three kinds. The young ones sit back of the catcher to watch the curves. The old ones are divided in two classes, them that sit back of third and the ones over by first. This fellow was back of third this morning, and take my word for it he'll be in the same seat this afternoon. Sit over there, wait for him to yell like I told you and then grab him."

"What if he doesn't yell 'robber'?"

"He's a bug," said Tim laconically, "and there are two umpires out there. We can't lose."

ROGER was on hand back of third base that afternoon. But not alone. He took Nettie with him, for he couldn't resist the temptation to have her there to see him in the act of catching a thief. He told her nothing of Tim's part in the affair.

Tim was umpiring the bases. It gave him more leisure and he kept an ear cocked, hoping to hear the cry of the Cub fan who robbed defenseless young ladies of their jewels and hoaxed umpires into aiding escapes.

It was a bad day for Tesreau. His support in the field was miserable and the Giants weren't hitting. The Cubs led from the start. It was not the sort of game, Tim regretfully noted, that would cause a Chicago rooter to rail at umpires.

As the game proceeded it seemed certain that the plan would fail. Perhaps the culprit had stayed away. Anyway, even were he there, nothing had occurred that might cause him to protest in other than modulated tones.

In the sixth inning Tim gave Fletcher a shade the best of it on a decision at first, but there was no complaint from Chicago partisans.

In the eighth the Giants rallied and carried the score to 6 to 5 against them. In the ninth Heinie Zimmerman singled. On the second pitched ball this militant Cub stole second, safe by a good margin.

"Wonder you didn't call me out," said Heinie. "I only beat the throw by twenty minutes."

Tim only shrugged his shoulders.

"Yaas you did," said Larry Doyle. "I let you have it so you could see what second base looked like. Been a long time since you were down here, Heinie. If all base runners were like you we could used a shoebox for second base and it never would wear out."

"Aw, is that so?" growled Heinie. Which in baseball is thought to be the acme of sawtoothed persiflage.

Tim planted himself in the diamond near second base, from which vantage point he could dash quickly toward first or third, depending upon whatever play came next. He wished now that he had called Zimmerman out at second. It would have meant little in the result of the game and it might have drawn a rise out of the thief in the stands.

On the next pitched ball Heinie, for no known reason, dashed for third. The play caught the Giants unawares. Rariden shot the ball to Herzog. The throw was high and Zimmerman slid under him. It was a clean steal of third. Herzog, as he swung his arm down to touch the runner, dropped the ball, immediately recovering it.

"Out!" yelled Tim, exultantly. Then instinctively he turned toward the stands back of third.

"*O-o-h yew robber!*" came the high, piercing cry.

Tim's attention was immediately distracted from the stands where Roger Miller was taking decisive action. Heinie Zimmerman and fifteen other protesting Chicago players engaged his attention. Five of these he put out of the game without a single prick of conscience. He felt that he had done his duty. Now the robber would be caught.

Of course he had no time to explain his position to the raging Cubs who finally calmed down and finished the contest victors over the Giants.

Benny, bright-eyed, joined Tim at the dinner table that evening. Tim was happy, for he had learned that Miller had arrested the culprit at the Polo Grounds. Benny had more joyful news for him.

"Don't ask me how," Benny said. "I've fixed it. I don't know myself how. Nettie and a friend and you and me are goin' to a show tonight. Nettie's strong for you, and all you have to do, Tim, is to forgive and forget."

After the trip to the theatre Benny and the friend were conveniently lost while Nettie and Tim stolled over to Riverside Drive. They sat themselves on a bench, out of the way of passersby.

"And you really will marry me and go out to Denver?"

"Whenever you say," whispered Nettie.

"And you don't think I'm a crook because I'm an umpire?"

"I knew I loved you when you called that horrid Mr. Zimmerman out at third this afternoon. I've loathed him ever since he made a home run off of Matty that last game he pitched for the Giants."

It was several minutes before Tim could speak again.

"And you don't love that detective?"

"Detective, ha!" laughed Nettie in derision. "He's a fine detective! Didn't you hear about his arresting that man at the polo grounds this afternoon?"

"Yes, the hotel burglar."

"Hotel burglar, nothing. The clerk told me just before we left the hotel. It was an innocent traveling man from Joplin, Missouri, that he arrested. The real burglar was caught by the police this afternoon and he confessed."

Tim gasped.

"Did, did-er, Miller tell you anything about how he happened to arrest the wrong fellow?"

He felt Nettie shake her head. "I haven't seen him since the game," she said.

Tim realized the need of immediate action.

"That detective's no good," he said. "Promise me you won't speak to him ever again — at least not until after we're married."

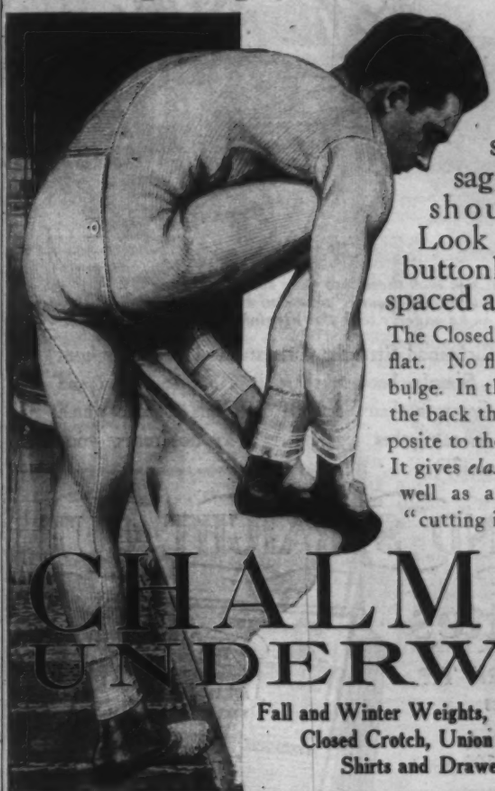
Nettie promised.

Tim looked at his watch.

"I wonder if there's any way to get a license tonight?" he said.

Casey is coming back. Some people cannot do it, but Casey can. The fat little fighting editor of a western daily who flashed across the pages of McClure's Magazine last year appears next month with a new fund of humor and a new batch of picturesque experiences. The title is "Casey—Reformer." The artist is Irma Dérèmeaux.

Examine—and compare—Chalmers Underwear. Then we know you'll wear it. You'll find the seams all flat and comfortable. You'll find the cuffs snug fitting—yet elastic and shape retaining.



Observe the shoulders, reinforced to prevent the sleeves from sagging over the shoulder points. Look at buttons and buttonholes. Properly spaced and on right.

The Closed Crotch is even and flat. No flaps can gape open or bulge. In the triangular piece in the back the "stretch" runs opposite to the rest of the garment. It gives *elasticity* up and down as well as across. It eliminates "cutting in the crotch."

CHALMERS UNDERWEAR

Fall and Winter Weights, Spring Needle Ribbed, Closed Crotch, Union Suits, $1.25 up. Shirts and Drawers, 75c each.

Chalmers Underwear MADE ON COOPER SPRING NEEDLE MACHINE

The finished fabric is so wonderfully elastic—has such a stretch—yet springs back into shape and always retains its tailored fit—that we know you will buy Chalmers Underwear for all time—once you wear it and learn its amazing comfort. Ask your dealer.

Unusual Illustrated Booklet Free

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., AMSTERDAM, N. Y.
Also Makers of the Famous "Poroknit" Underwear

THE kindly and understanding care of our physicians makes the Keeley Treatment no more unpleasant than would be a treatment by your family physician. Nearly 400,000 patients have been successfully treated for **liquor and drug using** at Keeley Institutes.

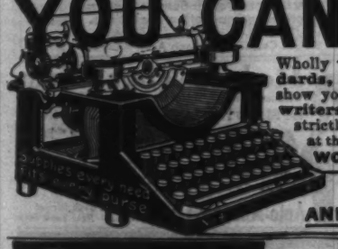
Established 1880

For information write to following Keeley Institutes:

Buffalo, N. Y., 799 Niagara St.	Los Angeles, Cal., 2400 W. Pico St.	Pittsburg, Pa., 4246 Fifth Ave.
Columbus, Ohio	Marion, Ind.	Salt Lake City, Utah
Crab Orchard, Ky.	Oklahoma City, Okla.	Seattle, Wash.
Dwight, Ill.	Plainfield, Ind.	Waukesha, Wis.
Hot Springs, Ark.	Portland, Me.	West Haven, Conn.
Kansas City, Mo., 1919 E. 31st St.	Philadelphia, Pa., 812 N. Broad St.	Mexico City, Mexico
Lexington, Mass.		London, England

THE Keeley Treatment

YOU CAN HAVE THIS



Wholly visible (42 key) single shift, **standard of standards, for your own** and commissions besides, if you will show your friends wherein it **excells other $100 typewriters,** and explain our most liberal offer ever made on a strictly modern, single shift typewriter and a **Woodstock** at that. By post card or letter simply say, *"Mail Particulars."*

WOODSTOCK TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 0612 Chicago, Ill.

DEALERS AND AGENTS establishing everywhere. Many sales easily made. Self-selling Woodstock the latest great seller. Write for terms and territory.

The Prophylactic Tooth Brush — Earned its reputation by "mouth to mouth" advertising

... "Will you tuck these into your coat?" said our host. "Will a duck swim?" chuckled Mr. Leaming in reply as he eagerly took the Virginia cigarettes.

What has made Richmond Straight Cuts stand alone throughout two generations? Simply because there is a subtle charm and quaint old-time delicacy in their "bright" Virginia tobacco which is not to be had in any other cigarette. Why not renew your old time acquaintance?

RICHMOND STRAIGHT CUT

Cigarettes

PLAIN OR CORK TIP

Fifteen cents

Also in attractive tins, 50 for 40 cents; 100 for 75 cents. Sent prepaid if your dealer cannot supply you.

Allen & Ginter RICHMOND, Virginia, U.S.A. LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO. SUCCESSOR.

Preferred by Gentlemen Now as Then

Cuts and small wounds may be protected against infection by promptly using

LISTERINE

The Safe Antiseptic

NO JOKE TO BE DEAF

—Every Deaf Person Knows That.

I make myself hear after being deaf for 25 years with these Artificial Ear Drums. I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make you hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum Pat. Nov. 3, 1908

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. (Inc.) 120 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

NASAL SHIELD FOR HAY FEVER

The Carence Nasal Shield has been successfully used for years to prevent and relieve hay fever and all inflammations from dust, metal screenings and other irritations. Prompt Relief. Price $5.00. Write for Booklet.

Nasal Shield Co., 1724 Wabash Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

COPY THIS SKETCH

and let me see what you can do with it. Illustrators and cartoonists earn from $30.00 to $125.00 a week or more. My practical system of personal individual lessons by mail will develop your talent.

Fifteen years' successful work for newspapers and magazines qualifies me to teach you. Send me your sketch of President Wilson with 6c in stamps and I will send you a test lesson plate, also collection of drawings showing possibilities for YOU.

The Landon School of Illustrating & Cartooning

1442 Schofield Building, Cleveland, O.

Reduce Your Girth

Without Starving, Drugging, Sweating or Acrobatics.

LET US SEND YOU "AUTO MASSEUR METHOD"

40 DAY FREE TRIAL BOTH SEXES

When you see your fat disappearing you will wish to purchase. Use it 40 days at our expense. Write to-day.

Auto-Masseur Co. Dept. 25. 14 West 27th Street New York City

They mean foot comfort, safety and economy. No dirt-gathering holes. 50c attached—gray or tan—all Dealers

LOOK FOR THE RED PLUG · IT PREVENTS SLIPPING

Send 30c to Spring Step, 105 Federal St., Boston, and get 2 packs of Tally-ho Quality Playing Cards that would cost 50c elsewhere

Questions Concerning Foods and Drugs

Discussed by Lewis B. Allyn

Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please enclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not (unless of general interest) through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

Contemptible, if True

PLEASE *give me your opinion of foods such as codfish, canned peas, corn, etc., and dill or chowder pickles which are labeled as containing aluminum sulphate, benzoate of soda, or boracic acid?*

E. D. N., Michigan.

Your letter opens up an interesting discussion. With reference to codfish, the external application of benzoate of sodium is thought by some packers to be an absolute necessity. Others seem to get along without it. In any event, if the benzoate of sodium is easily removed from the fish, etc., before cooking of course there could be no objection to the procedure. We think on the whole it is doubtful, and prefer fish which is unbenzoated. You might be interested to know that many poisonous preservatives may be used externally on food products where they are not tolerated in the food products themselves. We do not believe the canned goods you mention — peas, corn and the like — ever contain alum, benzoate of sodium or boracic acid. At the present time, and in fact for several years past, American canned foods have been free from all suspected contamination of this type. The National Canners Association, a wonderfully strong and efficient organization, together with high grade packers, fight adulteration in canned products, and we believe the results have acted most favorably on the industry. It is true that pickles frequently contain both benzoate of sodium and aluminum sulphate (alum). Both of these drugs are poisonous and injurious and should not be taken into the system. We doubt very much whether boracic acid is being employed at the present time, as its use is illegal unless in the case of external application — for example, codfish — which may be removed by thorough washing. The borax branch of the food dopers has been wonderfully quiet for the past year or two. Public poison is no longer appreciated by discerning consumers.

Home Ground Cereals

I AM *much interested in hygienic living. I am buying whole wheat and corn and grinding it in a hand mill. I find it difficult to clean the wheat sufficiently before grinding. Can you direct me to a dealer from whom I can get the whole wheat ready for grinding but not ground? I prefer to grind it as I use it and have it fresh daily. A word of advice from you would be thankfully received.*

Rev. R. B. J., Massachusetts.

We do not believe that the practice of grinding wheat and other cereals in a hand mill is a very economical one, if time, care, and opportunity of selection of grain are worth anything, which we think they are. While there are some advantages in grinding your own cereals, there are also many disadvantages. Many firms who put up whole cereals can exercise a care in selection which you cannot; they can treat these products by the best processes and actually increase the food value. Now that the new patented Saline process is proving a success we are able to get whole, undegerminated grains wholesome and nutritious; probably better prepared than you can possibly do with home limitations. Wheat should be subjected to a scrubbing process, which in the mills is accomplished by the means of brushes revolving in tanks of cylinders of water. We do not believe this could be done very satisfactorily in your own home, inasmuch as the dirt which adheres in the fold of the kernel is very difficult to remove. We do not know of any dealer who would be willing to sell scrubbed wheat. See the Westfield Book of Pure Foods for dealers in whole cereals.

A Good Grade of Cocoa

I WOULD *like to take advantage of the offer in McClure's Magazine, and ask you about Wan-Eta-Cocoa which is manufactured by the Massachusetts Chocolate Company, Boston, Mass. It sells for thirty-five cents a pound. I should like very much to know if it is really made from cocoa beans, and if not, whether it is of equal food value or harmful. A certain lack of flavor makes me think this cocoa was perhaps only saccharine and a coal tar dye.*

R. C. B., Missouri.

The Wan-Eta-Cocoa made by the Massachusetts Chocolate Company, Boston, Mass., is a product of good quality. It is made from pure cocoa beans and has a relatively large per cent. of natural cocoa fat. Certainly it contains no saccharine or coal tar dye. We doubt very much whether these common food adulterants are used in debasing any cocoa now manufactured. The flavor may be due to the particular kind of blend of beans used, or possibly you have been using an old sample. We have made several examinations of this cocoa and have never found adulteration therein.

The Dutch Process

I HAVE *been accustomed to read the labels on the packaged foods which we use in our home. The other day I noticed on a can of cocoa this statement, "Contains 1.5% added mineral matter." Please tell me what this means.*

C. F. S., California.

While you do not state the particular brand of cocoa you refer to, it is probable that the product is made by the so-called Dutch process. After the cocoa beans have been selected and blended, they are cleaned and then roasted in machines similar to commercial coffee roasters. The thin shell is removed, the seeds crushed, and later finely pulverized. The resulting paste is either run directly into molds or is mixed with sugar, vanilla, or spices, and then molded. This constitutes ordinary chocolate either bitter or sweet. So much oil or cocoa fat is present that about half is removed by heat and pressure and kept for other purposes. This oil is the familiar cocoa butter. The residue is then ground in suitable mills. If an alkali such as ammonia, soda or potash is added a *Dutch process* cocoa results. Such cocoa is more miscible though not more soluble in hot water. If the alkali is added, the fact must be stated on labels, as you have noted.

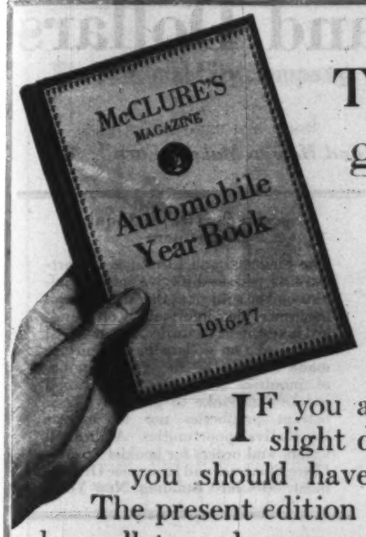
Sassafras Oil Capsules

I AM *enclosing an advertisement from one of our local papers. Please tell me whether this Oil of Korein is harmless as claimed.*

Mrs. H. L., Missouri.

With reference to Oil of Korein would advise that we have never been able to find anything in the capsules aside from sassafras

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase. All applicants for this service should state whether they are readers of or subscribers to McClure's.



This is a good picture of a good book

IF you are interested even to a slight degree in automobiles—you should have a copy of this book. The present edition is limited and it would be well to order your copy at once. The price is fifty cents—and the general verdict is that the two special articles are worth more than that amount.*

TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword	5
Alphabetical Index	8
Index of Trade Names	10
* Care of a Car	13
* Kinks for Car Owners	21
Table of Horse-Power	28
Gasoline Passenger Vehicles	29
Electric Passenger Vehicles	149
Gasoline Commercial Vehicles	163
Electric Commercial Vehicles	221
American Speedway Statistics	230
Table of Important Sizes of Pneumatic Tires	234
Inflation Table for Pneumatic Tires	235
Pneumatic Automobile Tires	236

The McClure Automobile Year Book will be mailed prepaid to any one sending fifty cents in stamps, check or post-office money order. Address all communications to McClure Automobile Department, McClure Building, New York.

oil, and a hydrocarbon—probably a paraffine oil. Sassafras oil is mildly antiseptic in its action, and is worthless as a fat reducer. In fact, no drug will safely accomplish this end. Such reduction can only be obtained by paying proper attention to the diet, and avoiding all oils and fats. The old advice is still good: "If you want to grow thinner, diminish your dinner."

Phosphorescent Candy

AM I overstepping my rights in asking you a question concerning candies I have been in the habit of using? The Necco Wintergreen Wafers, which I have supposed pure and have given my children, I am in doubt about. In breaking one in the dark, we discovered that it phosphoresces, and when ignited burns as if there were sulphur element contained. Can you please enlighten me?
C. H., Maine.

You are not overstepping your rights and privilege as a reader of McClure's. It gives us pleasure to be of this service to you. The phenomenon you speak of having observed in connection with the Necco Wintergreen Wafers is not uncommon. A piece of ordinary loaf sugar will often give this phosphorescence when struck or broken in the dark. There is no sulphur or phosphorus present in the wafers. The wafers are of good quality, composed of flavored sugar and cornstarch.

What Happened in Foregoing Chapters of

The Straight Road

FINDING life with her husband unbearable, California Baird decides to leave her home, taking with her their four-year-old boy. Callie, as she is called, had married Oliver Baird, who was a good deal older and lacked any of the finer qualities, at the instigation of her mother when she was only seventeen, and then only because of the shipwreck of a boy-and-girl love affair between her and Philip Stanley. Hoping that some of her childhood friends, Mr. and Mrs. Watkins, now living in San Vicente, will befriend her until she can find work she makes her plans to go there.

Soon after reaching San Vicente Callie calls at Harvey Watkins's office, and he not only promises to give her a position, but gives her a free scholarship to a business college and loans her money for expenses. He is strongly attached to Callie's little boy and insists on the child's going out to the home of Mrs. Eccles, the woman who is taking care of his house while his wife is away.

In spite of the fact that Callie works hard at the business college and spends a large part of her spare time working for Mr. Dale, an author, she sees a good deal of Harvey Watkins, until he tries to make love to her. Then she breaks off their meetings as far as possible. Later on Delia Watkins returns and she and Callie renew their old friendship. Delia advises Callie to try to get a position on The Clarion, a local paper, which she does. Her work there is under the direct supervision of Mr. Stokes. After a long time he gives her a special assignment which takes her out to a lonely district far from home. She is to meet Miss Bailey, his sister, at the end of the car-line, and they are to cover the case together. When she gets there, she finds Mr. Stokes waiting for her instead of his sister. Furious at his deception and insolent manner, she tells him she will never return to the office and breaks away from him, running until she is sure he will not follow. By the time she reaches home it is very late and she finds she has lost her key. She goes to Mr. Dale's, awakens him, and he helps her in through the window to her room.

The following day when Callie has dinner with Delia and Harvey Watkins, she learns that Harvey has told his wife of their meetings during her absence, giving entirely the wrong impression of their friendship and intimating that Callie had encouraged him in his attentions. Outraged by this, she leaves their home, taking Boyce over to Mrs. Eccles, and giving her instructions that he is not to go to the Watkins's home under any circumstances.

Callie visits the different employment offices in search of work, but the season is slack for everything but hop-pickers. In sheer desperation she decides to go to Los Palmas to try the work.

THE silence of a Si-wel-clo is a golden silence. The Si-wel-clo suppresses a noise you do not want heard and do not want to hear.

If you are building a home or remodeling, give to your bathroom this gentle attention. Install

The Trenton Potteries Company

SI-WEL-CLO
Silent Closet

Its surface is highly glazed. It does not absorb grease, stain nor discolor—will not crack nor peel.

You will never be proud of a bathroom that contains a noisy closet. If, through oversight or indifference, you permit a noisy closet to be put in, you subject yourself to much embarrassment and self-reproach later on.

The quietness of the Si-wel-clo, the fact that not even a murmur is heard beyond a closed door, is its most dramatic advantage, but its construction is of almost equal importance. The Si-wel-clo is made of vitreous china.

Your architect or plumber knows the Si-wel-clo. Speak to him about it.

Booklet M-18.
"Bathrooms of Character"

Shows just how you can make the most of your bathroom space and gives estimates on the cost of different installations. Send for it.

The Trenton Potteries Company
Trenton, N. J.
Largest Makers of Sanitary Pottery in U.S.A

MAGAZINES

J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency is the largest in the world. You can save money on the magazine you want by writing for

This Catalog FREE

Our new Catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. IT'S A BIG MONEY SAVER. Send us your name and address on post card today and get this big free catalog. Do it now.

Agents Wanted. Write for full particulars

J. M. HANSON-BENNETT Magazine Agency
730 Brooks Building . . Chicago, Illinois

TYPEWRITERS SUMMER PRICES

Our entire stock of latest models is offered at special prices for the summer only.

Factory Rebuilt Typewriters

All trademarked, and guaranteed for one year. Buy now and save as much as $75. Branch stores in leading cities.

Write for Catalog and Summer Price List.
AMERICAN WRITING MACHINE CO., Inc., 345 Broadway, N. Y.

LAW Our simple method of home law instruction fits you to earn $3,500 to $10,000 yearly as a lawyer or legally-trained business man. LAW TRAINED MEN ARE IN DEMAND IN ALL LINES OF BUSINESS. 109 books—a complete law library—furnished every student. BAR EXAMINATION GUARANTEE. You pay as you progress—in small instalments. Tuition refunded if dissatisfied. SEND FOR 60-PAGE FREE BOOK!

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
Dept. L 1027 Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago, U. S. A.

LANGUAGES Quickly Learned At HOME by the Original Phonographic Method

German—French—English—Italian—Spanish or any other language learned with comparative ease by the Cortina Method at home with Disk Cortinaphone Language Records. Write for FREE booklet today; easy payment plan. Inquire at your local phonograph dealer who carries or can get our records for you.

Cortina Academy of Languages
Suite 2070, 15 E. 44th St., N. Y.

CORTINAPHONE

STUDY LAW

Let us prove to your entire satisfaction, at our expense, that we actually offer the most complete and efficient extension course in law in America. After this 30-day free trial you can compare our course with any other law course in existence—then decide. There is absolutely no similarity between this course and others, and we can easily and readily convince you of this fact, without it costing you a penny.

30 Days FREE

Special and Exclusive Features

Only recognized resident law school in U. S., Conferring Degree of Bachelor of Laws—LL. B.—by correspondence. Only law school in U. S. conducting standard resident school and giving same instruction, by mail. Over 500 class-room lectures. Faculty of over 30 prominent lawyers. Guarantees to prepare graduates to pass bar examination. Only law school giving Complete Course in Oratory and Public Speaking. School highly endorsed and recommended by Gov. Officials, Business Men, Noted Lawyers and Students. Send today for Illustrated Prospectus and Special 30-Day Free Offer.

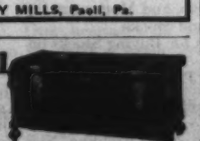
HAMILTON COLLEGE OF LAW, 1102 Advertising Bldg., Chicago

THE VALLEY FORGE
Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
Whole Pure Food Products

Old Buhr stone process flours and cereals that contain all of the grain. Every element that young or old should have. Flours—whole wheat, rye, buckwheat, yellow corn meal, white corn meal, bran. Breakfast foods—cracked wheat, cracked oats, cracked rice, cracked barley, cracked rye. Cereals—natural brown rice, natural brown barley. Infant foods—natural brown barley flour, natural brown rice flour, natural brown oat flour. Delivered in first two parcel post zones, 4 lbs. 25c.

GREAT VALLEY MILLS, Paoli, Pa.

FREE Trial



Piedmont Red Cedar Chests protect furs and woolens from moths, mice, dust and damp. Frees home of worry and drudgery. 15 days' free trial. Sent Low Factory Prices.

Write today for our great new illustrated catalog with reduced prices. Mailed free to you.

Piedmont Red Cedar Chest Co., Dept. 52, Statesville, N. C.

Your Health
is largely in your own hands.

Your Weight
can be reduced or increased, as you wish.

Your Poise
can express uprightness, or downright negligence, which affects your health.

I have helped 79,000 of the most intelligent, forceful women of America to regain health and keep it. This magazine would not have advertised my work for fifteen years if I had not "made good."

Tell me your defects in health or figure. If my work is not suited to you, I will direct you to the help you need.

I will also send you a booklet free which tells you how to stand correctly, and gives many points of interest to women.

SUSANNA COCROFT
Dept. 95, 624 Michigan Blvd., Chicago

Miss Cocroft has well been called the "Health Engineer" for woman.

BECOME A NURSE

WE have trained thousands of women in their own homes to earn $10 to $25 a week as nurses. Send for "How I Became a Nurse."—248 pages with actual experiences, 48 illustrated lesson pages free.

Fifteenth Year
The Chautauqua School of Nursing
272 Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

WANTED—AN IDEA! Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Needed Inventions" and "How to get your Patent and your Money."
RANDOLPH & CO., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 50, Washington, D. C.

Increasing Your Income With Safety

Some six years ago a certain Trustee came to us for aid and counsel. The average yield on the funds of the estate he controlled was less than 4½%, and he wished to increase the income without impairing safety of principal. We selected and recommended a diversified list of first mortgage serial real estate bonds. After a rigid investigation he sold a large amount of listed bonds and purchased the securities we had selected, thus increasing the average net income about 1% with perfect safety. Since then interest on the securities purchased of us has always been promptly paid, and both the Trustee and the heirs are well pleased with their investment.

THIS is a concrete example of the service we render investors—the service of a complete, well-organized and well-equipped bond organization. We have always regarded the interests of our clients as the interests of this House, and we are always glad to aid any investor in solving investment problems—particularly in obtaining the greatest yield consistent with complete security of principal.

The fact that we are unwilling to sacrifice conservative principles to mere considerations of income yield is shown by the record of this House—34 years without a dollar loss to any investor.

We are now offering a well diversified list of first mortgage serial real estate bonds, secured by the highest grade of properties in many of our largest cities, yielding 5½%.

Write today for Circular No. J-551

S. W. STRAUS & CO.
Established 1882 Incorporated
STRAUS BUILDING 150 BROADWAY
CHICAGO NEW YORK
DETROIT—MINNEAPOLIS

6% Investment

Combining the Strong Features of Both Real Estate and Industrial Bonds

1. Secured by first mortgage upon land and buildings, located in five important cities and ample to fully safeguard the investment.
2. Obligation of old established, well-known company with large net earnings and successful record in manufacturing a necessity.

Ask for Circular No. 943CM

Peabody, Houghteling & Co.
(Established 1865) 10 S. La Salle St., Chicago

Oregon Farm Mortgages
The safest possible investment. Illustrated booklet tells why. Write for it and for list and plats of current loans. We know our field.
CRONAN MORTGAGE COMPANY 943-15 Spalding Bldg. Portland, Oregon
6% NET

Investing Three Thousand Dollars

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

The McClure Financial Booklet

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge the nominal sum of ten cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. A very attractive library edition bound in leather may be had at a dollar per copy.

Special Service of Inquiry Department

The Financial and Insurance Department is prepared to give general advice on the subject of investments and insurance, also information on standard investment securities. A nominal charge of two dollars per inquiry is made because of the great number of inquiries received. Mr. Atwood cannot undertake to give any stock market prophecies nor to suggest speculative opportunities. Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

NO question is more often addressed to this department than the concrete and specific one of how to invest a given sum. The inquirer does not desire generalization, or even advice and information. He wants the names of bonds and stocks. The responsibility is not a light one to discharge. Especially difficult is the selection of securities for mention in the columns of this magazine, because in the many weeks that elapse between the writing of an article and the time when it reaches those who read, prices and conditions may change radically.

There is still another obstacle in the way of a careful, scientific answer to such a query. Probably no one realizes, until he has tried it, how hard even those who give the problem unceasing study find the selection of a *varied* list of good investments. The human mind is governed by habits and predilections. Having once picked out certain bonds or stocks as desirable, the mind invariably runs back to them. This partly because the field of investment is so enormous. Selection is always onerous on account of the perplexing variety and number. The individual about to place several thousand hard-earned dollars in a certain security naturally concentrates upon that one thing. But the outside, impartial consultant must always be obsessed by the fear that something else might have been better.

So it is far preferable for McClure readers to put their questions to this department after they have acquired some ideas and even prejudices of their own. "How shall I invest $1,000?" is the despair of financial editors, or of conscientious brokers for that matter. But if the reader or customer says: "Shall I invest $1,000 in the Wild Cat Gold Mining Company or had I better put it in the first mortgage bonds of the New York Central Railroad Company?" we have a specific issue to decide and that is our business. Of course all investment questions do not present such easy contrasts. I have used an extreme case for illustration. But the same statement holds true generally of most inquiries even when they are far more puzzling to unravel.

"I am writing for advice as to the investment of $3,500," is the way a recent letter runs. "The money was just received from matured stocks in a building and loan association. It is now in a New Jersey savings bank, drawing 4 per cent. I wish to invest it, if possible, to draw from 5 to 6 per cent. with reasonable security. Am not at present dependent upon the income from this money. I have a rough plan as follows:

"To leave $500 in the savings bank, to put $500 in Wabash preferred A stock, to put $1,000 in railroad stocks of the calibre of Pennsylvania, Atchison Topeka, Santa Fe and so on, and to put the remaining $1,500 in $100 bonds of railroad and industrial concerns.

"The $500 in Wabash preferred A is the only investment I would want to take much chance on. I like it for a long pull. I would want investments upon which there would always be a market, and my idea would be to study and watch prices, and when opportunity presented to sell at a profit, to seize the same, and put the proceeds into a savings bank until another good buy came along.

"What do you think of my plan, or could you give me an alternate one? Also give me a list of stocks and $100 bonds which you would consider reasonably safe investments. Also whether now seems a good time to make the investments, or whether it would be better to let the money lie in savings banks until prices are lower?"

Here is a definite plan for investing a given sum, and probably about as good a one as could be devised. Opinions will always differ on such a subject, and prejudices differ even more. But here is a man who observes all the safety-first principles of investment. He is taking chances with only a small part ($500) of the total sum, and an intelligent chance. He is buying a stock which does not yet pay dividends but has a good chance of doing so if railroad prosperity continues. The Wabash was reorganized a few years ago, its capitalization drastically reduced, it appears now to be under efficient management, and earnings are gradually increasing. In case of a slump in business, a general railroad strike or other widespread calamity the stock might fall to lower prices before it goes to permanently higher ones. But the point is that it has what appears to be solid merit for a "long pull." The trouble with most so-called "fliers" is that they have no real worth. They are out-and-out gambles. One word of warning: Wabash preferred A is not a stock for an impatient man.

More commendable even than the Wabash stock itself is the fact that our inquirer can afford to take this chance. There is nothing inherently wrong in taking risks, in speculation. The great, the really terrible, harm comes from the fact that most people take *larger risks than they can afford*. But certainly a man with $3,500 to invest, who does not need the income from any of it, can afford to put one-seventh of the total sum into a *legitimate*, and as far as can be seen, promising, speculation.

The idea of leaving another seventh in the savings bank shows more rudimentary common sense than most people seem to possess. Many persons when once they become imbued with the investment or speculative desire are inclined to throw all their money into some one thing, to lift every anchor, and throw every instinct of conservatism over. And this thought suggests another feature of the proposed investment scheme, the wisest of all.

It might be possible to criticize the plan as outlined in this article. I can criticize it by saying that perhaps too large a proportion of the investment is confined to railroad stocks and bonds. A few municipal and carefully selected public utility bonds would not detract from the feature of ready marketability and would add distinctly to the safety. But even as the plan stands, its safety is high because the investor proposes to distribute his funds among quite a large number of securities. He might diversify them even further by the inclusions I have suggested, but the essential fact is that even with his moderate sum he has known enough to adopt the principle of insurance, and so is almost certain to avoid any serious loss.

McClure's Financial Booklet

Seventh Edition

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
Lists of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent. and Safety
Bonds, Stocks, and Mortgages
Lists of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War

Booklet will be sent for ten cents in stamps. See announcement above. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

The National City Company

has taken over the bond department of

The National City Bank
of New York

and purchased the business of

N. W. Halsey & Co.

dealers in investment securities

The business of the combined organizations will be continued by

THE NATIONAL CITY COMPANY
National City Bank Building
55 Wall Street, New York

Partial Payment Bulletins

If you have purchased or contemplate the purchase of securities on the Partial Payment Plan, you will be interested in a series of bulletins which we are issuing on the uses of this form of investing while you save.

Capable of adaptation to the widest field of service, and fitted to the individual requirements of all savers, the Partial Payment Plan, legitimately used, offers the means of attaining the particular financial goal which is within your reach.

There are abuses as well as uses attached to the Partial Payment Plan when put forward by careless or irresponsible brokers.

If you are interested in the Partial Payment idea, you should read these bulletins as issued.

Send for Bulletin No. 1.

John Muir & Co
SPECIALISTS IN
Odd Lots

Members New York Stock Exchange
MAIN OFFICE, 61 BROADWAY, N. Y.

7% CUMULATIVE PREFERRED STOCK

of a conservative corporation founded in 1888. Average earnings over three times dividend requirements. Tax exempt in Illinois. Details upon request.

BABCOCK RUSHTON & COMPANY

Members of New York & Chicago Exchanges, Chicago Board of Trade

137 So. LaSalle St., Chicago
7 Wall Street New York

BONDS

Insure Your Principal
Municipal Bonds
For Conservative Investors
Safety, marketability and attractive yield

Send for descriptive Circular E

Field, Richards & Co.
Union Central Bldg.
Cincinnati

Cleveland: New Guardian Bldg. Detroit: Dime Bank Bldg.
Chicago: Continental & Commercial Bank Bldg.

6% net

For 36 years we have been paying our customers the highest returns consistent with conservative methods. First mortgage loans of $200 and up which we can recommend after the most thorough personal investigation. Please ask for Loan List No. 718. $25 Certificates of Deposit also for saving investors.

PERKINS & CO. Lawrence, Kan.

Pennsylvania and Atchison are both sound, strong stocks, although not certain to advance a great deal in price. If a return of slightly over 5 per cent. is enough Atchison preferred is absolutely safe, and Baltimore & Ohio preferred is also very safe. St. Paul preferred, a similar stock, pays about 5.40 per cent. at present prices. Great Northern and Union Pacific, both high grade shares, yield close to 6 per cent. There is a tremendous variety of industrial preferred stocks, enjoying a good market at all times on the Stock Exchange, whose average safety is high and which pay between 5¾ per cent. and 7½ per cent. By confining selection to the more conservative, an income of fully 6 per cent., or even a little more, might be secured without taking any chances to speak of. I refer to the regular dividend paying preferred issues of companies as:

American Beet Sugar, American Can, American Car & Foundry, American Cotton Oil, American Locomotive, American Smelting & Refining, American Smelters Securities "A," American Sugar, American Telephone (common only), American Tobacco, American Woolen, Baldwin Locomotive, B. F. Goodrich, Central Leather, Cluett-Peabody, Crucible Steel, General Motors, International Harvester, International Nickel, Kansas City Southern, Lorillard Tobacco, Mackay Companies, Pressed Steel Car, Republic Steel, Studebaker, United States Industrial Alcohol, U. S. Rubber, U. S. Smelting, U. S. Steel, Virginia-Carolina Chemical, Willys-Overland, and possibly such railroad common stocks as Delaware & Hudson, Southern Pacific and Lehigh Valley. All of these stocks may be regarded as "reasonably safe investments."

A list of $100 bonds also is desired by the inquirer. There are relatively few $100 bonds which enjoy an active market on the Stock Exchange and at the same time pay more than 5 per cent. The Bethlehem Steel first and refunding 5s, P. Lorillard debenture 5s, and Southern Pacific San Francisco Terminal first 4s, regarding whose safety no question will be raised, pay just under 5 per cent., and the Montana Power first and refunding 5s pay only a trifle more than 5 per cent. Among those which seem to be safe enough and pay more are the Seaboard Air Line first consolidated 6s and the Colorado & Southern first and refunding 4½s. American Ice bonds may be had in $100 pieces to pay nearly 8 per cent., but I would not care to recommend such a high yield bond without more exhaustive investigation. If one is willing to go outside this country there are the Anglo-French, American Foreign securities and Argentine 5s, both of which pay nearly 6 per cent. and may easily be had in $100 units. They enjoy an active market.

There are many good $100 bonds which are not listed on the Stock Exchange. They are mostly issued by strong public utility companies. Many of them pay more than 6 per cent. and are regarded as safe. For a list of such bonds the inquirer should communicate with any reliable investment banking firm. Bonds of this description have frequently been described in McClure's Magazine, but they are really the specialty of various investment bankers, who naturally know most about them.

The last question had to do with the propitious occasion. Is this the time to buy stocks? Will not prices be lower after the war? One hesitates to express an opinion on such a grave and complicated problem. But we may be sure that standard, seasoned securities will not decline after the war, or any other time, as much as new and freely watered promotions and flotations. Several of the preferred stocks suggested are in companies which have war orders,

We Invest Our Own Money in Bonds Before We Offer Them to You

Before we invest in Municipal Bonds we have a corps of experts in our Buying Department investigate *every* detail of the transaction. When these bonds are offered for investment they have measured up to our high standard.

Considering the safety and absolute dependability of Municipal Bonds no securities offer a better yield. Twenty-seven years' experience has demonstrated this to us.

We offer Municipal Bonds in $100, $500 and $1,000 amounts. Send today to our nearest office for our Free Booklet C-11, "The Premier Investment."

William R. Compton Company

New York
14 Wall Street
Chicago
105 S. La Salle Street

Municipal Bonds
"Over a Quarter Century in this Business"

St. Louis
408 Olive Street
Cincinnati
102 Union Trust Bldg.

The Increasing Investment Value of

Standard Oil Securities

Send for pamphlet giving list of Standard Oils which have piled up a sufficient surplus to justify nearby distribution of profits to stockholders in the shape of a stock bonus or large extra cash dividend.

Ask for 23-A, including Standard Oil statistical handbook and booklet explaining

"The Twenty Payment Plan"

SLATTERY & Co
Investment Securities
(Established 1908)
40 Exchange Place New York

Good Investments in

Public Utility
Preferred Stocks
yielding 5% to 8%
and enhancement possibilities of
Common Stocks

Outlined in our
CURRENT LETTER "E"
Copy sent on request

Williams, Troth & Coleman
Investment Securities
60 WALL ST. NEW YORK
Direct Wire to Columbus and Phila. Markets

THE AMERICAN INVESTOR

If you have $100 or can save it in a year, you can become at once one of the great and constantly growing class of American Investors.

Send for copy of
"The American Investor"

E. F. Coombs & Co
INVESTMENT BONDS
Successors to Beyer & Company
120 BROADWAY - NEW YORK

Second Edition
THE INVESTOR'S A. B. C. on BONDS
and their terms
INVESTORS MAY OBTAIN A COPY UPON REQUEST

Liggett, Hichborn & Co., Inc.
INVESTMENT SECURITIES
61 Broadway New York
BOSTON BUFFALO

Intelligent Investing

The Securities of American Railroads are the best medium for intelligent investing.

Railroads are required to issue monthly statements of earnings and expenditures and complete yearly reports, thus enabling investors to keep informed as to the standing of their securities. Our constant study of such statements enables us to determine the relative value of railroad securities.

We solicit inquiries from present and prospective investors.

H. T. CAREY & CO.
Established 1871
Members New York Stock Exchange
99 BROADWAY NEW YORK CITY

You can start now, in even a very small way, to become the owner of sound, dividend-paying stocks and bonds.

The PARTIAL PAYMENT METHOD permits the purchase of securities in amounts from one share up and provides a convenient basis of payment.

This plan enables you to invest while you save and your money is earning from the start.

Our booklet No. 49 which fully explains the plan will be sent free on request.

HARRIS, WINTHROP & Co.
Members New York Stock Exchange
The Rookery Chicago
15 Wall Street New York

LOOK HERE MR. INVESTOR!

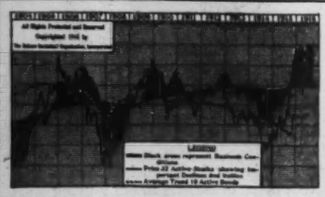
Government Bonds net you three and four per cent. Our FIRST MORTGAGES covering well improved farms in Oklahoma, Texas, New Mexico, Arkansas and Louisiana, net you Six Per Cent yearly, and we guarantee them to be just as well secured. If you have funds for investment, write for our list of offerings, and free booklet on Farm Mortgages.

We Invite a Close Investigation
THE F. B. COLLINS INVESTMENT COMPANY
Capital $100,000.00
Oklahoma City Oklahoma

BONDS Safe and Sure
No Income Tax

Accepted by U. S. Government as security for Postal Savings Bank Deposits. Instead of 2% Postal Bank interest, these bonds pay you **4 to 5½%**

We handle nothing but the solid securities.
Write for booklet K, "Bonds of Our Country"—FREE
New First Nat'l Bank, Dept. 15, Columbus, O.



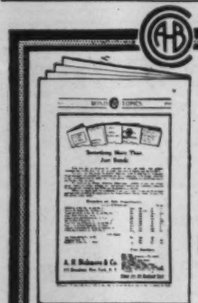
Sure of Profits

Sound investment is based on knowing when to buy and *when not to buy.* Babson Service is a guide to safety and profit.

Avoid worry. Cease depending on rumors or luck. Recognize that all action is followed by equal reaction. Work with a definite policy based on fundamental statistics.

Particulars sent free. Write to Department M-26 of the

Babson Statistical Organization
Engineering Offices Wellesley Hills, Mass.
Largest Statistical Organization of Its Character in the World



This 8 Page Monthly

containing a selected list of sound investments yielding

5¼ to 6⅛%

Free on request for Booklet CL-200

A H Bickmore & Co
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

Before Buying

Copper Stocks

Send for our FREE Book of complete statistics on over 200 companies.

"Partial Payment Plan"

L. R. LATROBE & Co.
111 Broadway New York

Partial Payment Buying of Stocks

enables the small investor to acquire standard securities on convenient terms. Write for booklet U-5 describing the method.

HARTSHORNE AND PICABIA
Members New York Stock Exchange
7 Wall Street New York City

THE UNLISTED SECURITIES REVIEW

UNUSUAL OPPORTUNITIES

Described in current number of
THE UNLISTED SECURITIES REVIEW

Unlisted stocks and bonds oftentimes offer unusual and more attractive investments than listed securities. The Review contains list of about 75 unlisted stocks, their quotations, dividend rates, etc. Suggestions for investments 5 to 8%. Other interesting features.

Send for Copy and Circular 68.

DAWSON, LYON & Co.
INVESTMENT STOCKS AND BONDS
42 WALL STREET NEW YORK

but the common stocks are those which feel the speculative influences of possibly legendary profits. Already what might be called the war-time stock inflations, whether new securities, or old ones like United States Industrial Alcohol common, have suffered the inevitable reaction from being driven insanely high.

High-grade preferred stocks may drop ten or fifteen points in a great general decline, but any sound stock that is purchased outright to pay 6 per cent. or more can not be considered a poor investment if, because of a wholesale market decline, it temporarily follows the trend. Finally it may be said to the man who has a satisfactory 6 per cent. investment: Don't be in too much of a hurry to catch a small rise. It is all very well to seize profits, but in a natural eagerness to reinvest as successfully the second time, disastrous experiences often result. It is beyond human self-control to resist taking a big profit, but to try for every few points usually results fatally in the long run.

Books About Stocks and Bonds

Peabody, Houghteling & Company, 10 So. LaSalle Street, Chicago, have issued a very interesting booklet, "The First Mortgage Bonds of Newsprint Paper Manufacturing Companies," which gives the investor valuable information about this class of Industrial Bonds. They will be glad to send a copy of this booklet on request.

"The Premier Investment" is the title of an excellent booklet on Municipal Bonds published by the Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Company of New York, Chicago, St. Louis and Cincinnati. A request to any of their offices will bring this booklet.

N. W. Halsey & Co., 49 Wall Street, New York, have issued a pamphlet dealing with proposed changes in the Income Tax Law. A copy of this pamphlet will be furnished upon request.

In addition to their Odd Lot Booklet U-5, describing the partial payment method of buying stocks, Hartshorne & Picabia, members of the New York Stock Exchange, 7 Wall Street, are distributing copies of an interesting letter on the earnings and financial position of the Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie Railway.

The "Investor's A. B. C. on Bonds" and their terms, in booklet form, has just been published for investors by Messrs. Liggett, Hichborn & Co., 61 Broadway, New York City.

Slattery & Co., 40 Exchange Place, New York, have for free distribution pamphlet giving list of Standard Oils which have piled up sufficient surplus to warrant nearby large extra cash or stock dividend. Ask for 23-A, including booklet explaining The Twenty-Payment Plan.

The information as it is given in "The American Investor" makes it a very simple matter for anyone to distinguish a thoroughly good investment from a questionable one. Messrs. E. F. Coombs & Co., 126 Broadway, New York, will send a copy of the publication to the readers of McClure's.

John Muir & Company, 61 Broadway, New York, N. Y., will send upon request a booklet entitled "A $1000 Bond For Your Boy," which describes how high grade bonds may be purchased on the instalment plan.

A free copy of the Unlisted Securities Review and Circular 68 will be sent on request by Dawson, Lyon & Co., 42 Wall St., New York. This firm quotes markets in all unlisted stocks and bonds. The Review contains suggestions for investment as well as list of 75 unlisted stocks with their quotations, dividend, rates, etc.

H. T. Carey & Co., 66 Broadway, New York City, have a carefully selected list of railroad securities and will be pleased to forward this list to prospective investors.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movements in security, commodity, and labor prices.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Company, 15 Wall St., New York.

6% FARM MORTGAGES

No security in the world is today more highly recognized than well placed First Farm Mortgages. Now for 33 years our Mortgages have been marketed in all sections without the loss of a Dollar. Send for current list of offerings and descriptive pamphlet " T "

E. J. LANDER & CO.
GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA
ESTABLISHED 1883
Capital and Surplus One-Half Million Dollars

We're Right on the Ground

To Banks and Investment Houses

YOU can make the name of your house synonymous with investments, greatly extend your business and prestige by advertising in the Financial Department of McClure's.

Address Dept. F for particulars

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
251 Fourth Avenue New York

Write it on the film— at the time.

Record the "Who, When, Where" on every negative. It's the work of an instant with an Autographic

KODAK

All folding Kodaks and folding Brownies are now autographic.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

SHORT-STORY WRITING

A course of forty lessons in the history, form, structure and writing of the Short-Story taught by **Dr. J. Berg Esenwein**, for years Editor of Lippincott's. *250-page catalogue free. Please address*

Dr. Esenwein **The Home Correspondence School** Dept. 145, Springfield, Mass.

Copr. Life Pub. Co.

New Arrival: Copy of LIFE, please.

St. Peter: Sorry, friend, but on account of the exalted price of paper, the celestial news-stands only keep a limited supply, and I'm all out. If you want to reap all the advantages of an up-to-date Heaven, you should obey that impulse and become a regular subscriber.

YOU MAY WIN $500

by becoming a contributor to LIFE's great title contest, now running. Contest closes on Monday, October second. See current issues of LIFE for full particulars.

Special Offer

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian $1.13; Foreign $1.26). Send LIFE for three months to

_____

_____

_____

Open only to new subscribers; no subscriptions renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 72 West 31st Street, New York. J

One Year, $5.00. (Canadian, $5.52; Foreign, $6.04.)

"Bond Topics," published monthly by A. H. Bickmore & Co., 111 Broadway, New York City, contains many interesting discussions on bonds in general, with particular references to Public Utility Bonds. Copies free upon request.

"Bonds of our Country" tells how bonds accepted by the United States Government may be purchased in $100 denominations and on partial payment plan. Write for booklet K, New First National Bank, Columbus, O.

A very interesting booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortages.

A book giving statistics of over 200 different Copper companies, including the big dividend payers, can be had on application to L. R. Latrobe & Co., 111 Broadway, New York. They also have a booklet on the Motor and Standard Oil Stocks.

S. W. Straus & Company, Straus Building, Chicago, and 150 Broadway, New York City, will send upon request Straus's Investors' Magazine, also booklet No. J-551.

Field, Richards & Company, Union Central Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, will send upon request a special circular dealing with new issues of high-grade Municipal Bonds.

Booklet T, issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about six per cent farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

Valuable information on Oregon Farm Mortgages may be obtained by writing for list 12 to the Cronan Mortgage Company, 903 Spalding Building, Portland, Oregon.

To those interested, the Citizens' Savings & Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio, will gladly send Booklet D, which explains their system of Banking by Mail.

Williams, Troth & Coleman, 60 Wall Street, New York, will send on request an interesting booklet [Mc-41] describing a varied list of high-grade public utility securities.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S unti after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

Red Fox Furs

[*Continued from page 18*]

He could feel her fingers trembling. This child was unstrung — overworked, no doubt. His own sick nerves made him more acute in these matters.

"How much do they cost?" he asked.

The points of the nail scissors were descending. They became motionless while she answered:

"Forty-six dollars at Sleegals."

The man who was killing Germans managed to get his hand under the rubber apron which seemed to flow from his neck in all directions. His hand appeared with some difficulty at last. It crossed his body to the other hand on which Elfrida was working.

"Get them, sister!" he said. "Get them today!"

A crisp, new bill fell into Elfrida's lap. It lay in her white apron half unfolded. It was the color of stained fingers that had been dipped in yellow dye. It was the color of amber gum!

"God in Heaven!" said Elfrida.

The nail scissors tinkled as they struck the floor. They lay neglected on the white tiles, for Elfrida was clinging to the big hand of the man who was killing Germans, sobbing as though her heart would break.

Uncle Fritz was waiting for her when she came in, breathless from her run up the stairs. He had been waiting all day. He was crouched over the table, his eyes glittering, his face drawn and gray.

"Vell?" he said in a whisper. "Vell?"

"Oh, Uncle Fritz —" Elfrida faltered.

"Shpeak, shpeak — vot happened?"

"The box — the little wooden box ——"

"Ya, ya — vat aboud id?"

"I lost it!"

"You losd id?"

Elfrida nodded.

Uncle Fritz exhaled his breath in a tremendous sigh. His color came slowly back. But he gave her a terrible look when she ventured one quick glance at the mirror.

"Shtand avay from dot looging-class!" he bellowed. "Vat haf you got arount your neck — *chellyfish?*"

"The Triple Cross," by Holworthy Hall, is the prize love story in November. Pictures by Crosby.

We'll Dally 'Round the Flag, Boys

[*Continued from page 21*]

has ever been created by war is to make a statement strange and incomprehensible. For the truth of it is that very few lasting things have been made except by war, or in the safe protection given of war and kept by the force that war has made. Civilization has been made by war. Few people, or peoples, have ever become civilized from choice. Civilization has been rammed down their throats with a gun barrel. Look at the Cubans. Look at the Filipinos. Look at our own Indians.

"There are two major forces in the world that make for progress, for development and for civilization — religion and education. And throughout all history you will find these two riding to their kingdoms on the conquering back of the Force that is war if needs must. Sometimes Force can work successfully without the aid of war, which happens where people are naturally peaceable. We have done in this way what we could for the freed slaves of the South, forcing them without the aid of war to go to school, to abide by the law, and sending them missionaries who, in reality, are but warriors though they carry Bibles instead of rifles. But it was only that the negroes were willing to listen to the Bibles that kept us from using the rifles. On the other hand you have the Filipinos. The only argument they understood was a bolo or a bullet. Hence we had to argue with them with bolos and bullets until those that were left were in a mood receptive of Bibles. And now over there in the Philippines they don't celebrate the capture of a prisoner by staking him out on an ant hill, or tearing him to pieces with a bent bamboo. They go to school, and read the Bible, and have become, if not good, at least peaceable, citizens. But it was done by War first; and by other things afterward.

"No, when you come to think it out, war seems like some gigantic form of childbirth. . . . And of the childbirth of war, even as the childbirth of woman, comes Something. . . . Sometimes this Something is malformed; sometimes it is still-born, and sometimes it is good and fine and wonderful in its perfect beauty. . . . But always, of war as of woman, is it born of suffering, of torture and of pain. . . . And why? It would seem to us that childbirth ought to be the most gloriously beautiful, the most sublimely perfect, of all of earth that can come to woman. . . . In spirit it is so. In spirituality it is so. And yet in fact, it is tearing, racking, cruel. . . . Why? That it is given only to God to know. . . . And so, I think, it is with war. . . . For it is given us of earth only to understand finite things with a finite mind. . . . All else, for us, is as hidden as the heart of heaven from a cannibal.

"And to the finite mind is the world revealed only as a struggle that began when the world began, that will end only when the world shall end. Who lives the longest in

One of Every 7 Men Is Killed or Injured by Accident Each Year. *Which Will It Be?*

YOU may be the one. Your chance is no better than those of the other six. Protect yourself and your family now—while you can. **Three cents a day** will do it if you are in a "Preferred" occupation and under 50 years of age. The cost of a couple of newspapers brings $1,250 to $3,250 in case of death by accident, $5 to $10 weekly income, $1,000 to $3,000 for loss of two limbs or eyes, $500 to $1,500 for loss of one hand, foot or eye, $250 for death from any cause. ($50 added to above payments for death if you insure while under 40 years of age.) Larger amounts at proportionate cost.

ÆTNA-IZE

If you have other policies, add this because it's so good. If you have no other policy, get this one now. You're in danger every moment. Send the coupon for the whole story and protect your family while you can.

You Get a Weekly Income when Disabled by Accident

It isn't only railroad wrecks and shipwrecks and falling elevators you have to fear.

One man was hit in the eye by a snapping rubber band. It put him in bed for six weeks. He was Ætna-ized, so he drew his weekly indemnity.

One man was struck in the head with a baseball. He had to have a surgical operation and was unable to leave his home for three weeks. He drew his weekly Ætna benefit and Ætna paid for his operation.

One man tripped on a flight of stairs, fell, broke his ankle, went to bed for two months. He was Ætna-ized, so he drew a weekly income and turned his hospital bill over to Ætna.

Send the Coupon for the whole story

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
Drawer 1341 HARTFORD, CONN.
The largest company in the world writing Life, Accident, Health and Liability Insurance
Agency opportunities for all Casualty and Bonding lines
An ÆTNA agent has a national advertising campaign working for him all the time.

McCl-10-16
ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY, HARTFORD, CONN.
Drawer 1341
I have marked the kinds of insurance I wish to know about: Accident ☐, Disability ☐, Health ☐, Life ☐, Certificate ☐; $50 to $250 a month. My age is ___ years. I am in good health.
Name ___
Occupation ___
But. Address ___
15 A

This Editor Had a Corn

A Curious Incident

A magazine editor at one time refused the Blue-jay ads.

He said that nothing could end corns as gently and as quickly as we claimed.

But he went south to play golf. Loose golf shoes brought a corn. He thought of Blue-jay, and one night applied it.

The corn never pained again. In two days it disappeared. The next day he wrote his office to insert the Blue-jay ads.

So with you. If you have a corn it proves that you are skeptical. But soon or late you are going to find out Blue-jay, as millions have already.

Then your corns will go. And never again will you let a corn pain twice.

Why not try it now?

Blue-jay
Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents At Druggists

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

Garage $69.50

10 x 12 feet "Steelcote" Edwards ready-to-use garage, $69.50 complete. Factory price. Fireproof. Portable. Quickly set up. All styles and sizes of garages and portable buildings. Send postal for illustrated catalog.
The Edwards Mfg. Co. 313-363 Eggleston Ave., Cincinnati, O.

15 NEW BULBS, 10c.

1 Marvel Tulip, giant, fragrant, 1 Pink, 1 Scarlet, and 3 Purity white Freesias, 1 blue Babiana, 3 Double Rosebud, 2 Buttercup and 3 Grand Duchess Oxalis. Also treatise on Bulb Culture for garden and house, and catalogue.

ALL MAILED FOR 10 CENTS

Also 10 Tulips, 1 each of 10 new classes for 10c., 15 Giant Crocus for 10c., or all 3 lots, **40 BULBS FOR 25 CENTS.**

Our Catalogue of Hyacinths, Tulips, Narcissus, Lilies, Hardy Plants and rare winter-blooming plants **free to all.**

John Lewis Childs, Inc., Floral Park, N.Y.

Let The PHONOGRAPH—not a salesman—Convince You of Its Quality. You may try this for ten days—in your own home.

It is a most perfect reproducing instrument. True and clear, equipped with silent mechanism, and adjustable to play any kind of disc record made. It is a most wonderful Phonograph—it is a **Cornish**

We send 12 double disc records—24 selections—with it, and if at the end of the 10 days you wish to, you may return it and get your money back. We sell at factory price and our terms are very liberal—we make them to fit your pocket-book. Write today for The Cornish Phonograph Booklet and full information regarding a purchasing plan that will greatly interest you—and save you money. A postal or letter will bring it to you promptly.

Cornish Co., Dept. "C.L." Washington, N. J.

What's the Best Way to Sell to These Men?

ONE is credulous. He will take a chance. One is positive, and likes to talk. He wants facts and figures. One is easily reached by a joke, a story, a compliment, a dinner with wine.

Two are high principled—one is not. Which? Two are family men—one is a sport. Which?

One would be easily sold on an educational proposition—one on an artistic proposition—one on amusement. Which is which?

This is serious business—for the good salesman is the man who can tell at once from a man's face how to reach him. And every man has something to sell. The boy looking for a job—the manufacturer seeking a loan—the doctor—the lawyer—the teacher—each sells his ability. Your sale will be ruined before you get a chance to correct a mistake. You must *know*—and you can know with the help of the new science of Character Analysis.

This is not a matter of guess work. It is a science based on psychology, physiology and biology. Many scientists like William James had an inkling of it in the past. From their work and from her studies and related sciences, Dr. Blackford evolved this new science. She has tested it for 15 years. She has employed labor in organizations where thousands work. She has taught it to many who are now earning big salaries as employment experts. She has taught thousands by mail; the governor of a state; the owner of one of the biggest newspapers in the United States.

Now, at the suggestion of the Review of Reviews Co., she has written a book telling about the science of Character Analysis.

Are You One of These?

1—Too frail for physical work yet compelled to do it through lack of mental training.

2—Too vital for physical work but without sufficient training for executive work.

3—Too active for sedentary work but compelled to do it through bad judgment or unfortunate circumstances.

4—Too active and not enough executive ability for executive work, but forced for some reason into a position of authority.

5—Too restless to study and too ambitious for the mere manual labor which results from a lack of sufficient education commercially.

6—Too impractical for business life, yet ambitious commercially.

7—Too lazy mentally for high-class mental work yet ambitious for commercial, artistic or literary fame.

8—The natural-born farmer whose proud parents prepare him for a profession.

9—Women with professional or commercial ability condemned to be household drudges. Women with domestic talent forced by pride or circumstances into the business world.

10—Detail men trying to do executive work. Natural-born executives compelled to do detail work.

11—Careless people given work which demands great care and prudence. Careful and conservative people given work which demands the willingness to take chances. Thoughtless and impulsive people consigned to plodding, painstaking vocations. Thoughtful, philosophic and deliberate people trying to keep up the pace in the hurly burly of some swift-moving vocation.

"Analyzing Character"

The new science of judging men; misfits in business, the home, and social life.
By Katherine M. H. Blackford, M.D. 502 Pages, 110 Illustrations.

This is not a science that you can dispense with as you can with hydrostatics or chemistry. You need the knowledge it gives you in every act of your daily life. The man who knows other men wins.

The biggest men in the world in each profession have been those who could choose other men—pick out their real talents and abilities. You already know how to judge character somewhat. Consider how much better off you will be if you can make rapidly and accurately a clear judgment of each person you meet. You need not say the wrong thing; you need make no mistakes in handling people; you will not employ the wrong man or form undesirable associations.

You'll use your own talents to the best advantage. You won't waste time stumbling against a stone wall of failure. And the reading of this book will be as fascinating as any detective story.

Send No Money

This work is just fresh off the press. In order that a few people may know about it at once and tell their friends, the first few copies will be sent on approval. Send this coupon without money. Look over the work carefully. If you do not find it of the greatest help to you in your personal and business life, return the book at our expense. But send now if you want your copy free on approval. Remember that 90 per cent of the people choose the wrong vocation and have entered employment blindly or by chance. Get this book now and know what you are really fit to do. Get this book and know yourself and others. Stop going along the wavering road of guess-work. Start now to aim for a definite goal. Send this coupon today.

REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY
30 Irving Place New York City

McC 10-16

REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY
30 Irving Place
New York

Gentlemen: You may send me your book "Analyzing Character" on approval. I will either remail the book within 5 days or remit $3.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

this world? He who fights hardest for his health and well being. Who makes the most converts to God? The church that fights hardest to that end. The forces of evil fight even as fight the forces for good. Prohibitionists fight against alcohol even as men who make money by alcohol fight for it. Clergymen fight to fill their churches even as saloon keepers and moving-picture theatres and baseball magnates fight to empty them. Even Pacifists who do not believe in fighting fight to prevent fighting. According to his own doctrine, according to everything he preaches, a Pacifist ought only to stay at home and set a noble example. Yet you find them organizing Peace Leagues and Anti-War Societies, which in themselves are armies; electing officers which are in themselves precisely analogous to the officers of an army; and holding great meetings, which are in themselves battles.

"And it isn't because they're wrong in fighting. It's just because they don't understand. They fight as all the world fights, as all the world has ever fought; as all the world will ever fight. Because they themselves are nothing but battlefields. Science has shown that every Pacifist, like everybody else, is full of friendly and unfriendly germs. Whereby these germs, in their millions, are like the armies of the Kaiser and the King. Day and night, year in and year out, do they battle in the human trenches of our bodies, charging here, routed there, fighting, fighting, fighting. . . . In gallant fury, the Fighting White Corpuscles rush along the embattled veins driving all before them. . . . Then is a body sick. . . . Come the Gallant Red Corpuscles, hundreds of thousands strong. Shouting the battle cry of Germdom they fling themselves full force upon the Whitened hordes. . . . Back and forth they surge in hand-to-hand combat. . . . Who will win? . . . Along the left flank the White Corpuscles are wavering. . . . The Red Reserves are called into action. . . . In thousands they fling themselves upon the bulging line of White. . . . It shivers from the shock. . . . It breaks. . . . Flee, frantic, frightened, broken, the Whitened lines. . . . Follow the victorious Reds. . . . Hurrah! Victory! Victory is ours! . . . And we are well again!

"And when all that's going on inside a Pacifist, no wonder he fights!

"I WONDER if these Pacifists really realize how absurd, how pitiful or how benighted they look as they stand there mouthing their Half Truths, born of their Half Thoughts that are fathered of the wish. In what they wear, in what they use, in even their physical presence is the direct and uncompromising refutation of all that they say.

"The clothes upon their back, if they be men, are from the hair of animals that have been, or will be, but slaughtered living things of God; if they be women, perchance they wear upon their heads the wings of slain birds, and around their necks the cured skins of God's slain creatures. The buttons on these clothes are from the bones of murdered animals. Upon their feet they wear shoes made of the hides of butchered beeves. And there the Pacifists stand, prating that they don't believe in force! . . . And the power that gives them even that strength to prate — whence comes that? . . . From lamb chops, perhaps . . . the ribs of gentle-eyed, gentle-souled little sheep across whose pitiful bleating throats knives have been drawn. Or veal, which is of the ravaged offspring of a mother-cow; the mother-cow with the instinct of the mother woman who mourns for days of that ravishment. . . . Of venison, perchance; a proud buck, as monogamistic as civilized man, a far better lover, a far better provider, a far better protector; or the doe that he has protected; perhaps a doe with fawn, graceful, full of the prancing joy of young life — the same wondrous, unknown thing that makes children romp and run.

"For thus it is that in this world the mighty prey upon the weak, and man, the mightiest of all, destroys the life, eats the flesh and picks the bones of living things that God has put upon His earth. . . . And the Pacifist, wearing slaughtered life, eating slaughtered life, living on, and by, and with, slaughtered life, doesn't believe in force!

"But you cannot say that Life is wrong. It is the Pacifist that is wrong. Life is Life. We who live it must take it as we find it. We will make it better if we can. But in the meantime we must recognize it as it is. We cannot give to it the attributes that we think it ought to have and then try to live it that way. For that is like trying to walk upon the water, and to try to walk upon the water is to drown.

"We have refused to recognize life as it is; obstinately and pig-headedly we have tried to argue against all reason that it is something that we think it ought to be. We have gone even further wrong. For we have put down all human life under one block characterization. We have refused to recognize that a Frenchman is a Frenchman, a German a German and a Mexican a Mexican. To us all mankind is alike, to be dealt with uniformly.

"With equal reverence, with equal equity, we have written notes to the English who, playing the game fairly, regard them as notes; and to the Germans who, having chucked away the book, regard them as jokes; and to the Mexicans, who not being able to read much and not understanding very well that which they do read, regard them as insults. And all because we have arrived at such a point of national prosperity and national security that we have entirely lost our recollection of history, our viewpoint on life and our common sense about facts.

"Upon a war-won national existence, we have built a flimsy superstructure of idealism that the first vandal hand that chooses can yank down with one pull. A good strong puff from any nation who really understands Things as They Are would send our fine Palace of Dreams tumbling down about us; and before we got ourselves unsnarled from the ruins, something would descend upon our heads and we'd find ourselves with a harp in our hands and a pair of wings at our shoulder blades, while all the practical angels, like George Washington and Abraham Lincoln, and King Solomon and Noah—the latter, by the way, being the original disciple of Preparedness in that, when popular sentiment was entirely against it with everybody calling him an alarmist and saying what a chump he was to get all worked up when there was no danger, proceeded to build the ark, and when the flood came to sail happily away while all the followers of Anti-Preparedness, like the Bryans and the Fords of those days, stayed behind and drowned a whole lot — as I say, all these practical angels, wise and just and good in their day and generation would we see gathered around us, shaking their heads in gentle, pitying reproach at so vast and unreasoning an ignorance. . . . And what would we have to say in self-extenuation for having so done with the country that George and Abraham left to us of their lifetimes' work and devotion and love? . . . I opine that we'd be the cheapest-looking lot of angels that ever got to heaven.

"For it is to Pacifists and Idealists alike to remember that these men believed in fighting. They didn't argue that Might didn't make Right. They didn't try to excuse their own failure to meet facts as they were by saying that war never created any lasting thing. They believed in fighting. They believed in the Force of Good applied if possible by Peace, if not, by War. They believed in fighting, even as Christ believed in fighting. And if you don't believe me, you have His own words for it when, before Pilate, He said:

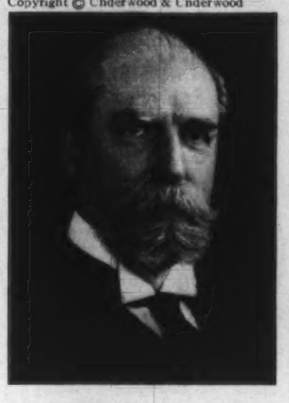
"'My kingdom is not of this world; if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight that I should not be delivered to the Jews.' And if that means anything, it means that Christ, not being interested in anything except spiritual things, believed in fighting only spiritually; but that, had He been interested in material things, He would have had no hesitation in fighting materially. Hence Christ fought His way, leaving us, who are not Christs, to fight ours.

"Also you can take His advice to 'Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God the things that are God's.' With the substitution of Carranza for Caesar we have rather good counsel for today in the Mexican mess.

"And have we of America followed Christ's spiritual teachings? Hardly. Have we followed the worldly teachings of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln? Again hardly. Whose teachings, then, have we followed? And the answer is that we haven't been following the teachings of anybody.

"Here we are, the richest nation in the world, and the most supine and the fattest, both in body and in head. Wallowing in physical luxury, we have become spiritually so loose, so lax and so lazy that we have almost lost the capacity to think and to act. And all that our boasted American hustling has really accomplished is to create these two well-known and justly celebrated American institutions, the quick lunch and

Copyright © Underwood & Underwood



Give us a Great President for a Great Crisis

THESE are days that demand true greatness at Washington. And for the critical days that are to come after the war, we shall more than ever have need of a great executive.

Charles E. Hughes is the man.

His record as a great Governor of New York State proves it.

This is his record in brief:

When the gas investigation began in New York City, Hughes, unknown to the public and unheard of in politics, was the one great lawyer whose freedom from corporation entanglements made it possible for him to perform brilliant service for the people.

In the insurance investigation, by sheer intellectual power he mastered intricate technicalities, fought his way through the confusing defenses of experts and, almost single-handed, brought the gigantic insurance companies to justice and reform.

Public admiration of his fearlessness as an investigator brought him the Republican nomination for Mayor of New York which he instantly waved aside because it might impair his uncompleted insurance work.

Elected Governor, he put new life into every branch of government, and brought into office a great group of the strongest and most expert administrators that had ever served the State.

When he dared to attack race-track gambling, he risked his whole political future in an enterprise which his political advisers told him was hopeless. He won. Race-track gambling was suppressed. He was re-elected.

He battled with the bosses for direct primaries, ballot reform and the short ballot.

He devised and created the great public service commissions which took the railroads out of politics and drove the "Black Horse Cavalry" out of Albany. His idea of public service control has since been followed by many other States.

He advocated and helped to bring about the enactment of a Workmen's Compensation Law, the first of its type in the Union.

This law has been the basis for subsequent legislation in New York and other States.

He did not fear popular clamor. His veto of the unsound but popular 2c.-a-mile railroad rate bill shows that.

Finally, he never made a deal. He never traded appointments for measures. He appointed men to office for merit only. He never removed a man from office for political or personal reasons. Had he stooped even occasionally to the use of patronage to reward friends and to punish enemies, his victories would have been quick and easy — but he never stooped. He could have easily undermined the power of his political archenemy by a single threat to the unprotected State Capitol employees, yet every workman who did his duty remained secure in his job. He never appointed a Republican because he was "deserving" in Bryan's sense of the word.

Politicians of both parties sneered, fought, called him "cold," "impractical" and "theorist," and succumbed to him. Here was a new type of man. They did not understand him. Apparently the people did, for they trusted him.

Thus did the magic name of Hughes become a name to conjure with in New York State politics for years thereafter. To say a man was a "Hughes man" has had a special meaning in New York State; to say that a measure was favored by Hughes has given it at once a standing that nothing else could. Democrats, Progressives and Republicans have used the name of Hughes to win support for men and measures.

Today, Hughes is saying:

"I propose that every man I put in charge of an important department shall be a man eminently fit to discharge the duties of that department."

"I don't care, if I'm elected President, what becomes of my personal political fortunes."

This is the same Hughes who made his performances tally with his promises when he was Governor of New York State. Can there be any doubt that he will do likewise when he becomes President of the United States?

ENROLL IN THE NATIONAL HUGHES ALLIANCE!

It is a union of men of all parties. The Hughes Alliance is not the Republican party; it is not a party at all. Whatever your political creed, you can join the Alliance without cutting loose from your own party.

There are no dues; no pledge to support any party platform or candidate except Hughes.

After you enroll, we will send you literature with which you can convince your friends.

Women may enroll with the Woman's Committee through the National Alliance.

If you are willing to contribute to the support of the Alliance campaign, make your checks payable to A. W. Shaw, Treasurer.

W. Cameron Forbes (Mass.), President
Philip J. McCook (N. Y.), Vice Pres.
A. W. Shaw (Ill.), Treasurer
Arthur F. Cosby (N. Y.), Secretary
William J. Norton (Ill.), Asst. Sec'y.

National Hughes Alliance

Fill in and send this ENROLLMENT COUPON

To the Secretary of the National Hughes Alliance,
511 Fifth Avenue, New York.

I hereby enroll as a member of the Hughes Alliance. I pledge myself to work and vote for the election of Charles E. Hughes.

Name .....

P. O. Address .....

the quick hearse, in the first of which you can get chronic indigestion for a nickel, whereat the second will take you from the chapel to the grave in seventeen minutes; so that even in death are we still hustling.

"The fact that at last our selfishness, our laxness and our money lust have put us against the iron has raised a certain amount of finer feeling in sections, which is much to be thankful for but hardly enough, when you come to think that for months now, the entire United States regular army has been the plaything of a lot of Mexican bandits. We have called out our National Guard. Thank God for the splendid spirit it has shown; even as God pity us for having so betrayed and neglected it. If, while we're sitting here talking, there should be a call for volunteers, again should we be grateful for the glow of patriotism for which we, as a nation, are in no way responsible, at the same time wondering where in Sam Hill we're going to find guns for 'em, to say nothing of equipment, ammunition or yet shoes. And we have no officers to lead them; and remember, it takes fully a year to make even a very ordinary officer. Remember, too, that three years have passed while we have fatuously and flatulently neglected even so obvious a necessity as that.

"And whatever may happen in Mexico, remember that we have no choice but that sooner or later we must go in, or give up the Monroe Doctrine.

"Is America going to be a world power, or isn't she?

"If she is, it's time, and beyond, when she should begin to stop acting like a weak-willed, weak-minded, weak-principled megalomaniac and begin to behave like the power that she wants to be. No individual can make money sitting in the corner counting his fingers when other individuals are in active endeavor in the marts of trade. Similarly, no nation can attain respect, power and dignity by side-stepping every issue it meets."

MY friend turned.

"God puts us here. He does not tell us His secrets. He leaves us here, unaided, to do our human best in His human world. In His mysterious wisdom He has put us on a world where there is much that we do not understand, much that we do not like, much that we love, much that we hate, much for which we rejoice, much for which we are sorry. We find upon that earth mother-love and murder, health and sickness, happiness and sorrow, laughter and lying, tenderness and treachery, kindness and brutality, civilization and slavery, beauty and bestiality, rapture and ravishment, religion and rape. We find faith, hope and charity; and we find war, famine and pestilence. We find joy and health and life, as we find sorrow and sickness and death. We find man, and we find beast. We find gentle people and we find savage beast. For even as God has put upon earth you and me, so has He put there the Bengal tiger and the Gila monster.

"Why all these things were put here we do not, we cannot, know. Nor has all the time since the world began, nor have all the churches, all the prayers, all the civilization, all the labors of generation on generation of man served to eliminate that which we deem wrong, or to enhance that which we deem right. It is in degree only that has come even the little betterment we find; and that degree has come only through righteous force backed, if need be, by righteous war.

"It is for us to realize that even as God gives to the tiger claws with which to defend himself; even as He gives to the Gila monster fangs, and to the chameleon the gift of changing color, so to mankind He has given intelligence. He gives the English and the French brains to defend themselves against the German monster; or, if you be German, He gives the Germans brains to defend themselves against English and French oppression. The tiger uses his claws. The rattlesnake uses his fangs. The chameleon changes its color. The English, the French, the Germans use their brains. And it is now not for us to continue, supine, witless, arrogant and idealistic, to deny ourselves the use of that which God has given us by questioning His gifts or quarreling with His world. While other nations have used brains, we have used emotions. Where other nations have used intelligence, we have used idealism. Where other nations have been wise men, we have been fools. And it has brought us to shame, to contempt, to abuse and to murder. Let us in His name stop before it brings us to destruction.

"We're all good Americans, in the great America that our fathers left us in peace and in power, in the great America that we love

The people we meet are mostly neutral, as if a kind Providence had fixed it so that they could fade into the background.

And then along comes someone who flashes on your mind's eye and shocks you into the realization that this is a living person—an individual—no mere cog in the wheel of existence.

When such a man enters the office, be it ever so quietly, everybody knows he has come in. When he speaks, people listen, without eye-wandering, until he has finished.

PERSONALITY.

Is such a thing true of a cigarette?

Smoke one Rameses, and see. They call it "The Aristocrat of Cigarettes."

You know the saying?

"Nobody ever changes from Rameses."

STEPHANO BROS., Inc.
PHILADELPHIA

Special offer to introduce you to the famous DURATEX Shirts and Furnishings by mail. **3 Fine Duratex Dollar Shirts and Stylish Fifty-cent Navy Blue Silk Tie sent postpaid, for a limited time, on receipt of only $2.85 with name and address of 5 friends. With an order for this set we'll include a Stylish Silk Bow Tie for only 15c additional.** You owe yourself a trial of **this famous set of shirts guaranteed not to shrink or rip in six months or new shirts free.** Fine white percale with neat stripes of blue, black and lavender—one shirt of each color same size to the set. Made with skill and care. Cut in the popular coat style. Soft laundered with stiff cuffs attached according to the latest fashion. Sizes 14 to 17. Sleeve length graded to size. The biggest selling set of shirts in the world. *Advertised in all the leading magazines.* **Money back if not pleased. You cannot buy them at stores and would get no guarantee of wear. Order today for this special offer** and receive catalog. **Highest bank references.**

GOODELL & COMPANY
Room 238 158 East 34th Street New York
Largest Mail Order Shirt House in the World
Copyright, 1916, by Goodell & Company

"Out of the Wrapping came Cleopatra, a radiant Vision, appealing, irresistible"

4 Great Books FREE

If you accept the remarkable offer made below.

Cleopatra Appearing Before Caesar—from the painting by Jean Leon Gerome, *by permission of Goupil & Co., Paris*

*"According to the story, Cæsar was unwilling to receive her. There came into his presence, as he sat in the palace, a group of slaves bearing a long roll of matting, bound carefully and seeming to contain some precious work of art. The slaves made signs that they were bearing a gift to Cæsar. The master of Egypt bade them unwrap the gift that he might see it. They did so, and out of the wrapping came Cleopatra, a radiant vision, appealing, irresistible. Next morning * * "*

Read the above brief extract from

"FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY"

By "LYNDON ORR"

(Pseudonym for one of the greatest scholars and writers America has produced)

Then think of securing free of cost four handsome volumes crowded with 32 of such stories—the most fascinating love stories of all history

HERE is a rare recital of the loves and passions of men and women who have made and destroyed empires and changed the political maps of continents.

Here are told stories of conquerors who have lost empires for love — of queens who have stooped from their thrones for love—of great men who have lost fame and fortune for love.

The great romances of the World are yours for the asking—romances which contain great history as well. Here are told the stories, true in every detail, of the mad infatuations of great men who have lost fame and fortune for the love of woman; of kings that have incurred the odium of their people, and cared nothing for their good will in comparison with lingering caresses and clinging kisses.

Many a man, mighty in every way, has become as wax in the hands of a fascinating woman.

MAIL COUPON WITH 10c NOW

Here are stories of cold-blooded statesmen that have lost leadership because of the fascination exercised upon them by some woman, often far from beautiful, and yet possessing the mysterious power which makes the triumphs of statesmanship seem slight in comparison with the swiftly flying hours of pleasure, and here are stories of men who have become great through the unselfish devotion of woman.

Whether you read of Antony throwing away the mastery of the world in answer to the promptings of a woman's will, or of Marie Walewska sacrificing herself to the desires of Napoleon in order that Poland might be free, or whether you read of Nell Gwyn, the orange girl, and her influence for good, and bad, on gay King Charles; or of the frequent courtships and pretended love-makings of Queen Elizabeth; or the tragic story of Empress Marie Louise, you feel that at last you are getting the truth and are seeing the leaders as they really were.

Here are stories quick with interest, but in them nothing to offend. Intimate as are the stories, the reserve of their author has kept them always well within the bounds of good taste.

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY VOL. I
FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY VOL. II
FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY VOL. III
FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY VOL. IV

THE McCLURE BOOK CO.
McClure Bldg. N.Y.

Enclosed find 10c. I accept your special offer. Send me FREE

"The Famous Affinities of History"

in 4 handsome volumes and enter the following subscriptions:

McClure's Magazine 1 year
Metropolitan Magazine 1 year
The Ladies' World 1 year

for which I agree to send you $1.00 a month for 4 months, or until I have paid $4.10 in all.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

McC 10-16

4 Books FREE

McClure's Magazine, The Metropolitan Magazine and The Ladies' World here offer you not only a full year's subscription to each, delivered in your home, at a price less than you can get them for by the single copy, and let you pay for them in little monthly payments if you prefer, but in addition, if you act at once, give you absolutely free of cost "The Famous Affinities of History."

Just send ten cents as first payment for the three magazines with the coupon—that's all you have to do now, and the books will go forward to you at once, all charges prepaid.

After that $1.00 a month for four months pays for the magazines and that's all. If you wish to pay all at once send just $3.85. Subscriptions may be new or renewal.

You know the value and interest of these three magazines. They will be bigger and richer than ever during the next year. Send in the coupon and we will send you at once the first number of the magazines and the four books (lavishly illustrated, bound in cloth, titles stamped in gold), free and postpaid.

McClure Book Co.

251 Fourth Avenue, New York

and honor and respect, in whose traditions we glory, in whose strength we are proud, and in whose dignity and whose God we trust. Let us then so act that when it comes time for us to join those fine men from whom we sprung, we can go with head erect, with eyes firm, with soul clean.

"For," he concluded, "I'd certainly hate to walk in through the pearly gates to find everybody ashamed of us, to have George Washington turn his face away in sorrow, and Abraham Lincoln sadly shaking his fine old head in grief of what we had done of the land that he loved and for which he lived and died; and even Diogenes passing us up, without even bringing his lantern over, as not worth while bothering with; while Judas Iscariot sat over in the corner chewing his whiskers in jealousy because he only betrayed One while we're betraying a hundred million, and Marie Antoinette who possessed about the same absence of views on anything as Henry Ford, until she entirely lost her head over the matter, smiling beautifully on us from beside Icarus, the premier aviator of his time, who, as we of today, neglected to plan ahead until all of a sudden he got an Awful Bump; not to mention David, like Noah, one of the early followers of Preparedness, who got busy when the time came and fixed himself with a sling and a couple of rocks and went over and got Old Man Goliath; and the kind-faced, kind-souled people of the gentle hills of Belgium, men, women, little children warm from God's own arms, who Know because It Happened to Them. . . .

"All these we want to face clean, straight, honest. . . . We want them to be glad to see us, not sorry. . . . We want them to be proud of us, not ashamed. . . . It is much to ask. Yet it is not too much. . . . Do you think so?"

I shook my head. For God knows it is not.

COMING: A novel by Porter Emerson Browne, entitled "Someone and Somebody," just one of those modern yarns about smart people that ripples along with alternate glows and giggles until you feel that you know the people intimately and that you and they are having the time of your lives. You will love Somebody as much as Someone does.

How to Live Long and Love Long

[*Continued from page 31*]

Little by little our optimistic visions will become a guard of honor. They will be on the watch that *poisonous fears* do not take possession of our consciousness. . . . Let us especially put ourselves under the most powerful influence of all, that of work."

The great authorities on longevity, like Flourens and the late Metchnikoff, tell us, as a result of their studies, that man's normal term of life should be at least one hundred years and, possibly, one hundred and twenty years. One reason why men and women fail to reach this term is that, soon after seventy or eighty, they accept the prevailing idea that their day is done, their hour of retirement has sounded. From this time on they give up their occupations, their exercise, their pleasures, and resign themselves to the dreary business of being old.

"We withdraw from life," says one writer, "and life, in turn, withdraws from us."

Not so a distinguished Frenchman, the Baron Waldeck who, at the age of one hundred and two, according to his biographer Pierre Giffard, undertook for the firm of Didot a three-volume encyclopedia treating of archeology.

At the age of one hundred and two!

And listen to Luigi Cornaro, the famous Venetian, who at ninety-five rejoices in his many activities of mind and body, agricultural discoveries, improvements to the harbor and fortifications, and, above all, in the great success of his treatise on abstemiousness.

"Oh, how glorious is this life of mine!" he exclaims. "How different from the life of most old men, full of aches and pains, and forebodings, whilst mine is a life of real pleasure, and I seem to spend my days in a perpetual round of amusements."

A fundamental rule of longevity is that we strongly hold the thought of living long; we

CARTER'S CICO

★ Pronounced "Sy-Ko"

The New Liquid Paste

Always Ready for Instant Use

A revolutionary sticker that has kicked out the water well from its radical, new paste jar, and does all its work without water—yet is always soft and moist—just thin enough for smooth, even spreading. CICO is a clean worker—its adjustable brush holder prevents sticky fingers. You can use CICO down to the last brushful—no hard chunks to throw away. It is a

Carter Inx

Quality Product

Sticks Best When Spread Thin

Try a 45c or 25c refill desk jar from your stationer. No screw cap to fuss with every time you use CICO. The adjustable brush holder seals the jar instantly. You can also get CICO in quarts and pints, spreader tubes and small bottles.

Send for interesting booklet, "Writing Uncle Sam's Good Name"

THE CARTER'S INK CO.
Boston New York
Chicago
Montreal

Here Are The Greatest Stories Of All Time!

The stories of the TRUE ADVENTURERS—the men who suffered and endured and achieved—the men who climbed the mountains and penetrated the jungles—who explored the seas and crossed the deserts—who KNEW the chances and took them.

THEY ARE GREAT BECAUSE THEY ARE TRUE

We have searched for these stories for years. A few were resurrected from Government archives where they had been long buried and forgotten. Others were found in diary form handed down as a family heirloom from generation to generation. We are still searching for others—BUT

Those that we have discovered have been brought together from all corners of the world and published in the OUTING ADVENTURE LIBRARY—There are more than 2,000 pages of action, adventure and exploration—six volumes, uniformly bound in dark blue cloth; stamping in white and gold. We want you to see these great stories. We want you to have them standing side by side with your best volumes. They were a revelation to us—they will be a revelation to YOU.

NO MONEY IS NECESSARY

The six big volumes together with a year of OUTING, the big outdoor magazine, will be sent to you at OUR EXPENSE subject to your entire approval. The coupon tells HOW. You owe it to yourself to know the TRUTH of these adventurers—you owe it to the memory of these men who dared.

SIMPLY MAIL THE COUPON

OUTING PUBLISHING CO. Mc. 10
141 West 36th Street, New York.

Send me prepaid on approval the OUTING ADVENTURE LIBRARY of 6 volumes and OUTING—the big outdoor magazine—for twelve months. If I like them I will remit within 10 days $1.00 and thereafter $1.00 a month for 8 months, or $9.00 in all. Otherwise, I will return the books within 10 days at your expense and my subscription to OUTING will be cancelled. (If payment in one amount is more convenient, remit $8.00.)

Name.....

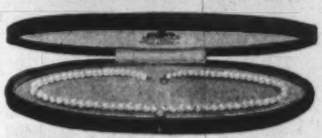
Address.....

CUTICURA SOAP

BEST FOR SKIN

Because it cleanses, purifies and beautifies, while the Ointment soothes and heals pimples, blackheads, etc. Do not confound these fragrant, delicate emollients with coarsely medicated soaps and ointments.

Sample Each Free with 32-p. Skin Book by return mail. Address post-card: "Cuticura, Dept. 9 B, Boston." Sold everywhere.



No. 340. $5.00 Omar Pearl Necklace, with solid 10K gold clasp, in a plush case. All the beautiful qualities of the genuine pearl are faultlessly reproduced in the Omar pearls. They make a very pleasing and appropriate gift.

No. 610. $2.00 Writing Case, of genuine seal grain leather, blue moire lined. Contains one excellent quality writing tablet, pocket for envelopes, loop for fountain pen, pen-wiper, stamp book and address book.

You Can Save Money This Christmas

There is no better way of doing this than by purchasing equally as good Christmas gifts at less cost.

This Christmas time—or at any other time—the Baird-North Co. is a money-saving source of purchase for you.

Buying from the Workshop in the jewelry center of the World, eliminating the profits of middlemen, means a saving to you that you should not overlook.

Buy Direct from the Workshop—You Save One-Third.

Our 200-page catalog contains 10,000 articles of diamonds, watches, jewelry, leather goods, novelties, toiletware, tableware and associated lines.

The corner coupon is attached for your convenience in sending for this money-saving book.

Every article is guaranteed to satisfy you or we will refund your money. We guarantee free, safe and prompt delivery.

DIRECT FROM WORKSHOP
BAIRD-NORTH CO
PROVIDENCE YOU SAVE ONE-THIRD RHODE ISLAND

Gentlemen
Please send me FREE without obligation, your 200 page catalog containing 10,000 articles of jewelry and gifts.

BAIRD-NORTH CO 241 Broad St. Providence, R.I.

Name _____

Address _____

must *see ourselves* attaining to a sound and useful and happy old age.

Now we come to the important part that love plays as a longevity influence, and I would say here that my title, "How to Live Long—and Love Long," was chosen as being in harmony with nature's eternal law that life and love go together. What value has life without love?

Statistics show the immense longevity value of love in the extended terms of clergymen, teachers, philosophers, not to forget hundreds of kindly old souls who are ending their long years good-naturedly in the placid repose of almshouses. All such benefit in health because they have withdrawn their minds from the selfish turmoil of the world. In the great majority of cases aged people have friendly, happy natures, not harboring grievances, not given to worry. They teach us this truth: *that there is no door of hatred leading into the stately halls of longevity, but many doors of love.*

To say that men and women are poisoned by anger and envy, by hateful and worrying thoughts is no mere rhetorical flourish, but a statement of scientific truth that can be demonstrated in the laboratory with test tubes and chemical reactions. There is a definite connection between violent emotional states and certain glandular secretions that form in the body under the influence of hatred, anger and fear, and do harm to the body exactly as poisons do harm.

To anyone who doubts this I recommend a book entitled "Bodily Changes in Pain, Hunger, Fear and Rage," by Walter B. Cannon, professor of physiology in Harvard University, in which it is explained how worries and anxieties upset the digestive processes and, by checking the activity of the colon, cause gastric and intestinal disturbances.

It is also shown that there is a direct relation between certain agitated mental states and an increased amount of sugar in the urine. And cases are cited of men who have developed diabetes as a result of violent anger, notably a German officer who distinguished himself in battle by such fierce valor that he acquired not only the Iron Cross but this dangerous malady.

Years ago I came to realize, after a rather tumultuous young-manhood, that we must guard ourselves against the self-destructive effects of anger as we would guard against the poisons of alcohol or cocaine. We simply *must not* entertain grouches or grievances if we expect to remain happily on this earth. We must absolutely refuse to have enemies. We must forget and, by a voluntary attitude of mind, we *can* forget all unjustnesses and unkindnesses that we may have suffered and that we might have allowed to rankle in our memories to our own great injury.

As a sure cure for ill-temper and peevishness, those great shorteners of life, let us say to ourselves at night, using the self-hypnotizing method before going to sleep, firmly, as if giving a command:

"Tomorrow I will be good-tempered. I will speak to people I meet in a friendly way. I absolutely refuse to allow myself to be peevish or ill-tempered or unfriendly."

I had striking proof of the value of this self-control method one day when a barber, while cutting my hair, caught the rim of my ear between his shear blades.

I put forth one vigorous exclamation, then stopped.

"It was your fault, sir," the barber insisted, which was exasperating; but I said nothing, reflecting on what I certainly would have said a few years ago.

"You turned your head, sir," the barber added, and I remembered that I had turned my head to glance at the clock, but never in the old days would I have admitted this. I could see myself blazing at this "outrageous stupidity," exaggerating the injury (only a scratch), withholding a tip and finally departing all a-quiver with self-poisoning anger.

As it was I simply said:

"That's right, I did turn my head," and immediately the barber and I were good friends.

LET us consider now the relations between longevity and love, including physical love; and here the weight of evidence is overwhelming that the married state conduces strongly to length of years. Statistics of the American Bureau of Genealogy in Washington demonstrate beyond question that the vast majority of men and women who have attained a great age have been married, often more than once, and have had large families. Almost invariably they were possessors of abundant sex power.

"All those persons who have become very old," declares Hufeland in his *Art of Prolonging Life*, "were married more than once and generally to a very late period of life. There is not one instance of a bachelor having attained to a great old age. This observation is applicable to the female as well as to the male sex."

There are exceptions to this statement, a

An Ideal

by

BERTON BRALEY

I WISH I were as trig a man,
As big a man
As bright a man,
I wish I were as right a man in all this earthly show,
As broad and high and long a man,
As strong a man
As fine a man
As pretty near divine a man as one I used to know.

I wish I were as grave a man
As brave a man
As keen a man,
As learned and serene a man, as fair to friend and foe,
I wish I owned sagaciousness
And graciousness
As should a man
Who hopes to be as good a man as one I used to know.

I'd be a creature glorious
Victorious
A wonder-man,
Not just—as now—a blunder man whose ways and thoughts are slow,
If I could only be the man,
One half of one degree the man,
I used to think my father was, when I was ten or so!

SEXOLOGY

by William H. Walling, A. M., M. D.
imparts in a clear wholesome way, in one volume:

Knowledge a Young Man Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Have.
Knowledge a Father Should Impart to His Son.
Medical Knowledge a Husband Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Woman Should Have.
Knowledge a Young Wife Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Have.
Knowledge a Mother Should Impart to Her Daughter.
Medical Knowledge a Wife Should Have.

All in one volume. Illustrated $2.00 postpaid

Write for "Other People's Opinions" and Table of Contents.

PURITAN PUB. CO., 756 Perry Building, PHILA., PA.

When We Have Game In Plenty

THE day is coming when we shall have game in as great plenty in this country as we did fifty years ago—when quail, grouse, ducks, wild turkeys, will be a common and appreciated sight on the table and in the fields and woods.

Has it ever occured to you that you can hasten the arrival of that day! You can—by means of game farming.

Game Farming is Pleasant and Profitable

To anyone who has a small amount of land game farming will prove profitable and pleasant—profitable because the demand for birds and eggs is much greater than the supply and good prices are paid—pleasant because it is profitable and because you not only supply your own table with an abundance of good food but also in many instances enjoy good sport from the birds you raise.

The more birds raised the better hunting there will be. Already in some parts of the country, those who own large acreage are being paid by sportsmen for the game they raise and liberate.

If you are interested in the subject from any standpoint write for our booklet, "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". It is well worth reading. Sent free on request. Please use the coupon below.

Game Breeding Dept., Room 34
HERCULES POWDER CO.
Wilmington, Del.

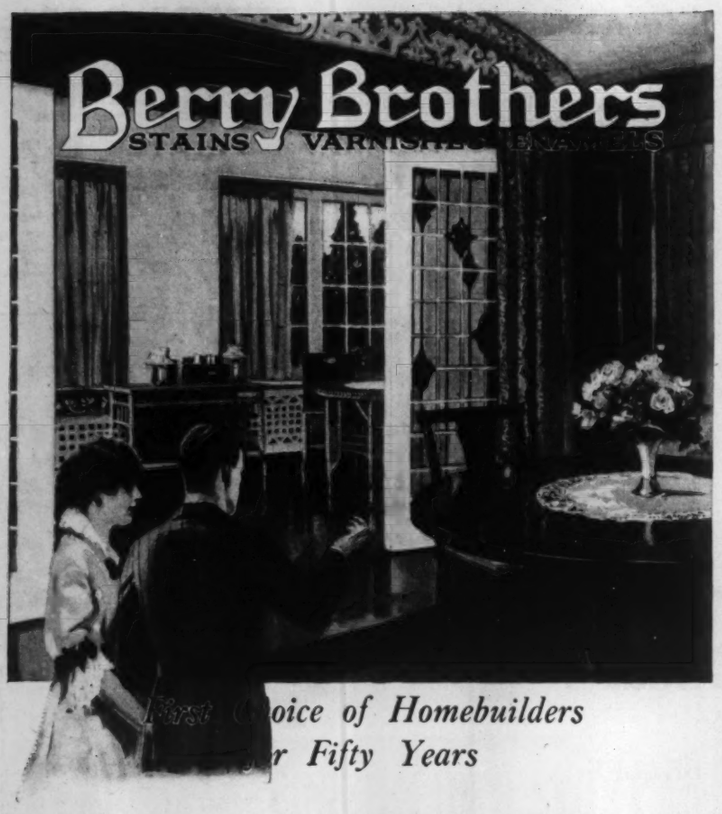
Manufacturers of Explosives; Infallible and "E. C." Smokeless Shotgun Powders; L. & R. Orange Extra Black Sporting Powder; Dynamite for Farming.

Game Breeding Dept., Room 34
Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.

Gentlemen:—Please send me a copy of "Game Farming for Profit and Pleasure". I am interested in game breeding from the standpoint of.....

Name.....

Address.....



First Choice of Homebuilders
For Fifty Years

Homebuilders are coming to realize more and more that the permanency of beautiful interiors depends largely upon the skillful treatment of woodwork, floors, walls and ceilings.

No matter what scheme of interior decoration you may prefer, Berry Brothers' products can be safely relied on to produce the desired effects and to supply the enduring quality.

Liquid Granite Floor Varnish, Luxeberry Enamels, Luxeberry Wood Finishes and Luxeberry Wall Finishes are but a few of Berry Brothers' celebrated products that have enjoyed the confidence of architects, decorators and homebuilders for over half a century.

You can insure against disappointment by specifying *Berry Brothers'*—for your new home or refinishing the old one.

Write for homebuilders' booklet, that suggests attractive schemes of decoration and gives helpful hints on home finishing.

Factories:
Detroit, Mich.
Walkerville, Ont.
San Francisco, Cal.

BERRY BROTHERS
INCORPORATED
World's Largest Varnish Makers
Established 1858

Branches in principal cities of the world.

(388)

Save Continued Roofing and Painting Expense

Our Book of "CREO-DIPT" Homes shows a selection of homes out of thousands that are today covered with "CREO-DIPT" Stained Shingles. Whether you build, or remodel, or put on a new roof and side walls, be sure you investigate the economical and artistic values of

"CREO-DIPT" STAINED SHINGLES

17 Grades, 16, 18, 24 inch. 30 Different Colors

They come in bundles ready to lay without waste.
We use only selected cedar shingles and preserve them in creosote and stain any color desired. No wedge shaped shingles—no waste. Best earth pigments—no aniline dyes. Save expense, time, and muss of staining on the job. Our special process preserves them against curling up, rotting out or pulling off in wind and storm.
Write today for colors on wood and Book of "CREO-DIPT" Homes. Names of architect and lumber dealer appreciated.

STANDARD STAINED SHINGLE CO., 1038 Oliver St., No. Tonawanda, N. Y.
(Shipments prompt. Branch Factory in Chicago for Western Trade)

eat **DROMEDARY DATES** now

JEWELRY AT WHOLESALE PRICES DIRECT FROM THE MAKER

Keep in tune with the times." S-A-V-E O-N-E-H-A-L-F. Any Diamond you choose; no middlemen to pay. YOU get Price, Quality and your Money's Worth. Send today for your Diamond, Watch or Jewelry and S-A-V-E O-N-E-H-A-L-F. We send C. O. D. with *Free Examination Privilege.* Full money back guarantee within 30 days if not satisfactory.

SOLID 14 K GOLD WATCH
12 size, 17 Jew. Illinois mvt. Solid gold W.I. dexnar chain, solid gold Knife, retail price $42.50
Our Wholesale Price $25.00

WE RETAIL AT WHOLESALE PRICES direct to you from our own SEND FOR Factory. CATALOG 98

S. RAIVES & Co 366-5TH AVE. N.Y.

few cases of very aged persons who never married; for instance, Humboldt, who died at eighty-nine. It is probable, however, that many of these venerable bachelors did not lead ascetic lives. They may have been married in a common law sense, to speak plainly, and, in that event, no strictly bachelor conclusion can be drawn.

I know a distinguished Western inventor who, at fifty-nine, boasts that he has never wasted time or vital force in loving any woman and never will. He is convinced that he has thus conserved bodily and nervous forces that must carry him on to a great old age. I have wondered, however, if he is not mistaken. He presents a melancholy and sickly appearance, and I always feel that he might have achieved a greater success and have avoided many mistakes and sorrows if he had allowed love to lead him on a pleasanter pilgrimage.

As illustrating the astonishing powers of matrimonial joys to prolong life, I recall the case of a rugged and well-to-do farmer of eighty who two years ago wrote me a despairing letter saying that he was utterly weary of existence and longed for the end to come. He was nearly blind, stone deaf and quite alone in the world since the death of his wife and two daughters. He lived in a dreary farmhouse on the outskirts of a benighted village, and I really could not but agree that death was the only issue from his miseries; yet six months later he wrote me again that he was the happiest man in the world, he was spending the Winter at Palm Beach and having a "grand time"—youthful spirits restored, ambition, zest for life all come back again, simply because he had fallen in love with a widow of sixty and married her. He now wants to live to be a hundred.

It is certain that insurance examiners, in determining life expectations, always give to married persons better longevity prospects than to the unmarried, and to married men better prospects than to widowers, and to married women better prospects than to widows. Statistics show that married women are much less subject to cancer of the breast than unmarried women.

Furthermore, married women who have borne children, especially women in easy circumstances, have the prospect of a longer life than married women who have never borne children. There are many reasons for this, a general one being that such women have conformed to Nature's intent; they have kept in harmony with the great creative plan.

A more definite reason is found in the fact that, as an Italian authority expresses it, "the sex impulse has two purposes, to produce a child, and to exchange bodily magnetic forces which energize and make healthful both bodies."

I may add that unless all contacts are perfect and all parts of the machinery are unrestrainedly functioning, these magnetic currents, with their regenerative and vitalizing effects, cannot take place any more than electricity can pass through rebellious substances or broken wires. All of which, from a longevity standpoint, makes against birth-control measures. There may be excellent personal or economic reasons why numbers of married people feel that birth control is necessary. I am discussing only what tends to longevity.

It remains to speak of a great danger to love and therefore to life, and I trust I may be pardoned, owing to the immense importance of the subject, if I dwell upon a fundamental difference in the sex impulses of men and women, a difference that is rarely spoken of in America although it explains most of our marital troubles, and although it has been recognized for centuries in Europe. I refer to the fact conceded by all biologists, physiologists, and social philosophers that men are by instinct *volage*, sex wanderers, whereas women instinctively desire to love one man and only one. This may be called the eternal tragedy of love. And love means the home. Love means marriage. Love means all that is best in life—life itself.

The eternal tragedy of love!

What is to be done about this? In Continental Europe women admit the existence of such a tragedy but try to make the best of it, saying that men are capable of a single devoted love in spite of occasional lapses, which is true. In America women hide the facts even from themselves, thus establishing a widespread hypocrisy which may cloak the evil, but does not change man's inheritance through the centuries, his fierce proneness to stray beyond the barriers of monogamy. This sex waywardness of the virile male, like the glad unresistingness of war brides, is Nature's mighty safeguard against race extermination. Women should understand this, they should be taught that the world is full of splendid men who love one woman so devotedly that they would die for her, yet they might, on occasion, be untrue to her.

Ah! Now a storm of women's protests breaks upon me. I have said the unforgivable thing. I have spoken tolerantly of the double standard of human virtue, but hasten to add that I join my feminist friends in deploring this double standard. There are numberless reasons why it should be changed. The double standard brings shame and bitterness to thousands of homes. It crowds our divorce courts. It spreads our city streets with wrecks of women. It wars ceaselessly against love and against life. It bears directly on the question of longevity.

Says Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale in her book, *What Women Want:* "Feminists feel that the greatest sin against love and therefore against morality is not irregularity but hypocrisy, not a 'free union,' but a lustful one. They hold George Eliot moral and the woman who sells love, in or out of marriage, deeply immoral."

It is a blessed fact that in many cases where love is thought to be dead it can be restored to vigorous life through the power of the will and the power of the imagination. Thousands of women who think themselves weary of their husbands, thousands of men who see nothing in their wives that appeals to them could be brought to a contrary state of mind, if properly instructed, and could go through the delicious experience of re-discovering a forgotten love and of finding a true affinity in a once unappreciated but now transformed companion.

If properly instructed. How? In what? Instructed in loving? Yes. Men can learn

Oliver Herford's Very Latest

A FOND parent was telling Oliver Herford of the really bright remark of her three-year-old daughter.

Herford was much impressed.

"How old did you say little Lena is?" he asked.

"Only three," answered the mother proudly.

"Do you know," said the humorist, solemnly, "I have a suspicion that sometimes these children lie about their age!"

Bissell's

The Hall-Mark of Quality on Cleaning Devices

There are certain names in the manufacturing world whose reputation is so well-established that it guarantees their product without argument; they are accepted by purchasers as the *hall-mark of quality;* as the standard of comparison by which similar merchandise may be judged.

Thus BISSELL'S, for over 40 years, has been the hall-mark of quality on cleaning devices. "It's a Bissell's," women said when we announced

BISSELL'S Vacuum Sweeper

And because it is a BISSELL'S there is no need to go into explanations regarding mechanical superiority. One exclusive feature is the dust bag which comes out with the nozzle in one piece, emptying from the rear. This means that emptying this *BISSELL'S* is so simple it doesn't even soil the hands.

Dust cannot accumulate in rugs and carpets cleaned with a Bissell—they are always clean.

Vacuum Sweepers at $7.50 and $9.00. "Cyco" Ball-Bearing Carpet Sweepers, $3.00 to $5.50. Slightly higher in the far West, South and in Canada. Sold by dealers everywhere. Booklet on request.

BISSELL CARPET SWEEPER CO.

Largest and Oldest Exclusive Manufacturers of Carpet Sweeping Devices in the World.

Dept. 249
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Made in Canada, too
(282)

7 DAYS In your own home, during the evenings of just one week you can learn the famous

PARAGON SHORTHAND

Speed comes with use. Speed capacity practically unlimited. Wonderfully easy to read. Writers in service of U. S. Government and offices of largest corporations. System already adopted by number of cities for High Schools. Write *now* for full proof. Paragon Institute, 251 Coliseum St., New Orleans.

SHORTHAND IN 30 DAYS

Boyd Syllabic System—written with only nine characters. No "positions," no "ruled lines"—no "shadings"—no "word-signs"—no "code notes." Speedy practical system that can be learned in 30 days of home study, utilizing spare time. For full descriptive matter, free, address

CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS
957 Unity Building Chicago, Ill.

A High School Course at Home

Four years' high school work can be thoroughly covered in half the time by our simple method of home instruction. Prepared by members of the faculties of leading universities and academies—meets all college entrance requirements. Credits accepted from many high schools. Write the American School, one of the world's largest educational institutions, for catalogue.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CORRESPONDENCE
5758 Drexel Ave., Dept. P1027 Chicago, U.S.A.

MAKE MONEY WRITING — **STORY-WRITING TAUGHT BY MAIL**

MSS. criticised, revised, and typed; also, sold on commission. Our students sell stories to best magazines. Free booklet, "WRITING FOR PROFIT," tells how, gives proof. National Press Association, Dept 112, Indianapolis, Ind.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen Patents. Send for 3 free books; inventions wanted., etc. I help you market your invention without charge.
RICHARD B. OWEN 42 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Mr. Atwood's financial articles for the coming year will be of real value to all investors.

Do not fail to read them.

Financial & Insurance Department

McClure's Magazine—251 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

that there are joys attainable through one faithful love, developed and intensified by power of the imagination, that far surpass anything they ever dreamed of in their polygamous wanderings. They can be made to realize the stupidity, the utter futility of their gay Lothario methods which take infinite pains in the winning of one woman only to cast her aside when she is won for another woman neither more beautiful nor more charming nor in any way more desirable, but simply *another woman,* who in turn is cast aside for another, and so on endlessly.

Let these mad Lotharios reflect on the money they waste, the time they waste, the lies they tell, the deceptions they practise, the dangers they run, the hardness they build in their hearts — and to what end? To this end, that they kill in themselves all capacity for loving with delicacy and sincerity, and are banished from the sacred garden where love reserves its divinest ecstacies for them that keep love pure.

And the women? The wives? What can they do to protect themselves against the perils of love's disillusionment? I take it that is what women really care about — the successful exercise of their power *as women,* much more than they care about clubs and sports, or about suffrage, anti-suffrage, or other *faute de mieux* activities. How, then, can they accomplish this?

The answer is they can meet this danger (man's unfaithfulness) as women in other lands have met it for centuries. They can master the many arts of devotion and passion, the endless sorceries and fascinations by means of which a single woman may present herself to her loved one in ever new and changing aspects so that she has really in herself the attributes of many women.

"What do you mean by that?" some woman may demand. "How am I, for instance, to present myself to my husband in ever new and changing aspects? What am I to do?"

There are a hundred things to do, depending on the individual; things that must be studied and planned as an architect or a landscape gardener plans for certain effects according to what is given him. Every woman is supposed to know her own good points and her own limitations, the cards that have been dealt to her in the game of life, but I doubt if this is true. I am sure that most women (and most men) have better cards in their hands than they realize and could learn to play the game of life and of love much better than they do play it.

For instance, many women think themselves fated to be commonplace and uninteresting when, by trying hard enough, they might develop originality of mind and a real charm of personality. And that might make all the difference between losing a husband or a lover and not losing him.

Many women mourn over their supposed lack of physical attractiveness, when they might, by diet and exercise, so improve their figure, their skin, their voice, their bodily charms as to suddenly find themselves winners in the lists of loveliness.

Take the case of women who are fat. They may be generous, intelligent, spiritual, anything you like, but they are fat. Here is a real domestic tragedy, so real that some philosophers favor an eleventh commandment for the particular safe-guarding of love: "Thou shalt not let thyself grow fat." And remember that fat shortens our years by impeding the action of our vital organs. Fat wars equally upon life and upon love.

What is to be done about this?

"Eating and drinking are habits," replies Amelia Summerville, the actress, who ought to know, since she has transformed herself from a mountainous mass to a woman of Trilby slenderness. "One may easily adjust oneself to a non-fattening diet and at the same time acquire a desire or liking for the things that are beneficial and healthful. *Form the thought in your mind* just what you will eat and drink, and be firm with yourself. Quickly you will discover you are master. To be able to control one's appetite for food is self-mastery in its highest form."

Miss Summerville says, in her little book, *Why Be Fat?* that after three months of this easy and exhilarating regime she reduced her hips six inches and her waist measure from twenty-nine to twenty-two. She gives many helpful menus, but the best menus of all are those which each woman works out for herself, as suitable for her own needs, and the best diet is one based on general abstemiousness, *eat whatever you want, but only a little of it, about half as much as you have been eating,* say two slices of bacon instead of four, two pieces of toast instead of three, one cup of coffee instead of two, one piece of cake instead of two, one egg instead of two, one lump of sugar instead of two, one helping of meat instead of two. And so on. And occasionally skip a meal.

And just as each woman should work out for herself her own diet system, so she should work out for herself her own system of charming and delighting her husband or her sweetheart. She must not expect to find either physical or emotional salvation ready made for her in a book.

Two thousand years ago an oriental pointed out to women sixty-four different ways of perfecting themselves so that they might hold their husbands and lovers in sixty-four different kinds of bondage. Of these I will name only: "Singing, dancing, playing on musical instruments, making ear ornaments and perfumes, magic or sorcery, cooking, sewing, solving riddles and enigmas, the art of mimicry, knowledge of coins and gems, chemistry and mineralogy, gardening, the art of cock fighting, quail fighting, and ram fighting, the art of teaching parrots and starlings to speak, knowledge of disguises, skill in gymnastics, skill in various forms of gambling, and in the making of figures and images in clay."

Evidently a wife possessed of such various charms and accomplishments might astonishingly increase her ascendency over her husband. I mention this as illustrating the immense pains that women have been at in past ages to enhance their allurements and thus keep the flame of desire burning in men's hearts. There are women in the world far less beautiful than their American sisters who, nevertheless, excel them in these important arts of pleasing simply because they care more about pleasing and try harder, more unselfishly, to please. I am not thinking of women as creatures of pleasure; I only mean that the more they have of pleasingness, along with their other qualities, the better will be the chances of love's enduring.

And so on.

One Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes

WE want to find out what the really old people of the country are doing. As Mr. Moffett pointed out in the first article of this series, there is a population in the United States alone of 30,000 people over 90 years of age, and 3,000 people over a hundred. Think of that! Few of these are bed-ridden. They are not just waiting to die. Quite the contrary. They are active, useful citizens. We want to learn more about them — from themselves. All of them probably sing, with Browning:

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be."

We want to learn several things; First: What have they done (in the sense of achievement) since they were eighty? Second: What have they enjoyed most in life? Third: What do they regret most in life? Fourth: What has helped them most in life? For what we consider the best letter not over five hundred words in length, written by one of these octogenarians, received on or before October first, covering these points, McClure's will pay twenty-five dollars. For the five next best, ten dollars each; and for the five next best, five dollars each. If the letters can be accompanied by photographs, particularly of groups of several generations, so much the better. But pictures are not necessary. We want written facts, first of all, relating to the doings of alert, alive young-old people over eighty. Address, Contest Editor, McClure's, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York.

Salt Mackerel
CODFISH, FRESH LOBSTER

FAMILIES who are fond of **FISH** can be supplied **DIRECT** from **GLOUCESTER, MASS.,** by the **FRANK E. DAVIS COMPANY,** with newly caught, **KEEPABLE OCEAN FISH,** choicer than any inland dealer could possibly furnish.

We sell **ONLY TO THE CONSUMER DIRECT** sending by **EXPRESS RIGHT TO YOUR HOME.** We **PREPAY** express on all orders east of Kansas. Our fish are pure, appetizing and economical and we want **YOU** to try some, payment subject to your approval.

SALT MACKEREL, fat, meaty, juicy fish, are delicious for breakfast. They are freshly packed in brine and will not spoil on your hands.

CODFISH, as we salt it, is white, boneless and ready for instant use. It makes a substantial meal, a fine change from meat, at a much lower cost.

FRESH LOBSTER is the best thing known for salads. Right fresh from the water, our lobsters simply are boiled and packed in **PARCHMENT-LINED CANS.** They come to you as the purest and safest lobsters you can buy and the meat is as crisp and natural as if you took it from the shell yourself.

FRIED CLAMS is a relishable, hearty dish, that your whole family will enjoy. No other flavor is just like that of clams, whether fried or in a chowder.

FRESH MACKEREL, perfect for frying, **SHRIMP** to cream on toast, **CRABMEAT** for Newburg or deviled, **SALMON** ready to serve, **SARDINES** of all kinds, **TUNNY** for salad, **SANDWICH FILLINGS** and every good thing packed here or abroad you can get direct from us and keep right on your pantry shelf for regular or emergency use.

With every order we send **BOOK OF RECIPES** for preparing all our products. *Write for it.* Our list tells how each kind of fish is put up, with the delivered price so you can choose just what you will enjoy most. Send the coupon for it now.

FRANK E. DAVIS CO.
51 Central Wharf
Gloucester
Mass.

Frank E. Davis Co.
51 Central Wharf
Gloucester, Mass.
Please send me your latest Fish Price List.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....

This Man

Has the Most Wonderful Memory Ever Known

He can give the population of any place in America of over 5,000—

He can give every important date in world history—

HE has 300,000 Facts and Figures stored away in his brain

William Berol is this man's name, and a few years ago his memory was distressingly poor. His amazing efficiency was developed through his own simple practical method.

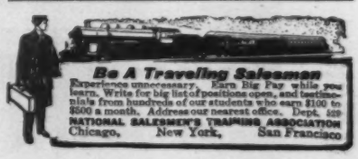
His system is being taught with great success to large classes at educational institutions in New York City. Thousands of men and women are learning it easily, quickly, by mail.

The Berol Method Will Strengthen YOUR Memory Amazingly

It will assist you in recalling Names, Faces, Dates, Telephone Numbers; his simple system will correct mind-wandering and teach concentration; you will remember the facts in what you read; you can recall episodes and experiences; you can become a clearer thinker, and in public speaking seldom be at a loss for a word. Give this method a few spare minutes daily, at home, and you will be astonished.

Write today for full free particulars of this man's wonderful memory and our offer to you.

FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY
Dept. 699 New York



Be A Traveling Salesman
Experience unnecessary. Earn Big Pay while you learn. Write for big list of positions open, and testimonials from hundreds of our students who earn $100 to $500 a month. Address our nearest office. Dept. 109
NATIONAL SALESMEN'S TRAINING ASSOCIATION
Chicago, New York, San Francisco

ORDER TODAY

If you want to make an immense saving on McClure's Magazine for the next three years.

Our offer was meant only for the September buyer, and to secure it October purchasers must act at once.

A BIG ECONOMY

even if you have bought McClure's recently at the special price of $1 a year, but if, as seems certain, rising publishing costs force McClure's back to $1.50 a year, you actually save $2.00.

You will have to pay much more if you let this chance slip!

This offer closes October 31st.

This is your Last Chance to buy McClure's for the unheard-of price of 83⅓c a year for three years!

BECAUSE the October McClure's appears in the middle of September, readers of this number have the chance to share in this immense saving originally offered September subscribers.

You can secure McClure's at the bedrock rate of 83⅓ cents a year—nearly half of its former price. A saving, viewed from the future, of probably $2.00. No other publisher in war times will offer you such an economy. There is only one condition; that you subscribe for a 3-year period and save us the expense of entering yearly renewals, at the same time obtaining for yourself the full benefit of this economy offer.

This reduction comes to you in spite of the fact that due to the war, the costs of production and material, especially paper, have gone higher and higher, and the end of the increased costs is not in sight.

At first it was advocated that, instead of granting the annual September reduction, we return at once to the former McClure price of 15 cents the copy, $1.50 a year.

The act was postponed for two reasons:

First, because McClure's is protected for a few months longer by a contract for paper made before the war.

Secondly, because McClure subscribers have come to expect our annual early Fall, "rock-bottom" offer, and we have resolved not to disappoint them until the most urgent necessity compels us. By subscribing early you help to diminish the flood of orders that congest our offices during the last months of the year, and this co-operation entitles you to special consideration.

AN EXTRAORDINARY SAVING—BUT YOU MUST MAIL COUPON NOW!

McClure's is a $1.50 a year magazine—reduced under special circumstances to $1.00 a year. Unless all signs fail, increased costs will force the price back to $1.50 a year. If, however, you accept this offer at once—by September 30th at the latest—we will book you for a three-year subscription to McClure's at the rate of 83⅓ **cents a year,** protecting you for three years against increases.

Bear in mind that this saving is offered you at a time when McClure's is giving more value to its readers than ever. Three years is not a long time to subscribe for a magazine such as McClure's. A magazine that has yielded its subscribers the rich returns McClure's has given for nearly 25 years—like a security that for a quarter-century has unfailingly paid good dividends—is a first class investment.

BE FORE-HANDED!

Count yourself in with the thrifty foresighted buyers who make this great saving. To do so you must order now. Put the coupon in the mails today!

Remember that this is practically a $2.00 saving on your subscription; remember that on October 30th the offer closes; remember that, aside from the big saving, it is easier to send in $2.50 within 30 days than to send in $1.50 yearly for three years.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
McCLURE BUILDING NEW YORK CITY

TEAR OFF—MAIL NOW! Offer closes October 31st

McC 10-16

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE,
McClure Building, New York
Gentlemen:
I enclose $2.50, in payment for a subscription to McClure's Magazine for 3 years at the special bargain rate of 83 1-3c a year.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

(Check here whether subscription is a new one or a renewal)
New Renewal

If you desire to divide your subscription, attach directions on separate sheet. Good only for United States.

Movies of the Future

[*Continued from page 15*]

business of the entrance of this new force—publicity. They are anxious to have their stars appear in McClure Pictures for the benefit such an appearance will be to them in future appearances in other productions. Thus a big publishing company can gather the stars of all the programmes under its trademark, and be in a position to guarantee at the start, to the man who runs a moving picture theatre and to the man who patronizes it, the very highest standard of acting by the most successful and popular artists. Not only are the productions of such an organization certain to be of a quality standard hitherto unknown in the picture business, but the acting is sure to be of that high quality that is usually found only at rare intervals in the general run of motion pictures. Each McClure Picture is, therefore, certain to be a Superpicture!

In these days, however, it is not enough in the picture business or in the button business, or in the pulpit or automobile business, to make a good thing and let it go at that. And the publisher who produces pictures, in spite of his high standards and other advantages in production, and his knowledge of publicity methods and values, cannot afford to spend a hundred thousand dollars to tell the people about a picture that may earn him profits of ten thousand dollars. He can, however, do what McClure's is doing with the first pictures to be written, produced, and exhibited under the McClure trademark.

For instance, the first McClure play, in which Ann Murdock, the Frohman star, is to appear is called "Envy." The second one, in which Holbrook Blinn is the most important player, is called "Pride." Charlotte Walker is to play "Sloth," Nance O'Neill "Greed," and so on until all of the Seven Deadly Sins have been portrayed on the screen. The continuity of interest is further strengthened by the appearance in each play of a pair of young lovers played by those sterling young actors, George LeGuere and Shirley Mason. Each play is to be complete in itself and will stand on its own feet, but all seven form a group that can be advertised together. No one of these plays, although each is a magnificent production, would be big enough to justify a national advertising campaign, but all seven taken together are bigger from a financial standpoint than any spectacle or serial picture and can be advertised everywhere.

Before these pictures reach the theatre in your town, you will know not only that the productions are up to the established McClure quality and that they are played by stars gathered from all the best picture programmes, but you will know all about the pictures themselves, what they are about, what lessons they are trying to teach, whether you want to see them yourself, and whether you want your children to see them. Thus is the publisher of established reputation—working in celluloid instead of paper and ink—able to bring order out of the present chaotic conditions in the motion picture business, able to assure the man who exhibits the picture of an absolutely certain attendance at his theatre, and able to guarantee the public against the evil results of indiscriminate theatre going.

The motion picture of the future is to be the advertised picture, the real Superpicture!

Our Own, Our Native Speech

by Hugh Mearns

WHEN Bill Riggs went to Europe for the first time they asked him daily if he understood English. "Ye-es," Bill would admit doubtfully, "toler'ble—toler'ble. I kin make it out, if y' go slow." What Bill was trying to say is that, like most of us, he understood English but spoke American.

Spoken American has traveled far from spoken English. The English lift the receiver and mildly inquire: "Are you there?" Americans rattle the handle and cry: "H'lo! H'lo! Who-ziss?" The English say: "Rah-ther!" We say: "Sure thing!" They "do her in;" we "double-cross her." They "shut it;" we "can it." They tap their foreheads significantly and murmur: "Balmy!" We remark: "Nobuddy a-tome!" And spoken American has traveled even further. We have no written language. Our print is the English language; our speech is the American. For instance, we must use English letters to indicate the sound of a common American salutation: "Godda macha bowcha?" (Have you got a match about you?) But, alas, how this crude spelling maligns our smoothly articulated vernacular.

Our language—the American—is no stationary thing. It is on the move; it has characteristic "hustle." We are busy smashing consonants, spoiling vowels, crushing whole phrases into a grunt—"Uddia-doon-air?" (What are you doing there?) "Sry." (That is right.) In that respect our development is like the French language during the period of its most rapid advance. Like the French we have begun to drop our final consonants. A journey ride cost "fie-cense" (five cents). Our evening valedictory is "Goo-night!"

Like the French, too, we have a marked *liaison*—the borrowing of a letter from the preceding word. We invite one another to "C'meer." (Come here.) We guess at a hard name and add: "Sumpin nike at." (Something like that.) If we don't hear distinctly we nudge our neighbor and inquire: "Wah zee say?" (What does he say?) "Hoo-zat?" (Who is that) has as good a *liaison* as the French *vous avez*.

Naturally, traces of English influence are still found in the American speech, although America has never taken kindly to the English "t." In Revolutionary times, we remember, America would not give a Continental "d" for all the "t" in Britain. Consistently, enough, all our "T's" are rapidly turning into "d's," and our "D's"—big "D's" and little "D's"—are disappearing rapidly: "Ass-bedder." (That's better.) "Un-godda-coal." (I have got a cold.) "Sid-dup," (Sit up) says mother at home; "Sit-dow," (Sit down) says teacher in school.

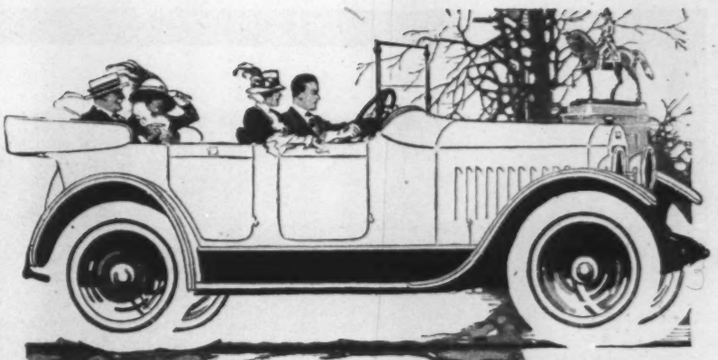
But in dropping "H's" we almost out-English the English: "Ware-zee?" (Where is he?) "Air-e-iz!" (There he is.) "At-sim!" (That's him.) When women interrupt our male meetings, as they often insist upon doing, one is sure to hear from the crowd a good, lusty, American voice shouting: "Shudder-rup!" What's she "doin' 'ere," anyway? Nobody "asst-'er in!" From the bleachers comes the cry: "Ittim owd, oh man!" (Hit them out, old man!) And when he does hit them out, the answering shout is: "Attaboy!" (That's the boy.)

A philologist looks at these evolutions of language with a serene, untroubled eye. He remarks neither: "Fie! Fie!" nor "Tut! Tut!" He cares not how folks talk, so long as they keep on talking. But the talkers themselves are most sensitive. All Americans, even you, gentle reader, have the illusion that they speak English.

As only the English language is respectable, there has come to be a prejudice against the American language. Prejudice or not we are already seeing a crop-out of the American language in the newspaper joke and in the popular magazine story. The native speech is getting into print. In a few years one may not be astonished to see the great American novel decked out in its own patois. Fancy a page like this:

"*Wen-juh gid din?*" *sez she.*
"*Lass-night,*" *sez he.*
"*Binna way long?*"
"*Munce 'n munce.*"
"*Hows ze oh town?*"
"*Aw-rye.*"
"*Fie nole Ciddy,*" *sez he.*
"*Ass-rye,*" *sez she.*
"*Fie nole burg,*" *sez he.*
"*Ass-rye,*" *sez she.*

Isn't it intoxicating! One's own, one's native speech! To be sure, this is only a faint phonetic reproduction of the great American language—to do it justice would require a special alphabet—but it is "sumpin nike at."



LIBERTY SIX
$1095

LIBERTY

The Owner's Interest

The one thought paramount in the minds of Liberty builders is the owner's interest. The result is a remarkable degree of comfort for the passengers and effortless control for the driver.
A hundred details usually overlooked are found only in the Liberty car. They make it the car of owner's interest.

Riding Comfort In the long easy swing when the Liberty special spring construction cancels the shock of the road. In the perfect balance that enables you to drive straight ahead over any road. In extra leg room. In the wide comfortable seats you sit as though in a capacious arm chair. You sit *IN* the Liberty, not *ON* it.

Driving Ease The Liberty is at your finger tips. You operate it without effort. The balanced clutch releases so easily that you can depress it with your finger—still it never slips. The foot brake controls with smooth dominance. The hand emergency brake may be thrown with one finger and instantly brings the car to a firm stop. The Liberty steers so lightly that it is guided with a touch of the hand. You don't have to reach out or exert undue strength.

Liberty Motor Car Company
Detroit

Dominant Liberty Owner-Features

1. Ease of steering.
2. Light operating balanced clutch.
3. Powerful brakes—but easy operating.
4. Silent and smooth gear shift.
5. Cradled comfort of spring suspension.
6. Wide doors.
7. Comfortable, wide and deep seats—genuine leather.
8. Plenty of room.
9. A windshield weather tight all around.
10. Simplicity of chassis design.
11. Beautiful body lines, long and low.

Continental-Liberty motor, 3⅛ x 4½; Timken axles and bearings; Delco equipment; Wheelbase, 115 inches; 32 x 4 tires.

Five Passenger Touring Car and Four Passenger Close Coupled Car $1095

Distinctive types of enclosed cars.

Majestic
Coal Chute

Keeps the coal man from marring the sides of your home, protects your walk, flowers, lawn and shrubs. A glass door serves as a window, giving splendid light to the basement. It locks from the inside and is burglar-proof. It is extra durable, has a heavy steel body—semi-steel door frame and boiler plate hopper. Every home should have one.

Write for Free Book Describing the Majestic Coal Chute and other Majestic Specialties: Garbage Receivers, Milk and Package Receivers, all-metal Basement Windows, Rubbish Burners, Street and Park Refuse Cans, Metal Plant Boxes, Pipe and Pipeless Warm Air Furnaces, etc.

The Majestic Co., 611 Erie Street, Huntington, Ind.

LANDA "Preparedness" BILLFOLD

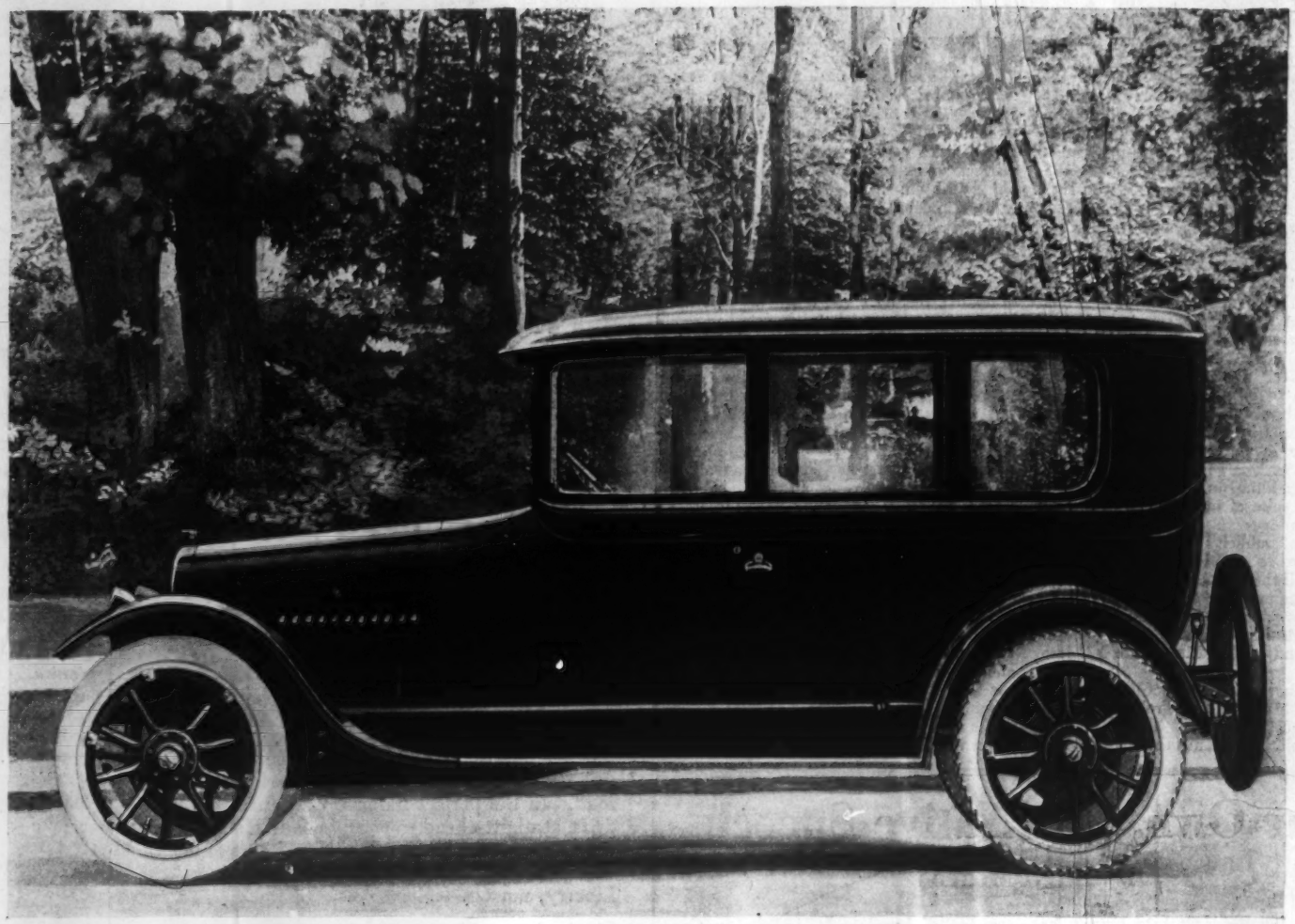
Elegant, Practical Xmas Gift—Model result of 25 years' experience. Combines currency fold, coin purse, card case, memo pad, 1917 calendar, identification card and photo frame. Made of finest, soft, black Seal Grain Leather. Compact, thin, flexible. Will fit any pocket—for ladies or gentlemen. Size closed, 3x3 5-8 inches; open, 3¼-4x3 5-8. Special Price, direct to consumer, 50c. $5.40 doz. postpaid. Ordinarily $1.00 each. Any name or monogram in 23 kt. gold FREE. Packed in handsome gift box, containing engraved Xmas card and tinsel cord.

Lynda "Biltmore," same in finest Morocco Leather. Special Price, direct to consumer, $1.00. Worth $2.50 each, $10.00 doz. postpaid. Order either kind for yourself and friends. Send today draft, M. O. or postage stamps. Order shipped day received. Write for Landa Xmas Gifts catalog.
Landa & Sons Co., Mfrs. Dept. G61, Chicago

50c
Postpaid
Name Engraved Free in
23-kt. Gold
For Ladies and Gentlemen

FREE BOOK ON BANKING
How to be a Banker
Tells of the great opportunities in this wonderful profession, and how you can learn by mail. Six months' term. Diploma awarded.
EDGAR G. ALCORN, Pres.
American School of Banking
469 East State Street. COLUMBUS, OHIO

"BOW LEGS and KNOCK-KNEES" UNSIGHTLY
Send for booklet showing photos of men with and without
THE PERFECT LEG FORMS
PERFECT SALES CO., 140 N. Mayfield Ave. Dept. L, Austin Station, Chicago, Ill.



CHANDLER SIX

Convertible Sedan $1895 Convertible Coupe $1895

Hundreds of Motor Car Purchasers Turning Now to These Models

The Chandler seven-passenger convertible sedan and four-passenger convertible coupe are given great attention at this time by discriminating buyers. They are especially attractive models, offering, as they do, closed car comfort, luxury and style, and being instantly convertible into open cars of highest character. They appeal, too, not only because of their popular types of body, but quite as much because they are mounted on the famous Chandler Six chassis—a proven mechanism featured by the Marvelous Chandler Motor.

So many choose the Chandler because they KNOW the Chandler. They choose the Chandler because it has so firmly established itself as a dependable automobile. They choose the Chandler because it Offers highest values at such attractive prices.

Throughout a period of nearly four years of intelligent manufacturing this great car has undergone constant refinement. Standing firmly by our one chassis policy, and protecting Chandler owners against radical experimentation, we have developed the Chandler Six to a degree approximating perfection.

Ten thousand new owners say the Chandler Type 17 is a truly wonderful car. Your verdict will be the same.

Hundreds are buying Chandler convertible sedans and coupes now. Our dealers everywhere are showing these handsome cars.

Other Chandler Type 17 Models

Seven-passenger Touring Car, $1295 *Four-passenger Roadster $1295* *Seven-passenger Limousine, $2595*

(All prices f. o. b. Cleveland)

See Your Chandler Dealer at Once, or Write for Catalogues

CHANDLER MOTOR CAR CO., 2010-2030 E. 131st STREET, CLEVELAND, OHIO

NEW YORK CITY OFFICE 1886 BROADWAY. CABLE ADDRESS, CHANMOTOR